



THE LION-KING'S ROMANCE.
HE HELD THE FIERCEST BEASTS IN CHECK.

The Lion-King's Romance



By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "*Barbara's History*," "*Lord Brackenbury*," "*A Thousand Miles up the Nile*," "*Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers*," etc.

PART I.

VES—I have seen some strange sights and come across some strange characters in my time. A man can scarcely lead such a wandering life as I have led for these last fifteen years without acquiring a more extended view of human nature than if he had all the time been sitting by his own fireside and cultivating his paternal acres. The ups and downs of fortune, the ins and outs of character are brought more forcibly before him. He sees life in extremes. Its dark side shows more darkly, its bright side more brightly, than to those who survey it from the dead-level of every-day experience. He is brought face to face with want, with crime, with temptation; he learns how hard it is to be honest; he becomes familiar with many kinds of peril; he sees his fellow men, in short, as the pedestrian sees the country through which he travels—from the ruggedest path, but the most picturesque point of view.

I come of a respectable West of England family, and my name is Matthew Skey. At the time of which I am about to tell you, I was holding a somewhat anomalous

employment in the service of one Charles Davila, the proprietor of a well-known travelling circus and menagerie. I can scarcely say what office I filled in the Davila establishment, or rather what office I did not fill, for my duties were as various as the resources of the company. I organised the travelling arrangements; drew up the programmes; attended to the advertising department; designed the costumes; wrote comic interludes for the circus; was equally ready to take a part in the performance or a violin in the orchestra; and could even do a little scene-painting upon occasion. For what profession I was originally destined, and what were the circumstances of my connection with Davila's company, are matters altogether apart from the present narrative. I am not about to discuss the faults and follies of my youth; but to relate, as nearly as I can remember them, certain events which took place towards the close of my engagement, just eleven years ago.

Charles Davila—or, as he called himself in the bills, Signor Carlo Davila—was of foreign extraction. I believe that Davila

was his real name. His parents, at all events, were Corsican; but he was born at Dover, and was as thoroughly English in speech, habits and bringing up as any one of his *troupe*. At the time of which I speak, he was about fifty-four or five years of age—a short, powerfully-built, sallow, dark-haired, dark-eyed man, surly and domineering towards all over whom his authority extended, and, though a liberal paymaster, by no means popular among the members of his company. A solvent exchequer, however, covers a multitude of offences, and Davila's insolence was, fortunately for us, the insolence of prosperity. He possessed what has been happily defined as the genius of success; and, to support it, that rarest of all qualifications in a strolling manager—some few thousands of capital. These he had obtained with his second wife, a poor, meek, frightened creature, whom he ruled like a despot, and who trembled at the sound of his footfall. The one only thing that he loved was his child by the first marriage. To her, even when in his roughest moods, he could deny nothing. To her, he never spoke an angry word. All that she said, all that she wished, was right. And she loved him back again as well as she could love anything, but in a heavy, passive way; for her mind was clouded, and at eight years of age she spoke and acted with less intelligence than a child of four.

The Davila company, in my time, was the largest company upon the road. We travelled with seven van-loads of beasts, twenty trained horses, a performing elephant, a portable stage and circus, and a train of riders, athletes, musicians and supernumeraries, numbering, to the best of my recollection, over forty persons. Sometimes, as for instance at country fairs, we broke up into three divisions, and by presenting three separate entertainments, a circus, a theatre, and a wild-beast show, swept off all the business of the place. But we frequented large towns for the most part, where we occasionally settled down for a month at a time. On coming to any fresh place, we made our entry in grand procession, mounted and costumed, the vans dressed with streamers, the elephant caparisoned, the band playing before us. On these occasions, the Davila family used to appear in Greek dresses, as Mars, Venus and Cupid, grouped in a fancy chariot drawn by four

cream-coloured horses. This always produced a great effect.

Davila acted as our circus-master. He had been a famous rider in his younger days, but having broken his leg by falling through a stage-trap, had now for several years been obliged to give up all but the quietest riding. A better trainer, however, never lived, nor a better manager. He worked hard, too—harder in his way, perhaps, than any of us. He kept the keys of the stables, of the wardrobe, of the vans; he saw the horses fed three times a day; he had them led out before him, one by one, every morning before breakfast; he went round the stables, looked to the menagerie and examined the padlocks on the cages, once, if not twice, in the course of each night; he fed the wild beasts with his own hands; he kept the accounts; he paid the salaries; he superintended the rehearsals; in short, he was a man of indomitable industry—successful, because he neglected none of the conditions of success, and thoroughly upright in all his dealings.

I had been connected with the company close upon two years when we received, what was called in the bills, "an important accession of strength," in the person of Herr Jungla, the Lion King, with his five magnificent beasts. We were staying, I remember, at Chichester, and preparing to move on to Brighton. We had seen Jungla's posters everywhere along the road for weeks past. He had preceded us at Southampton, at Gosport and at Portsmouth. We had overtaken him at Chichester, and he, like ourselves, was bound for Brighton. Our own strength was such that, in the ordinary way, a coincidence of this kind would have made no impression upon us. But the Lion King was really an attraction, and by the time we overtook him in Chichester we had begun to find that he was rivalling us in a way that already told upon the treasury.

But Davila was, as I have already said, a first-rate man of business. He knew when to be cautious, and he also knew when to be bold. This time it was his policy to be bold. Without hinting at his intention, he went straight to Herr Jungla's quarters, and offered him a starring engagement for six months. Whatever were the terms—and they must have been considerable—the Lion King accepted them, and both he and his

beasts appeared next day in our programme.

He was a superb man—nearly six feet two in height, muscular as a pugilist, lithe as a tiger, bronzed as a Zouave, and so strong that he could bend a horseshoe by the pressure of his thumb and forefinger. As for his eyes, I never saw any so black, so bright, so penetrating. They seemed to strike fire when he frowned. In these eyes lay the secret of his power. With one intense, unwavering glance, he held the fiercest beasts in check. They obeyed it. They trembled at it. They crouched before it. Trusting to this power alone, and armed only with a tiny dog-whip, he would venture into a cage full of lions; lie down in the midst of them; caress them; rebuke them; grasp their mighty jaws with both hands, and show their teeth to the audience; take her pups from the lioness, and carry them about the theatre in his arms—do everything, in short, that Van Amburgh himself had done, except put his head in the lion's mouth. Upon that feat he would never venture. When tired of life, he said in his reckless way, he should prefer to blow his brains out, rather than serve them up as sauce to be eaten with his own head. "Besides," he would add, "a lion has no delicate discrimination in these matters. Any fool's brains would seem to him to have as fine a flavour—why, then, should I throw mine away upon a fellow who would not even do justice to the dish."

Who he was, whence he came, what was his real name, were questions that he would not have answered had any amongst us been bold enough to ask him. That he was a gentleman we never doubted for an instant. He spoke five European languages with the facility of a native, and was familiar with Arabic and Hindostanee. He could toss a half-crown in the air and pierce it with a pistol-bullet as it came down. He would ride at anything we pleased to put before him and took the leaping-bar at a higher level

than Davila himself. From the way in which he sat his horse, swung himself in and out of the saddle, handled a sabre and drilled our riders on one occasion in a cavalry charge, we made certain that he had at some time or other seen military service. But this was conjecture only, for of his early life he never spoke, and those who at first were rash enough to seek to know more than he chose to tell, took good care never to repeat the liberty. As for travelling, he seemed to have been everywhere and seen everything. All kinds of sports were familiar to him. He had shot bears in Russia,



APPEARED NEXT DAY IN OUR PROGRAMME.

lions at the Cape, gorillas on the Gaboon, tigers in Bengal, wolves in Canada, buffaloes in the far West, jaguars on the Amazon, tapirs in Brazil and kangaroos in Australia. The lions which he exhibited were of his own capture and training. He had taken them as pups, and sometimes, when it was his humour to talk, would tell of the difficulties and dangers he had to encounter before he could secure and keep alive as many as were necessary for the carrying out of his project. He had now five full-grown beasts, three lionesses and two lions, besides a couple of pups about three months old, and he ruled them absolutely.

They both loved and feared him. With a word he could bring them fawning to his feet, or send them cowering to the farthest corner of the cage. I well remember the first time I saw him go in amongst them—the light step with which he entered; the snap of the spring when the door closed behind him; the resolute look in his face; the careless confidence with which he called them about him, giving each brute his name, passing his hand caressingly over their heads, dealing a smart lash to one that presumed to growl because the master waked him, and then lying down in the midst of them, with his head on the shoulder of one and his arm round the huge neck of another.

It was a grand sight, and though I saw it daily after that, and sometimes twice a day, I never learned to look upon it with indifference.

Haughty and exclusive as he was, holding himself as much aloof from the manager as from the rest of the *troupe*, there were still two persons for whom the Lion King came by-and-bye to lay aside somewhat of his reserve, and those two were Davila's little girl and myself. I was not particularly flattered by the preference, for I did not believe that he liked me any better than he liked Davila, or St. Aubyn, or Montanari, or any others of the men. He simply found that I was better educated, and was glad to have someone at hand with whom he could now and then converse on equal terms. Of poor little Lotta (the child's name was Carlotta, but everyone called her Lotta) he became, however, curiously fond. He took a strange, compassionate interest in the workings of that torpid brain. He would talk down to her level, try to rouse her curiosity, watch the slow changes of expression in her pale little face and listen to her imperfect utterances with a gentleness that seemed quite touching in a man of his impatient temper. He used to take her into the fields and teach her the names of trees and flowers; and into the menagerie, where he amused her with stories of bears, wolves and monkeys. These walks and stories were, in fact, lessons—the only lessons her mind was capable of receiving—and by-and-bye the child began to brighten.

Men like Jungla are apt to deny their better selves and to be ashamed of the softer side of their humanity; so, when

the child was named, he used to speak of her as of a curious psychological problem and put his interest in her to the account of scientific curiosity. But this was mere sham. He was a lonely, reckless man, without, apparently, a single near or natural tie in the wide world, and his heart warmed to the poor little half-dumb, melancholy child. The truth was, he loved her dearly—the more dearly the more she owed to him—and was ashamed of his weakness.

In the meanwhile the Lion King was an immense success. As I have already said, we were a prosperous company, but he more than doubled our prosperity. At Brighton, at Ramsgate, at Margate, we drew overwhelming audiences. We turned away money night after night; we raised the prices of our stalls from three shillings to five, and had them filled with all the best people of each place at which we stayed. It was, in short, the Golden Age come back.

At length, when Jungla's engagement had run to about half its term, Davila called a meeting of five or six of the leading members of the company and announced that he had made arrangements for a provincial tour on an extended scale, in the course of which we were to put up only at important places—such as Oxford, Bath, Bristol, Exeter, and so forth. We were staying at Rochester at the time, and the meeting was held in the manager's lodgings.

"It is my intention," he said, standing with his back to the empty fireplace and speaking in his short, decisive way, "to place this company on a higher footing. The menagerie will in future form a separate exhibition, and be shown only by day, whilst our evening performances will assume a more dramatic character than any we have yet been in the habit of attempting. Mr. Skey will write us a new romantic equestrian drama, which shall include all our principal attractions. Upon the getting up of this piece I mean to spare no expense. I have already seen a design for a new portable stage and proscenium on a large scale, and I am negotiating for the services of a professed scene-painter. A liberal stock of new dresses and appointments of every description will also be provided. I intend to raise the price of admission throughout the house, keeping the stalls at five shillings; and if our success equals my

expectations, I shall raise the salaries of the entire establishment. I hope, gentlemen, you like my programme?"

"It sounds well enough," said Jungla, sitting carelessly on the corner of the table and twisting a paper cigarette, "but what about the new and original romantic drama? Do you propose to bring in your obedient servant and the lions?"

"Of course. Mr. Skey will construct his piece expressly for your performance. That is understood, Mr. Skey?"

I nodded gloomily.

"And my feats on the bare-backed Arab?" said St. Aubyn, who was our principal rider. "It's of no use to give me a mere stage part: my strong point's the circus. If I haven't some acts of horsemanship, I'd rather be left out of the piece altogether."

"You needn't begin to make difficulties," replied Davila sharply. "Mr. Skey understands that our scenes of the circus must form a prominent feature in the piece."

"Mine, of course, will be comic business," said Montanari, the Grimaldi of the company. "I have only one stipulation to make, and that is that I shall sing 'Hot Codlins.'"

"Mr. Montanari!" I exclaimed, "do you suppose I am going to write a pantomime? Who ever heard of 'Hot Codlins' in a romantic drama?"

"Pantomime or no pantomime, it brings me a double encore every time I sing it," said Montanari, sullenly, "and you know the value of that as well as I do."

"Mr. Montanari is right," interposed Davila. "We could not spare the double encore. You must put it in somehow, Mr. Skey."

"And then there's the elephant, you know," suggested De Clifford, another member of the company.

"Oh, the elephant appears, of course. You will be sure to bring in the elephant, Mr. Skey."

I snatched up my hat in desperation.

"You must give me an hour to think it over," I said; "I will take a turn in the fields, and meet you by-and-bye at rehearsal."

With this, I ran downstairs, along the principal street, over the bridge, and into some meadows on the opposite side of the river. This field-path, with the hop-grounds on one hand and the river and town on the other, had been my favourite walk ever since our coming to Rochester, and here I now strolled backwards and forwards, considering the difficulties of my task. The more I thought of them, however, the more hopeless they seemed.

I was required to construct a new, original and romantic drama. That meant the orthodox thing—hero, heroine, heavy father, unscrupulous rival, terrific

single combat and triumph of virtue, according to immemorial precedent; but—and here my troubles began—into this drama I must contrive to bring Herr Jungla and his cageful of lions. They must even be necessary to the plot—actively instrumental in the defeat of the unscrupulous rival, and the ultimate triumph of virtue; and I must provide equestrian feats for the riders, and comic business (to say nothing of those objectionable "Hot Codlins") for the clown, and employment for the elephant. Was ever task so hopeless?

I sat down on a stile, buried my face in my hands, and tried to think. I



"IT IS MY INTENTION," HE SAID.

called up all the stories I had read of lions, lion-hunts and elephants. I conjured up distressed princesses and Oriental despots by the score. Crusades and tournaments, Hannibal with his elephants crossing the Alps, Saladin and Cœur de Lion, Charlemagne, Tamerlane, The Cid, and a host of equally incongruous persons and events flitted before my mind's eye, but in vain. Puzzle over it as I might, I could hit on nothing practicable.

While I was yet brooding over my difficulties, a child and dog came running towards me from the farther end of the meadow, followed by a man in a slouched hat, who was sauntering along with a cigar in his mouth and his hands in his pockets. This trio proved to be Herr Jungla, his dog Schnapps, and the manager's little daughter, Lotta.

"Eccolo!" he said, laughing "I guessed we should find you here. What, still incubating heroics? Take a cigar: the Muses love tobacco."

"Drop the Muses!" I replied savagely. "I have been racking my brains here for the last hour and cannot pump up an idea."

"Why not dip into your neighbour's well? There are the perennial springs of the Hippodrome and the Porte Saint Martin, to say nothing of the Cirque."

"No good. Where should I find anything into which I could foist lions, horses, 'Hot Codlins' and an elephant? The thing is hopeless."

He laughed again, flung himself at full length on the grass, and, taking the cigar from his lips, said:

"Look here, Skey. What would you say if I had an idea at your service?"

"You?"

"A magnificent idea—classical, scenical, historical, moral, instructive."

"I will immortalize you in my epic—when I write it!"

"Listen, then. And you, little Lotta, sit by me and listen too. Down, Schnapps! Down, old boy."

The child slipped her little hand in his and sat by, with large, listening eyes; the dog lay with his nose upon his paws; and Jungla, leaning on his elbow, began:

"Suppose, then, Skey, that we lay our scene in Rome, Anno something or another, reign of Septimus Severus. Principal characters,

Septimus and his wife, the Empress Julia; the Emperor's two sons by the first wife, Caracalla and Geta; and his infant daughter by the second marriage. Whether he had an infant daughter or not is of no consequence. We invent her, and call her Livia. Also a celebrated Roman general, with a high sounding name and a lovely daughter. We will call the lovely daughter, Irene. Lastly, we have the Prince of Cy-

prus, who is a Christian captive and our hero. I shall play the Prince of Cyprus; so please to give me plenty of noble sentiments to bring down the gallery."

"But the plot——"

"Patience. Now for the plot. Open with Roman Forum. Flourish of trumpets—scene opens and discloses cage of lions—Prince of Cyprus brought in chained—is offered his life if he will sacrifice to gods—refuses in blank verse—Emperor gives signal—guards advance—quick as thought, Prince of Cyprus breaks away—springs over barrier and up steps of throne—snatches infant Livia from her mother's arms, leaps with her into the



A CHILD AND A DOG CAME RUNNING TOWARDS ME.

arena, and stands with her at the door of lions' cage. 'Advance but a step,' he cries, 'and I fling the princess to the lions!' Universal consternation—agony of Emprress Julia—tableau."

"Glorious! it will bring the house down."

"Ay, but the best is to come, What say you to his then and there suspending a cross round the neck of the royal infant, calling upon all present to witness the power of the holy symbol, walking straight into the cage with her in his arms, and standing unharmed in the midst of the lions?"

"The infant Livia being represented by a doll, I suppose?"

"Nothing of the kind: the infant Livia being played by my little Lotta here, who is not a bit afraid of the lions, and will be as safe in my arms as in her own little bed."

The child looked up and smiled. She was ready to go with him at that very moment, if he so pleased. I wondered what Davila would say to this proposal, and a faint shadow of apprehension passed over me like a breath of cold wind.

Jungla went on.

"The rest is soon sketched. Prince of Cyprus restores child, and goes through lion programme amid acclamations of multitude—Emperor grants his pardon and bids him ask a boon—demands hand of lovely Irene—Caracalla interposes—challenges him to single combat—grand sword-fight—Prince of Cyprus victorious—spares Caracalla's life when down, and gives him back his sword—Prince of Cyprus then flings himself at feet of lovely Irene—General joins their hands—flourish of trumpets—tableau—curtain falls amid tempest of applause. Now, what of my plot? Will it do?"

"Do? It is invaluable. How am I ever to thank you enough?"

"By making a success with it, and writing me a capital part. By the way we've not provided for 'Hot Codlins.'"

"We cannot: it would ruin the play."

"No, no. Montanari must have his double encore. The Emperor's jester can sing it, and we'll put a foot-note to the bills, stating that the song is of Thracian origin, and was introduced into Rome with the Dionysiac festival. That will give it an air of classic respectability. And now Lotta and I will continue our

walk. Hie on, old Schnapps! Fare thee well, son of the Muses!"

And with this, the Lion King sprang to his feet, lit a fresh cigar, and left me to jot down the heads of that highly-successful new and original romantic equestrian drama, which shortly afterwards came out under the imposing title of "Ariobarzanes, Prince of Cyprus, and the fair Irene; or, the Last Days of the Empire of the West, and the Royal Lion Tamer of the Flavian Amphitheatre."

PART II.

THE new piece took immensely. We brought it out, first of all, at Reading, where we ran it for thirty nights without change of programme, and thence carried it through all the principal towns of the western and midland counties. Crowded audiences and a well-stocked exchequer accompanied each step of our progress. Jungla's engagement was renewed for another six months. The salaries of the entire establishment were raised, according to the manager's promise; whilst I, as author of the piece, received a gratification over and above my increase of weekly pay, in the shape of a cheque for ten guineas. In short, we were enjoying a run of unexampled success, and Davila was at the height of his prosperity.

Yet, strangely enough, he seemed none the happier for it. His temper, on the contrary, became gloomier as his prospects brightened. Month after month went by, the tide of success flowed on unchecked, and still he who profited most grew daily more solitary and morose. He looked like a man weighed down with secret care. The lines about his mouth grew fixed and rigid, his eyes restless, his gait slouching. He had never been a sociable man, but till now he had never been a misanthrope. That he should turn back in the streets at the sight of an acquaintance, answer at random when spoken to, now suffer the merest trifle to provoke him to storms of rage, now permit acts of the grossest negligence to pass unrebuked, were traits of character which showed themselves for the first time. Knowing him to be a sullen-tempered man, we scarcely observed the change till it had become habitual. Once awake, however, to the fact, we talked of nothing else.

What was it? Why was it? Had he

lost money in private speculations? Had he done anything in which he feared to be discovered? Was his mind giving way, and were these the first symptoms of insanity? We might well be anxious—we might well discuss the subject; for on Davila's sagacity and energy the fortunes of the whole company depended.

I have already said that my duties were of the most heterogeneous kind, and included all those which are understood to devolve upon an acting-manager. As acting-manager, therefore, I was brought



HERR JUNGLA MAY GO.

into almost daily contact with Davila and his family. Let him shun others as he would, he was obliged to see me. Had he not done so, we must ere long have come to a stand-still; for I could do nothing without his sanction. If, therefore, he avoided the theatre, unwelcome as I knew myself to be, I was forced to seek him at his lodgings. At these times he would sit with his face turned from me, scarcely listening to what I had to say; replying in monosyllables; often not replying at all; and sometimes, for no apparent cause, breaking into sudden fits of savage

impatience. His wife seemed more afraid of him than ever. Even the child's presence irritated him. There were times when he seemed as if he could not bear the sight of her; when a stranger might almost have believed that he hated her. Knowing how the man used to idolise his little Lotta, this change struck me as the most ominous of all.

"It would be a satisfaction to know what is the matter with Davila," said Jungla, meeting me one morning on my way to the manager's lodgings. "He looks at me as if he would like to grind my bones to make his bread."

"He looks at every one in the same way," I replied.

"I think not. I believe he honours me with a special and peculiar aversion. You should have seen the expression of his face last Saturday, when I went up to the treasury."

"General ill-will, believe me. I am going to him now with yesterday's accounts, and he will treat me as if I were his worst enemy. There is little Lotta—you would fancy he abhorred her."

The Lion King pulled vaguely at his moustache, and looked thoughtful.

"If anything goes wrong with Davila," he said, presently, "I mean, if he goes mad, or, more likely still, commits suicide, what will become of that child? Mrs Davila's not her mother, and, so far as I can see, cares little enough about her."

"He has money," I suggested.

"Who knows? It may be all muddled away in some limited or unlimited swindle. Then there is the wife to provide for; and the money, after all, was hers. By Jove! I think I should have to take little Lotta myself."

Then seeing me repress a smile, he added, quickly:—

"Not but what that would be an intolerable bore, you know. Altogether out of my line. More in my way to adopt lions than children."

With this, he nodded and left me. In another moment I was at the door of Davila's lodgings. We were staying at Leeds at the time, and the manager was in occupation of a first and second floor over a shop in the market-place. I ran upstairs, and found him at the window, with his back towards the door by which I entered.

"Well," he said, without looking round, "what is it?"

"Yesterday's accounts, Mr. Davila," I replied, "if you have leisure to go through them."

He muttered something inaudible, but neither turned nor stirred.

"Mr. Flack, of Nottingham, has written," I said, arranging my papers on the table. "He wants to know when we are likely to be in that neighbourhood. Their great annual cattle fair comes off in about six weeks, and he thinks, if you could arrange to be there about that time ——"

"I won't pledge myself," interrupted Davila impatiently.

"Shall I say that we will write again in a week or two?"

"I don't know. I can't tell."

"By-the-way, Herr Jungla's engagement will expire in a little more than a fortnight."

He made a sudden movement, but said nothing. Having paused a moment for his reply, I went on.

"Do you wish me to say anything about it?"

"About what?"

"About the renewal of his engagement."

He turned at last, his face ablaze with anger.

"No," he said savagely; "not a word."

"Oh, very well," I replied; "I had far rather you did it yourself. I was only afraid you did not know how time was going."

"I am not going to do it myself," he said with an oath. "I don't choose to renew the engagement. Herr Jungla may go."



SOBBED LIKE A CHILD.

"Herr Jungla may go?" I repeated. "Impossible!"

"Why impossible?"

"Because he is our greatest attraction; because we could not carry on the piece without him. Why, it's not many weeks since you entirely renewed all the dresses and decorations."

"For all that," he said, dropping into a chair, and drumming angrily upon the table with his knuckles, "Herr Jungla may go, and you may tell him so."

"I should be sorry to give that message," I said, "till you have thought it over."

He laughed discordantly.

Just at that moment I heard the child's voice on the stairs, not prattling joyously, as happy children prattle, but timidly, as fearing rebuke or question. Then, as she came nearer, it sank to a whisper, and the little feet went stealing softly across the landing. I glanced from the door to the manager's face. I could not have told why I looked at him. The impulse was involuntary. But what a face it was! The angry flush had gone, and a dead, dull pallor had come there in its place. His eyes were fixed upon the carpet, his lips pressed hard together, his brows knitted. He said nothing. He listened; and as the child crept by, I saw one large vein rise and throb upon his temple like an angry pulse. There was no passion in the face to make it terrible; nothing but an ominous, intense suppression of emotion. What was the nature of that emotion? A dim, half-intelligible suspicion flashed upon me. I remembered what Jungla had been saying as we came through the town. I could not have helped speaking, had it been to save my life.

"Your little girl has improved very much of late," I said. "I was quite surprised yesterday to find her reading one of the stories in 'Sandford and Merton.' She scarcely knew her letters six months ago."

He looked up confusedly, as hearing, but not taking in the sense of my words.

"Were it only on her account," I continued, "you would scarcely wish, I should think, to lose Herr Jungla. It would break her little heart to be parted from him."

He sprang to his feet like a madman; broke into a storm of incoherent curses; swore that Jungla should go, though it were to ruin him ten times over; then,

exhausted by the force of his own fury, dropped back into his chair, laid his head down upon the table and sobbed like a child.

"I'd give all I have," he cried, "never to have seen his face! We were happy enough once. I didn't want her to be clever; she was clever enough for me. I only wanted her to love me. And she did love me—I was all the world to her!"

I was deeply affected. I saw it all now, and I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. The man's whole being was rooted in the child, and he was enduring torments of jealousy. I tried to comfort him, but he would not be comforted.

"No, no!" he said; "it is of no use. I know better. He has robbed me of my child. Oh, curse him! I hate him! I hate him!"

I went from the house that morning more troubled than I would have cared to confess. What should I say to Jungla? That Davila did actually hate him I could no longer doubt. I felt that it was no mere figure of speech. He hated him with a Corsican's hatred—with a hatred that was eating away his own heart—that might end in madness—that must lead to ruin. I made no further effort to get Jungla's engagement renewed. I had an instinctive feeling that the sooner all business relations were over between them the better for both. I knew, of course, that we could ill afford to lose the Lion King and his lions or to withdraw "The Prince of Cyprus" from our bills. But I also knew that the present state of things could not long go on except at the cost of absolute destruction, and that to bring Davila back to his former self was, at this moment, the one object of paramount importance. Acting, therefore, upon this unwelcome conviction, I gave Jungla to understand that he would be free at the expiration of his term to make whatever arrangements or engagements he pleased.

To say that he was not taken by surprise would be untrue. He knew his own value, and could pretty well estimate what Davila's loss would be on "The Prince of Cyprus" alone. He smiled, however, shrugged his shoulders, and took it coolly enough.

"As Mr. Davila pleases," he said. "I told you that he honoured me with a special aversion, and here is proof positive of the same. Well, *chacun à son goût*. I

rejoice to find that our friend can afford to indulge his little prejudices after so expensive a fashion."

This was all the comment he made. He expressed no regret, betrayed no annoyance, said not one word of little Lotta. But I observed after this that he seemed as if he could scarcely let her out of his sight for ten minutes together.

At length, some three or four days having gone by, he announced his intention of running over to Glasgow to make arrangements for the hire of the theatre in Dunlop Street, where he proposed giving a series of performances on his own responsibility. Now the journey from Leeds to Glasgow occupies rather more than eight hours each way, and we were playing the "Prince of Cyprus" every night, except on Saturdays, when we gave a morning performance instead. Moreover, as all who have sojourned in North Britain know but too well, there is no midday travelling on Scottish lines on Sundays. So Jungla's only course was to start from Leeds immediately after the morning performance on Saturday, arriving in Glasgow between eleven and twelve at night, spending his Sunday in Glasgow, leaving again for Leeds at about a quarter to eleven on Monday morning, and just getting back in time to fling himself into a fly, drive at once to the theatre and dress for the rising of the curtain at half past seven.

"Look here, Skey," he said, half whimsically, half pathetically, "you'll have an eye to my young family, now and then, while I'm away?"

"What—to the lions?"

"Yes, to the lions. Pratt is, of course, a thoroughly careful and trustworthy fellow; but I am a tender parent, you see, and it goes to my heart to leave the pretty dears to the care of a keeper."

I professed my readiness to do what I could, but reminded him that my acquaintance with the manners and customs of lions was of the most limited description.

"Tell me what you wish done," I said, "and I will do it. Am I to see them fed?"

"Oh, no. Pratt knows all about that. Five o'clock is their hour, and he knows just what they ought to have. You might, perhaps, see that he is punctual. I like them to be fed punctually—it spoils their tempers to be kept waiting over time. He will be punctual to day, for it is just

four now, and he is not likely to forget them an hour hence; however, I really don't want you to do anything in particular, my dear fellow. All I ask is that you will just let Pratt feel that somebody is looking after him. If you would kindly saunter in, you know, once or twice in the course of each day, and say something, if it's only about the weather. You understand what I mean."

"Perfectly. I will do my best, depend on it."

"A thousand thanks. I wouldn't trouble you, only that it's a long time to be away—over fifty hours, you see. I never have left them for quite so long before. Good-bye—so much obliged—will do the same for you another day."

This conversation took place on the Saturday afternoon, at the door of Jungla's dressing-room, as he was preparing to be gone by the 4.15 express immediately after the performance. The stage was not yet cleared. The lights were not yet all extinguished. The last fiddler was still putting up his music in the orchestra.

"Good-bye," I said, as he snatched up his bag and ran towards the door. "*Bon voyage.*"

At that moment a wail of childish sorrow rang through the house, and little Lotta, still in her stage finery, darted after him, calling piteously upon his name.

"Oh, take me with you!" she cried. "Don't—don't—don't go away! Oh, please take me with you!"

"My pet, don't cry," said Jungla. He had turned back at the first sound of her voice, and had now taken her in his arms and was kissing her tenderly. "Don't cry my little mädchen. I am coming back the day after to-morrow."

"No—no—no! You are never coming back! They told me you were never coming back. Oh, why do you go away?"



"OH! TAKE ME WITH YOU," SHE CRIED.

What shall I do? Why don't you take me, too?"

"My darling—my little pet," said Jungla. "I am coming back—ask Mr. Skey. Say something to comfort her, Skey, when I'm gone. God bless you, my pretty one. I wish I could take you—I wish it with all my heart."

Saying this, he kissed her again, put her gently down and ran away at full speed.

I tried to say something. I told her he was certainly coming

back on Monday, and would play with her as usual in "The Prince of Cyprus" on Monday night; for Lotta did perform the infant Livia, and was rescued from the lions by Jungla every evening to thunders of applause.

"Is it quite certain?" she asked, looking up doubtfully.

I assured her that it was quite certain.

"And then he will never go away any more?"

At this question I hesitated.

"Do you love him so dearly that you would like him to stay with you always?" I asked evasively.

The child's face glowed through her tears.

"I love him better than all the world besides," she replied eagerly.

What was it that I heard as she said this? It sounded like a groan. Was it one of the scene-shifters at work in the flies?

"Lotta! Lotta!" cried Mrs. Davila from her dressing-room at the other side of the stage. "Aren't you coming to be undressed to-night?"

I took the child's hand and led her back whence she had come. As I did so, I saw a man leaning up against the wall in a dark corner close behind where we had been standing. His face was buried in his hands; but I recognised him at a glance. It was Davila.

The next morning, before I had breakfasted, I went round, as I had promised, to see the lions. There were three cages of them—the lioness and cubs in one, and a lion and lioness in each of the others. They were kept in the same enclosure with Davila's menagerie, but divided from the other beasts by a slight partition. I found Jungla's keeper, Mr. Pratt, smoking his matutinal pipe outside in the sun, and the lions lying and walking about, as usual, in their cages. Having looked in, there was nothing for me to do but to exchange a civil word with Mr. Pratt and retire; which I did. It was Sunday. I had my day before me; no rehearsal to attend, no accounts to make up, no managerial interview to go through. I went home to breakfast; after breakfast I went to church; after church I put some biscuits in my pocket, and went for a long walk into the country. When I came back it was just four o'clock, and I dropped in again at the menagerie on my way home. This time I found Mr. Pratt asleep on a bench close against the door. He sat up at the sound of my footsteps and was wide awake directly.

"Lions all right, Pratt?" said I, peeping in and seeing them walking about as before.

"Yes, sir; of course they're all right, sir," he replied, somewhat sulkily.

"Getting hungry, I suppose, Pratt. Near dinner-time, isn't it? You feed them at five, don't you?"

Mr. Pratt, evidently displeased by my interference, nodded, and stared up at the ceiling. At that moment one of the lions set up a tremendous roar, and I retreated precipitately, feeling that I had done my duty by Jungla's little family for that day.

The next morning, not without some misgivings as to my reception, I went round again. Mr. Pratt, cleaning a row of Jungla's boots in the passage outside, looked more hostile than ever. I wished him good-morning as I passed, but the

beasts inside were roaring so furiously that I could not hear my own voice. I went in. The lioness and cubs were comfortably asleep; but the others were lashing their tails, pacing to and fro in their cages, rearing themselves up on their hind legs, tearing at the bars with their tremendous paws as if they would wrench them down, and breaking out every two or three moments into such prolonged and deafening roars that the floor vibrated again beneath my feet. Nor was this all. The beasts in Davila's menagerie, divided off by only a slight partition, seemed as if lashed to frenzy by the noise their neighbours were making. The monkeys were chattering,



"ONE WOULD THINK THE BEASTS WERE MAD," I EXCLAIMED.

the bears growling, the cockatoos shrieking, the hyenas yelling. The hubbub, in short, was so appalling that I remained scarcely a moment inside the doors, but, beckoning to Mr. Pratt to follow me, went out into the little yard beyond.

I should observe, by the way, that we were in occupation of a temporary building which had been erected a few months before for the accommodation of botanic fêtes, agricultural shows and so forth; and which, enclosing as it did a spacious area, platform and out-buildings, had been easily converted into a first-rate theatre and circus. The menagerie, which now formed a separate exhibition, occupied one of the out-buildings at the back, and was ap-

proached by a separate entrance. This out-building, however, communicated with the circus by means of a covered passage, along which Jungla's cages were wheeled every night into the arena.

"One would think the beasts were mad!" I exclaimed. "Do they often make such a terrific row, Pratt?"

The keeper shook his head.

"I can't think what's come to them," he said, "unless it is that they miss the master. I never knew 'em so noisy before."

"If they go on like this to-night," said I, "the audience will not hear a word of the play."

Mr. Pratt scratched his ear, but made no reply.

"It's enough to make the horses quite unmanageable," I added, with a glance towards the stables. "Well, good-morning Pratt. I'll look in again, by-and-bye."

"Beg pardon, sir," said the keeper surlily; "but there's one thing I should wish to say before you go. I don't like the way I'm being treated, sir. Mr. Jungla knows me. He knows whether he can trust me, or whether he can't trust me. He knows whether I'm used to beasts, or whether I'm not used to beasts. I don't like being overlooked, sir. I don't like seeing my work taken out of my hands. I should be glad to know whether Mr. Jungla holds me responsible for these beasts or not?"

"If you mean that my dropping in now and then has annoyed you, my good fellow," I replied, "I can only say that to my certain knowledge Mr. Jungla places the highest confidence —"

"No, sir," he interrupted, "I don't mean you; I mean Mr. Davila."

"Mr. Davila?" I repeated.

"Yes, sir. What call has he, or any one, to interfere with my duties? If Mr. Jungla couldn't trust the feeding of the beasts or the keeping of the keys to me, I think he might have told me so before he left."

"The feeding of the beasts and the keeping of the keys?" I echoed again. "Do you mean to say that Mr. Davila —"

"Mr. Davila came to feed and see after his own beasts, sir, on Saturday afternoon, and again yesterday afternoon, after you had been round for the second time; he claimed the keys of my cages. He said

he was answerable for the safety of those lions while Mr. Jungla was away, and that nobody should feed them but himself. He as good as ordered me out of the place. You may be sure I didn't wait to be ordered a second time."

"You left him here? You gave up the keys?"

"Mr. Davila said he was master here, sir, and that I could not deny. He said he was my master's master, and I couldn't deny that either. Same time, begging your pardon again, sir, it's treatment I've not been used to; and I wished to say that the next time Mr. Davila, or anyone else, comes here interfering with my duties, I shall walk out of that door and go home. If Mr. Jungla wants me back again he can fetch me."

I knew not what to say. I could hardly tell what I feared; but I had a sort of vague suspicion that the manager might be capable of doing Jungla an ill turn if the opportunity came in his way. What if he were to poison the lions? Acting upon this thought, I went back and had another look at them. They were roaring and pacing about as before.

"There's nothing the matter with them, I suppose, Pratt?" I said anxiously. "They wouldn't be so lively if—if they were not well?"

"Well? Bless you, sir, they're well enough. They'd be drooping and neglecting their food, if they were ill. I don't know what quantity they got either Saturday or yesterday; but they'd eaten it every bit when I came back—except a dry bone or two. They're only excited by the howling of the hyenas. There's nothing the matter with them."

Satisfied that Pratt was right, but utterly puzzled by this sudden outbreak of activity on the part of the manager, I then went round to the theatrical department to attend to the thousand and one daily duties of my office. Here, to my surprise, I found Davila bustling to and fro, as prompt, as authoritative, as business-like as of old. He had just called a rehearsal of the riders—had ordered the stalls and orchestra to be swept out—was presently about to inspect the wardrobe—and, when I first went in, was reprimanding the carpenters about the state of a practicable bridge in one of the set scenes. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my ears and eyes. He had suddenly thrown off all that apathy which was so

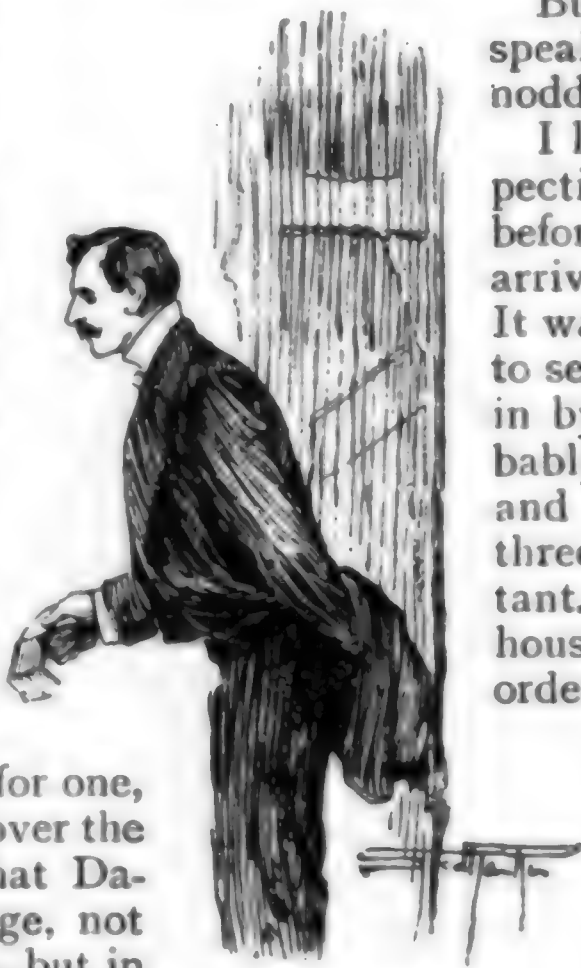
alarming in him of late. There was even a feverish activity about him which made the contrast still more striking. His senses seemed over-alert, as it were. His eyes glittered with excitement; he talked fast and loudly; he went everywhere; he saw everything; he was never still or silent for a moment; it was like a resurrection from the dead.

At two o'clock, the morning's work being done, we dispersed, actors, musicians, scene shifters, ostlers, dressers, supernumeraries of all kinds, and went our several ways. I, for one, went home to dinner, thinking over the incidents of the morning. That Davila's conduct was very strange, not only in the matter of the lions, but in the manner of his return to business, was undeniable. I could not keep from pondering over it, more or less, all that afternoon. Look upon it from what side I might, there still was something odd, and not altogether pleasant, about it.

Towards six I went round, as usual, to his lodgings. I always went to him about an hour before the doors opened to know whether he had any special instructions respecting the evening's performance. This afternoon, for almost the first time in my remembrance, he was not at home. As I came back, however, about halfway between the market-place and the theatre, I came upon him, face to face. He looked flushed, and I saw at a glance that he had been drinking.

"You are looking for me, Mr. Skey," he said hurriedly. "I have nothing fresh to say to you. I am going home. I don't feel well; the day's work has been too much for me. Programme, of course, remains unaltered: the scenes of the circus first; then Herr Jungla's performance with the lions; then the comic ballet to end Part First. For Part Second, 'The Prince of Cyprus,' as usual. There is no fear, I suppose, of his missing the train?"

"None whatever, I should think," I replied. "He told me he should leave Glasgow by the 10.30 train, which reaches Leeds at 6.15. It is a tolerably punctual train, too, I believe; generally in to time, and never later than the half-hour."



I WENT BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

But before I had finished speaking, the manager had nodded and passed on.

I hurried to the theatre, expecting to find Jungla there before me. He had not yet arrived. I looked at my watch. It wanted only twenty minutes to seven. The train was surely in by now; but he was probably walking from the station, and the station was a good three-quarters of a mile distant. I then went round the house to see that all was in order—the check-taker at his

post; the musicians in their places; the horses and riders ready for their entry. When I came back to the green-room the clock was just on the stroke of seven, and Herr Jungla had not yet come.

I became seriously uneasy. I delayed the opening of the doors till nearly five minutes past seven. We were then obliged to admit the audience. Ten minutes past seven—a quarter past—twenty minutes past—and still he did not come. At half-past we were bound to begin. I could no longer doubt that he had missed the train. I sent for a Bradshaw, and found there was no other train in from Glasgow before ten minutes past eleven.

I asked myself despairingly what was to be done? In an emergency of this kind everything devolved upon me; but how to meet the present difficulty I knew not. For the first part of the programme it was not of so much importance: we could substitute some circus-business for Jungla's first appearance. He simply entered the cage, called the beasts up, one by one, according to their names; held their jaws open; lay down amongst them, and so forth. It lasted but five minutes at any time, and, to my thinking, somewhat impaired the effect of the lion scene in "The Prince of Cyprus." But what could I substitute for the second part of the programme? No one could play Ariobarzanes—no one could deal with the lions—save Jungla himself. In the midst of my distress, just as the overture was winding up to the last crash and the riders were ranging themselves for

their grand entry, a telegram was put into my hand, containing words to this effect:

"Railway bridge fallen in between Bradford and Apperley. Trains all obliged to stop at Bradford. Thirteen miles by fly. Will be with you in time for drama."

This message put an end to my anxieties. I went before the curtain with the telegram in my hand, explained the case to the audience, begged permission to substitute Signor Montanari's unrivalled feats of strength for Herr Jungla's first performance, and retired with two rounds of applause.

All went off well. The Lion King arrived at the stage-door just as the curtain fell at the close of Part the First, and was dressed and chatting with me at the wings long before it was time for him to go on as chief captive in the Triumph.

"Had a successful journey?" I asked.

"Thoroughly successful. I have taken the Glasgow house for a fortnight certain, with liberty to hold it for a month on the same terms; and I have made arrangements with a really good troupe of Christy's Minstrels to eke out the entertainment. My lions and I, you see, are hardly enough by ourselves. How is my little family, by the way? All right?"

"All right, and distressingly lively when I saw them last—roaring like volcanoes."

"Pretty dears! and that best of men, Pratt?"

"The best of men is by no means in the best of tempers," I replied, laughing. "But stay—you are called. I will tell you more about it by-and-bye."

From this moment, however, Jungla was incessantly before the audience, and I had no opportunity of speaking to him again. During the five minutes', or less than five minutes' interval between the acts, he ran down to see the cage wheeled up from the menagerie, and was only back in time for the prison scene at the rising of the drop. Coming off from this scene, however, he passed me at the wings.

"Look here, Skey," he said hurriedly, "I wish you'd get me a glass of wine. I'm confoundedly tired, and—and, somehow, I don't altogether like the look of the lions."

"Not like the look of the lions!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"I scarcely know myself. I can't think what the devil is the matter with them. I miss the recognition in their eyes, and—and, after all, I don't believe, with beasts of that sort, that the personal influence should be relaxed for even a single day."

"But so tame as yours are——" I began. He interrupted me impatiently.

"No wild beast is ever really tamed," he said. "But for heaven's sake let us waste no words. Get me a glass of wine—or, better still, a glass of brandy."

I ran round myself to the refreshment-room, and brought him some brandy in a tumbler. The amphitheatre scene was already on when I came back; the gladiators were combating in the arena; Mr. and Mrs. O'Leary, as the Emperor and Empress, were seated on a throne to the right of the stage, while little Lotta, dressed in pink and silver as the infant Livia, was standing at the Empress's knee. Jungla was just about to go on when I put the tumbler into his hand. He emptied it to the last drop. At that moment the trumpets were sounded; the back of the scene was thrown open; the cage, propelled from behind was pushed into the middle of the stage, and Jungla, as the Prince of Cyprus, was led to the foot of the throne.

At sight of the lions the house broke into three rounds of vociferous applause. I expected to hear the beasts return the compliment with one of their terrific choruses, but they contented themselves with a kind of long, low, continuous growl, which sounded, somehow, still more deadly, and came in with extraordinary effect.

And now began the great scene of the play. It would scarcely become me to praise the dialogue; but I think no one who has seen the piece as we performed it that season, and had heard the interruptions of applause which were certain to break out each night at particular points of the speeches, could have pronounced it other than a thoroughly legitimate success.

The captive prince being led in, the Emperor rose and bade him choose his fate. He must either sacrifice to the gods or be given to the lions. Ariobarzanes, in sixteen lines of rhymed verse, rejects the alternative with scorn and declares himself ready to die for the true faith. The Emperor expostulates; but

in vain. He then gives the fatal signal, addressing the prince in these lines:—

"Die, then, rash scion of a royal line!
I mourn thy choice. 'Tis thy decree—not mine."

The guards then advance—Ariobarzanes springs upon the steps of the throne, seizes the imperial infant in his arms, leaps into the arena, and stands at the door of the lion's cage, with his hand upon the bolt. The nobles in waiting draw their swords; the Empress swoons; the guards are about to rush to the rescue.

"Hold!" cries Jungla, in a voice of thunder:—

"Hurl but one jav'lin, let one arrow fly.
And by the God I worship, she shall die."

Then taking from his own neck a large cross suspended to a chain, he passes it over the child's head, and adds:—

"Yet stay, idolators! see
where I place
This sacred symbol of
eternal grace.
Thus arm'd, thus safe,
thus shielded, now be-
hold
I draw the bolt. . . ."

He was interrupted by an awful cry—a cry of such intense, quivering agony as perhaps no ear in all that theatre had ever heard before—a cry like nothing human. At the same instant a man rushed past me where I was standing at the wings, and fell as he reached the stage.

"Stop!" he shrieked. "For God's sake, stop! My child—the lions! the lions!"

To place little Lotta in the arms of a bystander—to seize the fallen man by the collar and drag him up by main force, like a dog, was for Jungla the work of a moment.

"What of the lions?" he shouted.
"What of the lions?"

"Is she safe?" cried Davila wildly.
"Oh, mercy! is she safe? *They've not been fed for three days!*"

A deadly look came into Jungla's face. He took his enemy by the throat, lifted him fairly off his feet, and made as if he would have hurled him over into the

circus below. For one moment he held him so—for one moment I thought we should have seen murder done before our eyes. Then the dangerous light went out of his face. He smiled bitterly; dropped the manager, a dead weight, at his feet; and, spurning him contemptuously with his foot, said:

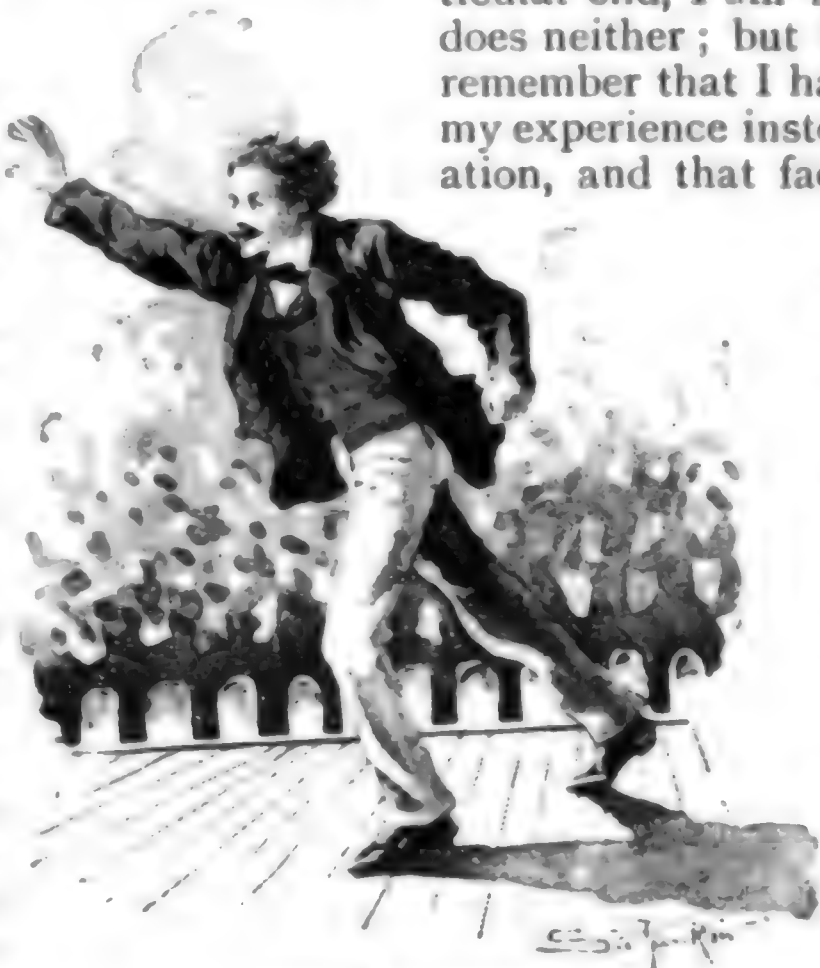
"So, my friend, you calculated that I should have walked into that cage alone, an hour ago. I give you credit for your ingenuity. 'Sdeath! I half suspected foul play of some sort."

* * * * *

My story, in so far as it may be called a story, is told. If you object that it points no particular moral, and comes to no particular end, I am bound to admit that it does neither; but then you will please to remember that I have been drawing upon my experience instead of upon my imagination, and that facts do not often round

themselves off so neatly and conclusively as fictions. Poetic justice probably requires that Davila's infernal plot should either have recoiled upon his own head, or have been followed by some signal retribution; but, when last I heard of the man, he was conducting a monster circus through the American states, and, if report spoke truly, prospering beyond all precedent. These incidents, however, which

I have just related, were, indirectly, the cause of the breaking up of the old Davila company. Herr Jungla, it is true, forbore to prosecute; but the story was all over the country in less than a week, and articles headed: "Murderous Attempt on the part of a Provincial Manager," "A Modern Corsican Vendetta," and the like, figured conspicuously in every local newspaper throughout the kingdom. As for the company, it fell apart like an unbound sheaf. Montanari and St. Aubyn gave notice to quit in the course of the following week. The O'Learys left in about a fortnight. All who could obtain engagements elsewhere shook the dust of the Davila circus from their feet and made



"STOP!" HE SHRIEKED.

haste to be gone. For myself, I stood not upon the order of going, but gave in my accounts the very next day and went immediately.

Even in this there may, however, have been some flavour of retribution; for Davila held his head high, and valued his reputation. It must have been bitter work for him to find himself shunned as if he were plague-stricken.

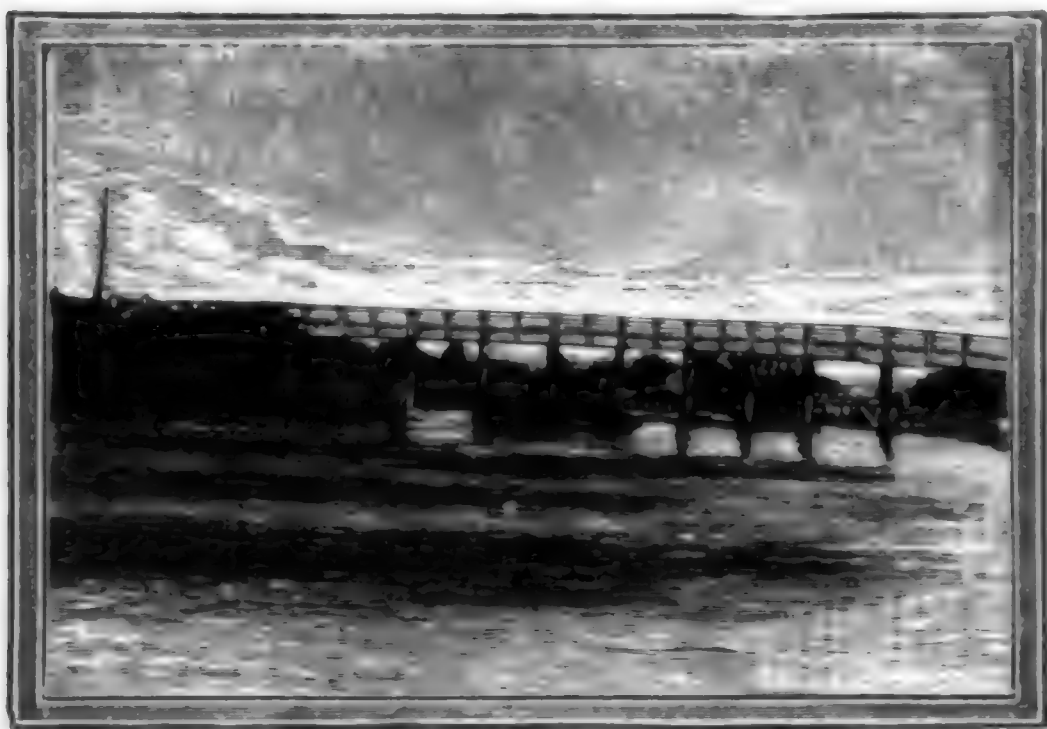
From Leeds I went with Herr Jungla to Glasgow, and thence, after a few weeks, accompanied him to Edinburgh. I liked the man, and, having no engagement,

found it pleasant to travel with him. In Edinburgh we parted, and from that day to this I have never seen him or his lions again. I would give much to know who he was, whence he came and what has become of him. Vague rumours that he had been seen with Garibaldi in Sicily, and in Secessia with Stonewall Jackson, have now and then reached my ears; but they came in such a questionable form that I have not ventured to place much reliance upon them. I have a presentiment, however, that we shall some day meet again.



The River Thames.

FROM OXFORD TO KINGSTON.



GORING BRIDGE.

PART II.—GORING TO MAIDENHEAD.

THE scenery about Goring is considered by many to be the most picturesque on the Thames. Last month we described the course of the river from Oxford to Goring; continuing our voyage, we pass through Goring Lock and under the pretty wooden bridge which connects that village with its twin sister, Streatley. The wooded hills on the Berks side, sloping down to the river's banks, give a series of charming views: a

large private house, "Bechecombe," backed by masses of foliage, adds feature to the landscape. Half-a-mile lower, the railway from Goring crosses the river;



GORING LOCK, FROM ABOVE.



BECHECOMBE.

then we come to the ferry at Gatehampton, on the Oxon bank, where the refreshing beer of ginger or a cup of bohea can be obtained, if required, from the pleasant ferryman or his good lady. Just below the ferry, the famous Hartslock Woods commence; the proprietor, J. Foster, Esq., Coombe Lodge, Whitchurch, freely grants



VIEW OF THE THAMES FROM HARTSLOCK WOOD.

permission to camp or picnic on the bank. This spot is a famous rendezvous with campers, and well it justifies its reputation, for it is one of the most beautiful stretches on the Thames: the varied tints of foliage, the dark elm, shimmering oak and copper beech intermingling with the black firs, mass the hill from the banks of the stream and tower upwards into the golden haze above. At the lower end of the wood the trees thin out and leave the hill bare, and here a glorious view can be had of the sparkling water below, with its



WHITCHURCH FROM THE LOCK.

several islets lying like emeralds set in a ribbon of silvery light. At the shank of this hill lies the keeper's house, where light refreshments may be obtained. A short pull farther down, and we pass Coombe Lodge, the residence before mentioned of the proprietor of Hartslock Woods. The house stands back from the river, surrounded by well timbered grounds. About a mile lower, Whitchurch Lock (thirty-one and a quarter miles from Oxford) comes into sight, and the renowned village of Pangbourne and its backwater. The stretch of river above the lock is one of the famous bits of the Thames—dear to the artist and equally beloved by the followers of Isaak Walton. The Swan Hotel, near the river, and the Elephant, in the village, are both comfortable havens of rest,



PANGBOURNE.

whilst apartments can be obtained at several houses in the village. The Great Western Station is close to the river. The village of Whitchurch, lying on the opposite bank, is most charmingly situated on the slope of a hill, and the ancient church of the Norman period makes a pretty picture viewed from the lock island.

Care should be taken in approaching Whitchurch Lock, as when the river is full a strong stream runs both sides. Below Pangbourne the river flows through typical English scenery; and a mile-and-a-half lower, we pass Hardwick House, on the Oxon bank, said to have been one of the hiding-places of Charles I. About a mile lower we reach Mapledurham Lock (thirty-three and a

half miles from Oxford), approached on the Berks side. The village of Mapledurham is built on the Oxon bank, the landing place being just above the weir above the lock. The view here of the tumbling weir, with the mill and church embowered in its nest of trees, forms a lovely scene, and is a favourite subject with artists. The fishing hereabouts is very good, perch and chub being very plentiful. There is, however, very little accommodation for strangers until the Roebuck Inn, a mile lower on the Berks shore, is reached. The nearest station is Tilehurst, about a mile distant.



MAPLEDURHAM LOCK.



ROEBUCK INN, TILEHURST.

The view from the Roebuck, both up and down stream, is very charming, and

well repays the climb up. After passing the several islets, which are encountered for a mile below the inn, the river becomes flat and uninteresting until the heights of Caversham, on the Oxfordshire bank, break the monotony. The bridge joining Caversham with Reading is an ugly structure, on the Reading side of which stands Bona's Hotel—a very comfortable house and much frequented by river parties.

A large island, just below the bridge, is said to have been the place of tournament between Robert de Montfort and the Earl of Essex, when these two fought a duel before Henry II., the latter being worsted in the combat, and afterwards retiring to Reading Abbey, where he donned the habit of a monk.

Half a mile or so below the bridge, we come to Caversham Lock (thirty-eight miles from Oxford). The river here runs very shallow, and is a frequent trap for the unwary steam launch.

On nearing Sonning Lock (forty-one miles from Oxford) the scenery rapidly changes.

The towing-path near the lock, overhung with fine trees, is called "Thames Parade," and the lock garden



SONNING LOCK AND THAMES PARADE.



SHIPLAKE MILL.

in summer time, is a perfect little paradise —with its multitude of flowers, amongst which fine blooms of roses are conspicuous. Just below is Sonning bridge, close to which is the White Hart Hotel — a charming water-side hostelry. Sonning Church dating from the fourteenth century, is within a minute's walk of the river, and is well worth a visit.

The fishing below Sonning is celebrated amongst lovers of the craft —pike, perch, chub and roach being found in abund-

ance. A branch of the river Loddon enters the Thames about a mile below Sonning; this stream is also full of fish, but permission has to be obtained, as it is strictly preserved. The river banks hereabouts are somewhat flat, but the course of the river is studded with islets, which break this tameness. Nearing Shiplake Lock, the scenery rapidly improves. This lock is forty-three and a half miles from Oxford, and care should be taken on entering, as the stream to the mill runs strongly at times. The lock island is a favourite camping ground, and tea and light refreshments can be obtained at the lock-house. The late Lord Tennyson was married in



WARGRAVE.



WARGRAVE CHURCH.

Shiplake Church, the stained glass windows of which are very fine. Just below the lock the Henley railway crosses the river, Shiplake Station lying close to the river, half a mile below Wargrave.

The picturesque village of Wargrave is rapidly growing in favour with boating men. Shiplake Station is easily reached by the ferry, and there are several good hotels, of which the George and Dragon, Bull, and White Hart are the chief. The church, which is very old, is charmingly situated near a backwater above the village. There is a large island just below Wargrave, inside

which one of the longest and prettiest backwaters on the Thames commences running for over a mile, and re-enters the river half a mile above Marsh Lock.

Park Place, just above the lock, was once the residence of George IV., and its lovely grounds and woods form a charming spot in the landscape. An ivy-framed archway through the cliffs affords a pretty peep at the park beyond.

Marsh Lock (forty-six miles from Oxford) also requires care on entering, as there is a millstream on either side.

We are now nearing the Mecca of rowing men: Henley, famed far and wide for its Regatta carnival, lies on the Oxford bank under a mile from Marsh Lock. The bridge is a handsome structure of stone, over a century old, and commands a full view of the Regatta Course.

We make this our resting-place for the third night, and put up at the Angel, which is prettily situated close to the bridge; other hotels are the Red Lion, Royal, White Hart, etc. Henley is said to be the most ancient town in Oxfordshire, but there is little trace of its antiquity. Nowadays, it is famous to the outside world only for its Regatta week, when the town



PEEP THROUGH PARK PLACE.

is full to overflowing of visitors and friends of the rival crews. Houses in good positions are let for the week at fabulous rentals, and accommodation at the hotels is not to be had for love or money.

The country round Henley is exceedingly charming, and the service of trains to Pad-

dington renders it easily accessible to London.

The regatta course is below the bridge, and is undoubtedly the finest on the



HENLEY BRIDGE AND ANGEL HOTEL.

Thames; and, during the week, the whole reach of over a mile is literally packed with craft of all descriptions from the gondola to the tiniest of canoes; the crush frequently being so dense that independent movement is out of the question, the whole having to move *en masse*. The County of Bucks now replaces Oxfordshire, the dividing line being at Fawley Court, half-way down the racing course. The starting point for the races is a mile or so below the bridge, off Regatta Island, on which is built a Grecian temple. The river below the island takes a sharp bend to the south; and here, on the Bucks bank, lies Greenlands, the beautiful house of the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith.



REGATTA ISLAND.



GREENLANDS.

The house, peeping forth from its bower of trees, with the lovely lawns running down to the river bank, makes a pretty picture. Historically, Greenlands is of interest, as it was besieged by the Cromwellian forces under Essex, and held out under the Royalist troops for over five months before capitulating.



MEDMENHAM ABBEY.

later was the scene of the wild orgies of the infamous "Hell Fire Club," which under the auspices of Lord de Despencer and his gang of reprobates, became a scandal to the whole country round. Their motto, *Fay ce que voudras* (Each to his liking), still stands over one of the doors.

The Ferry Hotel, close by, is a favourite resort for boating and pleasure parties.

Below the abbey the Bucks shore is bordered by a bold ridge of well-timbered

chalk cliffs, at the foot of which the river flows for some distance, forming a strong and pleasing contrast to the opposite bank. Just above the weir at Hurley stand two picturesque thatched cot-



EELBUCKS.

Half a mile farther brings us to Hambleton Lock (forty nine miles from Oxford), and below the lock lie several islets, around which the weir stream runs strongly. A little lower is Magpie Island,



CUTTING TO HURLEY LOCK.

tages ; here a footpath ascends the cliff, whence a most lovely view of the river and the surrounding country can be obtained. Tea and other light refreshments can be had at these cottages, and lodgings also if not already occupied.

Hurley Lock (fifty-three miles from Oxford) is approached by a cutting, the lock being bordered by a mill on the Berks shore, with the weir on the Bucks shore. When through the lock, a pull up

the backwater, past Hurleyford House, the seat of Sir W. R. Clayton, will be time well spent, as the islands and weir form a pretty bit of river scenery. Half a mile lower we reach Temple Lock, with Temple House, the lovely riverside residence of General Owen

Williams, on the Berks side, situated on the backwater above the weir. The view of the mill and weir from below the lock is very beautiful. Pulling lazily along, we slowly glide past Bisham Abbey on the Berks bank. Very little of the original Abbey now remains, however. Elizabeth, before she was queen, resided here for several years under the guardianship of Sir Thomas Hoby, the then owner, and many notabilities found their last resting-place in the Abbey churchyard, amongst them Warwick the King-



HURLEYFORD HOUSE.



TEMPLE HOUSE.

maker. The Abbey is also said to have its ghost in the spirit of one of the ladies of the Hoby family. The next bend on the river brings to our view the graceful suspension bridge joining Marlow and Bisham. Marlow is a very favourite resort for boat-



TEMPLE WEIR.



MARLOW BRIDGE AND CHURCH.

ing and fishing. The station lies half a mile from the bridge, and there is a good service of trains from Paddington during the season. The chief hotels are the Complete Angler, near the weir, and the Anglers, Crown and George and Dragon in Marlow. Hughenden, the residence of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, is distant about

seven miles, the road to which passes through some lovely wooded country. Care should be taken in approaching the lock, as the weir is unguarded and dangerous if much stream is running. Below Marlow Lock (fifty-five miles from Oxford) are several islands, past which the river flows strongly, soon carrying us to the famous Quarry Woods, which border the Berks bank for quite a mile. This is a well-frequented picnic resort, the paths through the woods forming charming rambles.



MARLOW LOCK.

A mile or so below Quarry Woods the Cookham Railway crosses the river—Bourne End Station being about half a mile inland on the Bucks side—and just past the bridge we see Abney House. Bourne End is a rising riparian village, with several comfortable hotels and an ample supply of boats. Cookham Bridge crosses the river about a mile farther down, the view from the bridge towards the lock being indescribably lovely. The river branches off into four separate streams, the whole backed by the beautiful woods of Clieveden. The main stream, with its weir, flows by the Bucks shore; the next stream is the cutting to the lock, whilst the two other streams form Formosa Island, said to be the largest island on the Thames, and are impassable. Be-



ABNEY HOUSE, BOURNE END.

low Cookham Lock (fifty-nine-and-a-half miles from Oxford) these streams rejoin and carry us for a couple of miles past Clieveden Woods. Clieveden, recently purchased by Mr. Astor from the Duke of Westminster, is a princely residence, built

on the summit of the hill, the gardens and conservatories being most magnificent, the view from the terrace forming a scene of exquisite beauty. The gardens and grounds are shown to the public when the family is away—at least, this has been the custom during the Duke's proprietorship, and we hope still continues. At the ferry

cottage tea, etc., can be obtained, and permission is granted for picnics. About a mile farther the river divides into four streams, the Bucks side leading to the backwater, which can be explored for half a mile before the weir is reached. Taplow Court, the residence of W. H. Grenfell, Esq., is charmingly situated on this backwater. The cutting to Boulter's Lock (sixty-one-and-a-half miles from Oxford) is along the Berks bank, and during the height of the boating season this lock is the centre of attraction for visitors and residents at Maidenhead, who congregate here on Saturday and Sunday evenings to watch the return of the numberless pleasure craft of all descriptions as they pass through



COOKHAM BRIDGE.

the lock. The river just below the lock is anything but attractive, but as we approach Maidenhead Bridge it improves greatly. Maidenhead town and station is over a mile from the river, but there are several fine hotels along the Berks bank between Boulter's Lock and the bridge, whilst Skindle's Hotel, on the Bucks shore, near the bridge, is known to all boating men. A good



CLIVEDEN WOODS.

service of trains to Paddington has helped

to make Maidenhead a favourite and fashionable resort.

MR MABBOT'S

FRIGHT.

By
Mrs J. H. Riddell.



ON a fine summer afternoon, more than sixty years ago, Mr. Mabbot walked out of the manager's room in one of the Belfast banks, and mechanically closed the door after him.

What his business there had been has nothing to do with this story, and is moreover lost in the mists of time, but presumably it was of a pecuniary nature.

Then, as now, people resorted to banks for the purpose of paying in or receiving current coin of the realm; and further, it may be safely said, at that precise period almost everyone in Ireland possessed of any property whatsoever had spent his available cash and was busily engaged in sowing debts which have since produced such abundant crops that, though the harvest began well nigh half a century ago under the auspices of the Encumbered Estates Court, it has not yet been fully garnered.

Therefore, it is more than probable that Mr. Mabbot's view in seeking an interview with the manager was to obtain a "further advance." Also it may be concluded, he had not succeeded in his purpose, because, as he crossed the bank on his way out, he looked less jovial than usual, and did not walk as briskly as was his wont.

He had almost reached the swing door when a spare, short, active man came hurrying after, and, touching him lightly on the shoulder, said:

"Mr. Mabbot, I am almost ashamed to ask, but may we trouble you once more?"

Mr. Mabbot turned and the fashion of his face changed.

The sub-manager had always been more than courteous, and he knew very well the gentleman before him was in the habit of recommending that which his chief—over-cautious, perhaps, as chiefs sometimes are—called difficult transactions, but which might, without injury to anyone, be re-

garded as quite in the ordinary course of business.

"Certainly," he answered, pleased to be able to return much kindness by any service, however slight. "For our branch, I suppose," he added, taking a brown-paper parcel, wrapped up much less neatly than any stationer would now think of packing, say, five quires of note paper and a hundred envelopes, value two and sixpence.

In Ireland they did things carelessly during the "thirties," and yet results came out better than anyone might have expected, save always that aforementioned matter of debt, which has hung heavily round the necks of children and children's children ever since. While that sowing period lasted, however, the fathers and the



"FOR OUR BRANCH, I SUPPOSE."

grandfathers and the great-grandfathers of those who have since been under the harrow had rather a good time. They lived on the best; they had their horses and carriages, or at worst, their cars; they kept well nigh open house; they hired men-servants and maid-servants, to whom they paid very poor wages, and the coming "Deluge" meant no more to them than it did to those, who watched Noah building his ark, and, unbelieving, ate and drank, married and gave in marriage till the flood came.

"For our branch, I suppose," Mr. Mabbot said, meaning the branch in his town.

"Yes," replied the sub-manager easily; "they want five thousand, and no one has been in we cared to send it by."

"I will leave it as I go home," returned Mr. Mabbot, with his hand on the door.

"Thank you," said the sub-manager, and, though it may seem incredible, that was all.

The one gave and the other took five thousand pounds with no more admission or instruction than I have stated. Such things were of frequent occurrence in the sister island once upon a time, when men were more honest or less suspicious than they have since become.

Then, as now, bank notes were in Ireland as valuable as, and more easily negotiable than sovereigns.

It would have been quite as futile to try and trace them as their golden relatives. Yet spite of this drawback, men in a fair position were entrusted with the care of thousands of pounds, and men of standing who were often in want of a few hundreds accepted the custody of thousands of pounds with as little ceremony as I have described.

No docket was given, no receipt taken; nevertheless, the messenger always justified the trust reposed in him, and never had cause to repent not checking the amount given into his hand.

Five thousand pounds in one pound and thirty-shilling bank-notes was not a heavy or cumbersome package for Mr. Mabbot to carry, as he

passed through the few good streets Belfast then boasted, giving such orders and transacting such business as seemed well to him. Neither did he feel the parcel at all a hindrance, as he climbed to his seat on the Larne Coach which passed through Carrickfergus on the way to its destination.

Anything more calmly lovely than the drive to Carrickfergus on a pleasant afternoon in summer it would be hard to imagine; but custom stales most landscapes, and though keenly susceptible to the beauties of his native land, it may be questioned whether Mr. Mabbot bestowed even a passing thought on Devis or the Cave Hill, while the grey, stern "Knockagh" and the lough, calm as a glassy lake, and even the low green uplands of the County Down did not appeal to the outside passenger as the cheery talk which kept time to the sound of sixteen iron-shod feet, and the laughter which rang out occasionally at some dry retort of the coachman or caustic witticism shouted by the guard to a passing friend.

Though half-an-hour after it was over, Mr. Mabbot could not have told why it was so pleasant; he knew the journey had proved more agreeable than usual, and when the time came to bid his companions adieu, he recollected nothing save that the political discussion rendered piquant by some interpolations from their

Jehu, had been delightful, and wiled away eight long Irish miles in the most charming manner possible.

In this agreeable frame of mind, he walked down the High Street, past the Court House, and along the Parade as far as Joymount Court.

There the coach—horsed by four fresh nags—overtook him; the guard tooting lustily, and such passengers as were acquainted with Mr. Mabbot raising their hats and gesticulating in a friendly manner.

All these greetings Mr. Mabbot answered, even to the extent of hitching up his shoulder and crooking his elbow, in acknowledgment of the driver's professional salute, and it was not till coach, passengers and horses had passed out of sight



HE RECOLLECTED SOMETHING SO TERRIBLE.

like the shadow of a dream that he recollected something—something so terrible that he was compelled to stand still while he tried to realise if it were true.

One brief second sufficed, however, to assure him the trouble was more than true—if such a thing were possible.

His hands were empty; the coach was gone, and he had left his parcel on the seat immediately behind the coachman.

He recollected the whole thing—it returned to him in one swift flash of memory. He remembered placing, the parcel by his side, and forgetting it.

Good Heavens! And the coach was gone, and five thousand pounds entrusted to him—to Archibald Patrick Mabbot—was at the mercy of Dick, Tom or Harry, or anybody in fact, while he, the trusted custodian, stood looking at the old castle and the beautiful lough, bathed in a very glory of sunlight.

How he got back to the hotel where the coach changed horses, Mr. Mabbot never subsequently could tell.

At that hour the streets were empty, and he met no man he knew as he retraced his steps past the Court House and so to the place whence he had come.

It seemed to him that he flew there, and to everyone else that he had but just left the posting-house, ere he was in the passage again, shouting:

"Chaise and four for Larne, instantly! Chaise and four for Larne!"

Whatever Ireland lacked in the "good old days" of plenty and pauperism, she never wanted, till famine and pestilence reduced her population, for idle and willing hands ready to undertake any job that had no connection with a regular day's work, and consequently, as about every inn yard, there were at least twenty hangers-on, the moment Mr. Mabbot's order passed from bar to stable, a dozen helpers sprang forward to pull out a chaise and put in the horses, to find Tim's whip and Peter's jacket, and to form an excited escort round the corner where Mr. Mabbot awaited their advent.

The postillions were in their saddles, the town beggars well represented, a select crowd of tag, rag and bobtail collected on

the wide pavement in as short a time as it has taken to describe the "sensation," which, though puzzling everyone, was felt to be quite as good, in a small way, as the judges' entry in a large.

Boots and ostler rushed to open the chaise-door; Boots winning by half a length; and Mr. Mabbot was about to jump in when a thought struck him.

"A guinea a-piece, boys, if you overtake the coach before it crosses Larne Bridge," he said, with his foot on the step; then the door banged, the four horses were off, and those who were left behind looked at each other.

"A guinea a-piece! Why it's a for-



"A GUINEA A-PIECE IF YOU OVERTAKE THE COACH."

tune, no less." "A guinea a-piece. Save and preserve us, who ever heard the like?" "What can he want with the coach, and him just left her?"

"They'll never do it! 'A guinea a-piece!' Money is cheap it's my notion; a guinea a-piece—a broken neck a-piece is more the time of day." For public opinion was waxing wrath at the idea of forty-two shillings being distributed so unequally.

"It's the poor dumb beasts that'll have to pay the piper."

"You have no call to be fretting yourself about them, Mrs. Dempsey," retorted the ostler, touched on his most sensitive point. "They were just mad for a dance,

and they'll get it—such a dance as they don't have every day. Four of them, no less, and only one chaise and one passenger."

"They all took it as the height of diversion," he went on, warming with his theme: "Bonny Lesley was fit to jump out of her skin with delight, when she heard 'Chaise and four' shouted, and while I was clapping the saddle on her she showed every tooth in her head, laughin' at me like a Christian and as good as sayin': 'Tim Beatty's the lad could take a coach loaden with passengers up the Castle wall, and down it, too, for the matter of that.'"

"While ye're about it, Larry, ye might as well tell a better one nor yon, and say he'd think nothing of driving a tandem across Carrickrade!"

"He'd drive a four-in-hand across Carrickrade with a light heart," returned Larry, and then as a perfect yell of derision woke every echo in the quiet street, he added: "Get along with you before the master comes out. We can't have the road blocked like this, because two decent boys are earning a trifle. There's no call for you to be stopping here; you'll get none of it, you may take your 'davy.'"

"Though the Lord knows we have need of it, worse luck." "But it's yourself has the heart of flint, Larry Dillon, like his father before him." "Never mind, it'll come back yet to him, never fear."

"You'll be wanting a mouthful of bread, and not getting it one day, plase God," cried the chorus with such unanimity of consent that the ostler was glad to make a feint of having to get to his work; "if you've none," he said as a parting shot, ere he retreated in good order, if not with flying colours.

Meanwhile the four good horses vaunted by him—half blood, lean as greyhounds, active as cats—had swept through the town in a long, swinging trot, which covered the ground quicker than any canter.

Tim, who was in front, would have held them in if he could, for he realised that to run down a child might cause more delay than a slight decrease of speed; but the cheer which accompanied their start had raised Bonny Lesley's spirits to such a height, that he might as well have tried to stop the sea coming in as check the mare's pace.

As they flew through "The Green," therefore, where from early morning to dewy eve the juvenile population disported, both postillions yelled at the top of their voices:

"Hi! hi! hi! hi! Get out o' the way." "Hi! hi! hi!—be off," and many phrases of a similar nature, which happily caused a dispersion of dirty, curly-haired, rosy-cheeked urchins, who ran to one side or were snatched from destruction by irate mothers.

Bonny Lesley evidently regarded it all as the greatest fun imaginable, pricking her pointed ears, shaking her pretty head, and trying to tear herself free from the bit which Larry held in an iron grip.

Up the slight incline, just outside the town, the team went like the wind.

Through Eden they passed, their feet keeping time as though the four horses had been but one. Then, leaving the lough and Kilroot behind, they swept inland, Tim sternly repressing any attempt to gallop, for he knew the next six miles would be the worst part of their journey.

Why our ancestors always climbed a hill instead



"HI! HI! GET OUT O' THE WAY."

of skirting it no man now seems to know. They never tried to make a detour, even when the road they planned led up a height as steep as the side of a house. The only concession they ever could be induced to grant was—perhaps after years and years—slicing a piece off the top of some acclivity they themselves had elected to surmount—a most contemptible endeavour to remedy the wrong committed, which has rightly incurred the censure of an age which manages its road-making differently.

Sixty years ago the King's highway to Larne was, indeed, a fearful and wonderful



BUT IT CHANCED A PIG DISPOSED!

ordeal to face with any save the stoutest and quietest of cattle. Up hill and down dale, not at any moderate inclination, but often sheer like some terrible precipice, the passengers half the time walking, while the horses pursued a zigzag course, straining every muscle against the collar, or with harness hanging loose upon them, only kept from utter destruction by a clumsy skid.

Those were rough times for man and beast alike. To cross such passes on a winter's night, when hands were too cold to feel the reins, and icicles hung from hair and eyelashes, was an experience

some men were brave enough to repeat, though few cared to recall.

It was an awful road, and Tim knew every inch of it, and that he ought not to let his team spend their strength on the comparatively easy stretches they were just then traversing, but reserve it for the very bad bit of country which lay beyond.

Thus Tim, confident in the power of his own wisdom, proposed, but it chanced that a pig disposed! A pig happily proceeding along the grass at the side of the road towards its own home.

Why so familiar an animal should have caused such wild alarm in the heart of Bonny Lesley as to make her shy violently and then bolt, it is impossible to say. All Tim ever knew was that she nearly threw him in her fright, and that when he recovered his balance the four animals, evidently possessed by the idea of some great pursuit, were tearing past the old towers of Bellahill as if ten thousand demons were after them.

On they flew, answering no more to their bits than if they had been shreds of ribbon.

"Presarve us! Is it Larne or the next world we're bound for?" gasped Peter; but Tim spoke no word: he was wondering what would bring them up. In all his experiences nothing like this had ever occurred previously. To be run away with by four devils—that was what in the depths of his heart he called his beauties—seemed something as new as unpleasant.

On they went like the wind; the picturesque water mill was left far in the rear; they thundered across the old stone bridge, underneath which a swift river ran only to disappear immediately from mortal ken. Peter caught but one glimpse of Red Hall, his last, he believed, for ever; the sea of waving green boughs over which the road lay disappeared from his sight, and still the horses never slackened speed, but tore along at a mad gallop, the chaise rocking and reeling—now with two wheels on the grass, again almost upset by being dragged over a heap of broken granite—a wild, wild chase, during the course of which they met nothing, passed nothing, in the shape of a conveyance.

"By God's mercy we had a clear road," said Peter afterwards, "or nothing could have saved us. We went down Ballycarry Hill as if old Nick had got inside the beasts."

The summit of Ballycarry Hill had been the point where Tim thought he would be able to regain the mastery over his rebellious cattle, but in this hope he was disappointed.

The thundering gallop had not spent, only maddened his team, and when they found themselves at the top of the ascent, and saw the long and steep decline lying seductively before them, they plunged forward at even greater speed and dashed through the

village without injuring child or adult, hen or duck, or anything whatsoever.

Men ran after them, but soon had to relinquish the hunt. With the postillions it had become a mere matter of how long they could keep their saddles. Inside the chaise Mr. Mabbot was holding on for dear life: when they began to go down the hill, involuntarily he shut his eyes; when, after a series of jerks and jolts, he opened them again they were still safe—the horses drawn across the road, panting and trembling in every limb.

Tim held the leaders' heads, while Peter came forward to open the door.

"Maybe ye'd better 'light and walk to the foot of The Maiden, sir," he said.

"I did not dare throw them, yer honour," supplemented Tim, with modest pride, "because that would have done us altogether, but I made the near ones stick to the bank till they'd enough of it. We'll lead them down The Pass, and you needn't be a hair afeerd but we'll come up with the coach before she's into Larne."

It may seem strange, but it is utterly true, that during that break-neck race down hill, Mr. Mabbot had utterly forgotten the five thousand pounds; now it all came back to him, and he said:

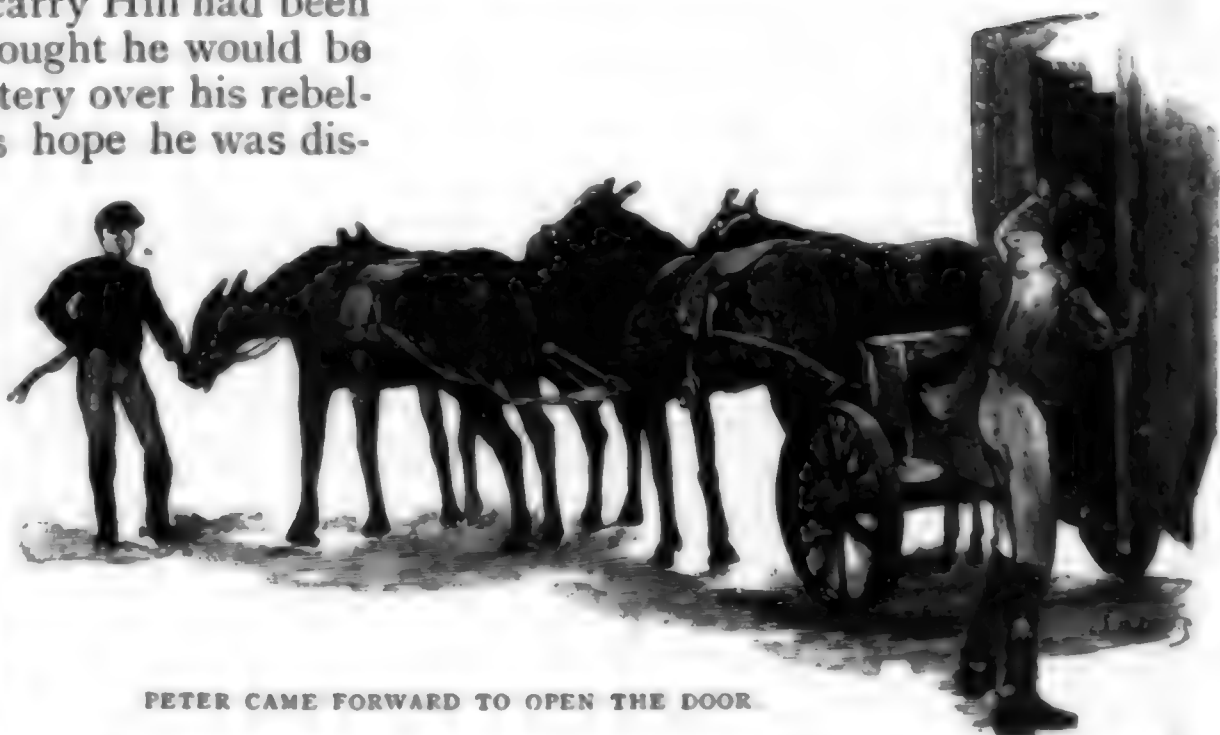
"We couldn't go down The Maiden as we came down Ballycarry Hill?"

"God forbid!" interrupted Peter piously.

"So I'll just walk on slowly."

"'Deed and ye may walk on quick, sir; we'll be there as soon as you. We've time and to spare, but I was forced to stop them, when I saw the chance, or we'd all have been dead men before now."

"I quite understand," answered Mr. Mabbot; but he did not quite comprehend, then or thereafter, the cool courage, the



PETER CAME FORWARD TO OPEN THE DOOR

swift comprehension which had enabled Tim at a most critical moment to turn a threatened defeat into a possible victory.

Larry had scarcely exaggerated his talents, yet probably no man save Peter ever clearly grasped how cleverly he contrived to make Bonny Lesley, who had caused the whole mischief, repair it.

Island Magee stretched away golden in the sun, but Mr. Mabbot, as he walked briskly on, scarcely saw it; just for a few minutes the shadow of sudden death—the imminence of an awful catastrophe had blotted out the vision of that swiftly-vanishing coach; but now the whole trouble returned. He saw, in imagination, the vehicle proceed to its destination, the passengers alight, the precious packet annexed. Nothing to be heard of it; the end of the world at hand!

The more impatient he became, the quicker he walked, so that when he reached the trysting-spot appointed by Tim he saw far behind him the chaise and horses, pioneered by the postillions, slowly descending what really looked like the face of a precipice.

"Good Heavens!" he thought, "if we had come on at the same awful rate to this point what would have happened?"

"We did that steeple-chase gran', yer honour," said Tim, when he at last stood on tolerably level ground.

"Yes, but how are we to get over the rest of the journey?" asked Mr. Mabbot, anxiously contemplating the jaded and crest-fallen horses.

"Leave that to me, sir; they come a good bit of the way to please themselves, and they'll go the rest of it to please me." A promise that was amply fulfilled, for Tim felt in no mood to spare his cattle.

For no single moment did he forget those guineas, or allow the team to forget them either.

After all, a guinea each seemed as much to those men as a surplus does to a Chancellor of the Exchequer. A guinea! Why it appeared limitless wealth, for it contained boundless possibilities.

"Did ye meet the coach?" Tim shouted to a wayfarer.

"Ay! She's just beyond," was the answer.

"How far is the coach ahead?" he asked a man breaking stones.

"She'll be a bit beyond Glynn."

Then ply whip and spur; Tim spared neither, and Peter had no pity for the weary creatures straining every nerve. Wildly they sprang forward; worn out, they flagged again and again, for the spirit had died out of them, and it was only when Magheramorne—destined to give his title to a lord then unborn—was passed that something, perhaps a whiff from the salt marsh at the Point or some equine memory of rest and refreshment, induced all four horses to put on a spurt and break into a swinging gallop which carried them under the wooded slopes of Glynn, and on—on beyond, till at last the coach was seen, a slowly travelling speck in the distance.

Then there ensued a very bad few minutes, when the men were racked with fear, and Bonny Lesley received such usage as she had never previously dreamed of, though her life could not, under any circumstances, have been accounted a peculiarly easy one.

On lumbered the heavily-laden coach, and flying madly after, followed the post-chaise, a light freight, drawn by four horses, goaded almost to desperation, and wild with terror and excitement.

The clatter, the shouting, the hubbub at length attracted attention, and the guard, glancing curiously back, saw two postillions standing in their saddles, making signals that he could not make head or tail of.

"What's in the wind, Bill; do you suppose?" he asked the coachman.

Thus appealed to, Bill took a survey astern, and replied:

"Only a chaise and four from Carrick, and they want us to stop—so here goes," and he pulled up about halfway across Larne Bridge. The guineas were won!

The horses were pulled up all in a heap, fit to drop from pain and exhaustion, covered with foam and blood—a gruesome sight, and the postillions slipped off their saddles, fagged but triumphant.

Before the chaise came to a standstill, Mr. Mabbot had jumped out.

It did not take him a minute to say what he wanted; it did not require a couple of seconds for guard and coachman to understand his meaning.

Then and there on Larne Bridge, every



BILL TOOK A SURVEY ASTERN.

passenger, inside and out, was required to alight, and an exhaustive search ensued.

"A brown-paper parcel about a foot long and six inches wide, tied up with white string; quite a small parcel and light."

"Yes, sir, if it's here you'll soon have it."

But it was not there. They examined the coach more minutely than it had ever before been examined since it was built. "Short of breaking the stage up for firewood, I don't see what more we can do," said the guard at last.

"Wherever else it may be, the parcel's not here," declared the coachman, "and I'm all behind."

"I'm sorry, yer honour, we can't find what you've lost, but ye see there's no such thing here. It rolled off the coach most like, and may be we'll hear news of it on the road in the morning," supplemented the guard; and the coach carrying such passengers as chose to re-occupy their seats, departed.

Those who remained expressed their sympathy—hoped Mr. Mabbot would recover his parcel ere long—said good-evening and went their several ways, leaving chaise, horses, postillions and fare the centre of a curious crowd that had collected on the bridge.

Mr. Mabbot looked very grave; Tim and Peter very anxious.

They had done their part, but by experience they were aware it is one thing to earn money and another to be paid. Their guineas hung trembling in the balance; nay, to their fancy, had almost disappeared from view.

It was a crucial moment; in a way, their expected loss seemed to those men more even than the five thousand to Mr. Mabbot.

Nothing however, was farther from that gentleman's thought than to visit his disappointment on the men, who stood moping the perspiration which was streaming down their faces.

Beckoning Tim to follow, he walked a few paces away from the crowd, when he said a little unsteadily, because the blow had been almost too much for him:

"You did all you could. Here's what I promised you; and now you had better give your horses a feed and a bit of a rest and get something yourselves. Pay for it all out of this and keep the difference. Let the horses have a good rest. I'll walk back. I would rather walk home than not."

"Indeed, and ye'll not walk back one step, yer honour," said Tim profoundly touched. "We'll just rub the poor bastes down, and put a sup of whisky in their pail, and they'll be as fresh as daisies before half an hour's gone and past. I am sure me and Peter's for ever obliged, and we're only sorry what you wanted wasn't in the coach."

"So am I," almost groaned Mr. Mabbot.

"Was it of much consequence, sir?"

"It was to me."

"All's not lost that's in danger," returned Tim cheerily (he could afford to be cheerful). "If it rowled off the coach somebody's got the parcel, and ye'll get word of it before long."

There was truth in what the man said, though to Mr. Mabbot his words seemed idle folly. Still, even in folly comfort sometimes lies, and, as he strolled first about Larne and then back to Glynn, Mr. Mabbot tried to persuade himself that by giving notice of his loss at every public-house on the road between Larne and Belfast the news would spread through the country side, and the missing parcel be restored.

For they were an honest people, poor, yet content; a people who could starve, but not steal.

At Magheramorne the chaise overtook him. Bonny Lesley and her mates, if not so fresh as Tim had prophesied, were nevertheless fit for work.

"They took their liquor like Christians," said Peter, who had evidently borne them company.

"An' as good as asked for more," added Tim proudly.

What a weary journey that seemed to Mr. Mabbot, with all the excitement over and nothing but disappointment left.

Not even the horses were so tired as he. Five thousand pounds entrusted to him! five thousand pounds gone! He repeated the sentences over and over again, till at last it seemed as though a hundred hammers were echoing those words on his brain. He felt in utter despair, and every yard which brought him nearer to the point he had left increased his misery.

How could he go home and tell his wife? How could he pass the long hours till the morning? He felt he must do something then, that minute. Return to Belfast and tell the manager? No, what would be the use of that? There was no course the manager could adopt that he



MOOPING THE PERSPIRATION.

(Mabbot) might not just as well, or better, take himself.

In imagination he heard public opinion commenting, with its many tongues, on what had happened.

"Have you heard?" This was the first voice. "Yes, how Mabbot"—"What a terrible business," and so on, in every accent of pitying sympathy. Then, "How very careless! Fancy any man leaving five thousand pounds on the top of a coach!" "Why, when I bring down money I never let it out of my hand till I give it into the bank." "Neither do I." "Neither would

"Where did ye catch up to the coach, Tim?" asked the ostler.

"Larne Bridge. It was a near touch."

"It was that; and did ye get your guinea a-piece?"

"We did, troth."

"An' what was it all about?"

"A parcel."

"An' he got it?"

"Faith, and he didn't, and it's sorry I am for him, this night."

"What was in it?"

"I don't know; law papers, most like, for it was only a bit of a parcel, though he said it was of value to him."

At this point, Boots, who had been a silent, though attentive auditor, disappeared into the hotel and passed through the hall, appearing on the step just when Mr. Mabbot had decided suicide was the only way in which to settle his difficulty.

"Yer honour," began Boots; but Mr. Mabbot was far absent in mind, and did not hear.

"They were saying in the yard, yer honour," tried Boots again, "that it was a parcel ye were after losin', and I thought maybe this might be the wan."

Miles lay between the hotel-door and that quiet spot where Mr. Mabbot had thought to end his troubles, yet it seemed but a stride from death and despair back to joy, life and safety.

The journey occupied only a second, for, as he turned his head, he saw the missing parcel, safe in the hands of that ministering angel, Boots.

"Where did you find it?" he asked.

"Just among a lot of things that were pitched off the coach. It has been knockin' about here ever since, for we didn't know who owned it, and I wouldn't know now but for hearin' Tim say you wanted the like."

"Knocking about" the passage, among all sorts of people while he had been racing and chasing over those awful hills in mad pursuit of a vanishing coach! Safe and sound while he was miserable, and thinking of self-destruction.

Mr. Mabbot walked to the bank and got rid of his burden in a very delirium of gratitude, and at the very same time Boots was, after his own fashion, returning thanks to heaven for a blessing in silver, while Bonny Lesley and her companions had their muzzles in a warm mash, which was subsequently well charged for in the long bill furnished to Mr. Mabbot.



"YER HONOUR," BEGAN BOOTS.

anyone." "Still, you see, Mr. Mabbot did." Then a little later, not much later:

"It is certainly very odd." "Such an accident—if it can be called an accident."

"What do you mean? You don't suppose, surely —"

"Oh, I suppose nothing—only when a man is hard up —"

"That's true enough, and I have heard on good authority Mabbot tried to effect another mortgage a short time ago and failed."

"Looks bad."

"Still, what he says may be all right."

Meanwhile, in the inn-yard, tongues had been wagging freely.

Young England at School.

THE MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

ANY series of publications on our great public schools would omit one of our oldest English schools were they to exclude the Merchant Taylors' School, founded as far back as the third year of Queen Elizabeth's reign by the Master, Wardens and Court of Assistants of the Merchant Taylors' Company, one of the chief of the ancient "guilds or mysteries" of the city of London. Many of us have heard of the Merchant Taylors before; some, perhaps, because of their association with the locality in which the school is now situated, while others are perhaps acquainted with the name, from the high position the old boys, under the name of "The Old Merchant Taylors," have attained in the Rugby Football world; but I am sure many of these know little of the associations that have been fostered in the breasts of thousands during the past four centuries who have been proud to bear that name.

Although one of our oldest schools, the Merchant Taylors resemble a few of our other schools, inasmuch as they have

parted with their old associations, and Suffolk Lane and Duck's-foot Lane, in Cannon Street, are only relics and magnets for reflection for the "Merchant Taylor" who can go back forty summers.

It may seem, however, strange, but old boys cannot rally round a new home, however new and elegant, or however ancient. No, when years pass over their heads, and they have tasted the trials and troubles of fortune's ladder, it is one of their greatest pleasures to linger round their old haunts, and relate to their friends incidents of their youth that have taken deep root in their memories.

True enough they are boyish memories and it may even have been a slight squabble with

a form colleague that ended in a little fiasco in the cloisters, and perhaps a black eye, and afterwards fast friendship through life: these are all in a boy's school time and make up sweet reminiscences of his youth to each man. To the Carthusians of the past they have no such recollections for Charterhouse at Godalming; but many are seen visiting the old spot, where now



OLD MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

stands the Merchant Taylors' School, and the old portions that still remain give them great pleasure to gaze upon, while the old Merchant Taylors look for their old school in vain, and the present school that is so dear to Carthusians lacks charm to them.

On the 21st of March, 1560-1, the design seems to have been first entertained by the Merchant Taylors to found a grammar school, for the better education and bringing up of children in good manners and literature. About this period a leading member of the fraternity, Mr. Richard Hills, generously offered five hundred pounds, a sum then equal to ten times the amount at the present day, towards the purchase of a part of the "Manor of the Rose," in the parish of St. Lawrence Poultny.

The "Rose" was originally a spacious mansion, built by Sir John Pulteney, Knight, five times Lord Mayor of London, in the reign of Edward III. The locality of the manor of the Rose (sometimes called Pulteney's Inn), is described by Shakespere (Henry VIII., Act 1, Scene 2):

"Not long before your Highness sped to France,
The Duke, being at the Rose,
within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultny, did of me demand,
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey?"

The mansion appears to have passed through quite a variety of fortunes. It passed successively through the hands of Sir John's widow; of John Holland, Duke of Exeter; and of various members of the De la Pole, or Suffolk, family. It was forfeited for treason on the part of the last bearer of that



PLAY-GROUND, SHOWING CHAPEL.

name, and granted by the Crown, in 1506, to Edward,* Duke of Buckingham, by whom it was retained until he was attainted in the 13th of Henry VIII. The names of the street, Suffolk Lane, from which the old School was entered, and of the parish,

St. Lawrence Poultny, or Pountney, in which it was situated, still bear witness to its former proprietors, and Duck's-foot Lane, in the neighbourhood, was the "Duke's Foot" Lane, or private passage from his garden, which lay to the east of the mansion, to the river; while the upper part of St. Lawrence Poultny Hill was, until about thirty years ago, called Green Lettuce Lane, a corruption of "Green Lattice" Lane, so named from the lattice gate which opened into what is now named Cannon Street.

The unfortunate Henry Courtney was the next possessor. On his execution, it was granted to the Radcliffe or Sussex family, who afterwards obtained licence from the Crown to dispose of it. Eventually it was divided



DR. W. BAKER, D.D., HEAD-MASTER.

* The duke mentioned in the passage of Shakespere just quoted.

into two parts, and the Merchant Taylors became the purchasers of one of them, and on the 24th September, 1561, a Headmaster was chosen, and the work of the School began forthwith, this date having been generally fixed ever since as the "Foundation Day."

The part of the mansion bought by the Company comprised, "the West Gatehouse, a long court or yard, the winding stairs at the south end of the said court on the east side thereof (leading as well from the court unto the leads over the chapel, as also to two galleries over the south end of the court), the said two galleries and part of the chapel." The part sold to the other purchaser included "the remainder of the mansion, and the whole of the garden which lay to the east of it." This also was, in 1859, bought at a cost of £20,000 by the Merchant Taylors' Company, with a view to increasing the accommodation of the School, and of providing as large a playground as its limits would allow; the improvements to be made as soon as the tenements fell in. This plan was, however, put an end to, for it was not long before Dr. Haig-Brown commenced to agitate for the removal of his school to the country, and the opportunity which presented itself to the Merchant Taylors' Company of purchasing the Old Charterhouse School premises, including a capital playground in the heart of the City was soon seized, in 1867. The amount paid, £90,000, might seem large, but is comparatively trivial, when we consider that a small portion was resold for £70,000, thus

leaving the present school standing at the nominal cost of £20,000.

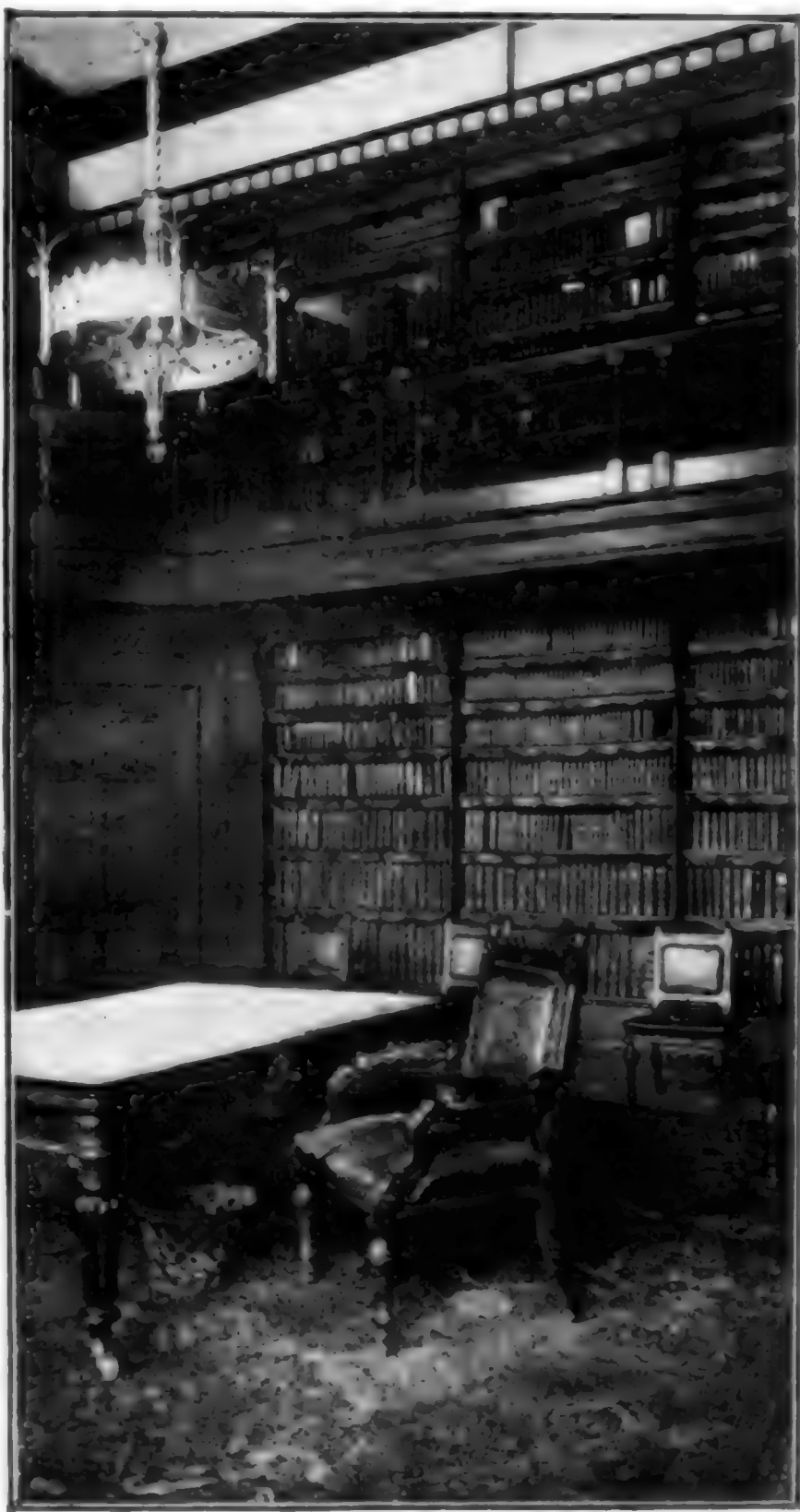
The statutes adopted for the government of the Merchant Taylors' School are, with a few trifling exceptions, the same as those drawn up by the illustrious Dean Colet for the regulation of St. Paul's School. The number of scholars was limited to two hundred and fifty, and these, with a noble liberality, were ordained to be "of all nations and countries indifferently." In this, as in other provisions for the regulation of the school, the Company followed the large-hearted example set them by Dr. Colet. As both schools were for day scholars only, this clause was understood to mean that children of parents of any nation resident in London, were eligible for admission. In the early part of the eighteenth century the Company, however, passed a resolution excluding the

children of Jews from the benefit of the school.

As in the case of St. Paul's School, the original building of the Merchant Taylors' School was demolished by the Great Fire of London; the old building, of which we give an illustration, was erected in its stead in 1675.

The first Headmaster appointed for the school was Richard Mulcaster, M.A., of Christ Church, Oxford, and, entering upon his duties with a wonderful reputation for proficiency in Greek, Latin and Oriental literature, pupils poured in from all quarters to profit by his instruction.

1566 is a red-letter year in the annals of the Merchant Taylors' School, for an event occurred which, at



THE LIBRARY.



NEW SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

a bound, placed the school on a level with the foremost of public educational establishments in the kingdom. This was the princely benefaction of Sir Thomas White, a member of the Company and co-founder of the school, who, having recently founded St. John's College, Oxford, now came forward and munificently appropriated forty-three fellowships at that college to the scholars of Merchant Taylors', which, it is needless to say, gave the school a wonderful impetus, for, with such lucrative prizes at command, the school rapidly increased in popularity.

In 1571, trouble occurred respecting the election of scholars to St. John's College, and the Company were involved in an angry dispute, which, however, ended in the Merchant Taylors' School receiving the full benefits provided for that institution by the noble founder.

With several ups and downs, the Company managed to keep their school amongst the highest in rank, until we now find it occupying the old spot where the

Carthusians have been educated for centuries, in the Charterhouse Square, Goswell Road.

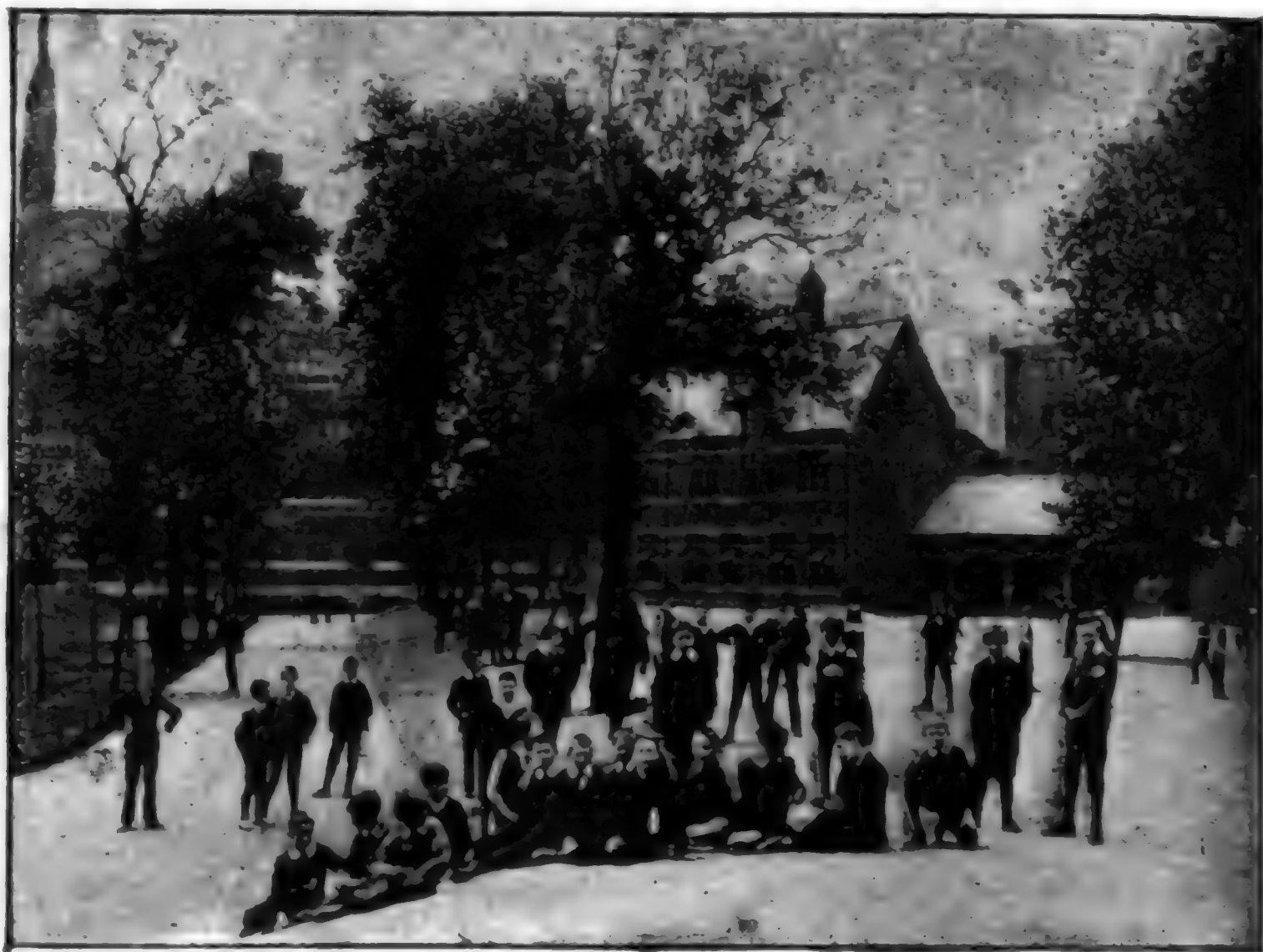
The list of distinguished scholars that have emanated from the Merchant Taylors' School is, indeed, a proud one. Of ecclesiastical dignitaries of the highest rank she can boast, among others, of the celebrated William Juxon, who was in attendance on Charles I. when the King was beheaded, and who at the Restoration was translated from the See of London to that of Canterbury; William

Dawes and John Gilbert, Archbishops of York, and Hugh Boulter.

Perhaps the most conspicuous of her bishops was Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester, an illustrious prelate, the most eminent divine and scholar of his own, and, perhaps, of any nation. He was born in London, 1566, and by his extraordinary ability as a preacher, he attracted the attention of Queen Elizabeth, who appointed him her chaplain. Upon the death of the Queen, Andrewes became the especial favourite of King James. Of Bishop Andrewes it was said, as of Claudius Drusus, "He possessed as many and as great virtues as human nature could receive or industry perfect."



SCHOOL STEPS.



PLAY-GROUND, FROM CROWN.

Thomas Dove, Bishop of Peterborough, chaplain to Queen Elizabeth, who, from his flowing white locks, called him "The Dove with white wings;" Matthew Wren, the learned Bishop of Ely; John Bucke-ridge, also of Ely; Giles Thompson, Bishop of Gloucester, and Peter Mews, Bishop of Winchester.

In law, in letters, in medicine and in other departments of intelligence, the school is proudly represented by such men as Sir James Whitelock, Justice of the Common Pleas and of the King's Bench; Bulstrode Whitelock, his son; Sir Edward Sandys, the traveller, and author of the "*Europæ Speculum*;" James Shirley, the dramatist; William Sherard, founder of the Oxford Professorship of Botany, which still bears his name, and quite a host of others equally distinguished that I am obliged to omit for want of space, but I think the few I have mentioned will suffice to satisfy my readers that those at the Merchant Taylors' School can with pleasure reflect upon its history, and take good pattern from scores who, having rejoiced under the banner of the Old School, have trod their paths of life a credit to the institution at which they were educated. With such monuments constantly before their eyes, each boy should make strenuous efforts

to emulate their fame; and hard enough they try, I am sure. The enclosure on the old Charterhouse site presents an animated sight, especially to anyone interested in public school life. Gaining admittance from the north-east corner of the square, the main school buildings rise on the left of the fine play-ground you have immediately entered, while directly opposite you, to the north, stands the new school building, fives-courts and gymnasium.

The Merchant Taylors' School being an educational establishment for day scholars (although there are some few boarders cared for in the houses of one or two of the masters situated at the gates), it cannot be expected that the school buildings should rival such fine old structures as Eton or Winchester; but it is sufficient to cope with the educational accommodation of some five hundred and forty boys; and right merry they all appear. While walking round the square to the school building, you pass, in the south-west corner, the cloisters of the Ancient Friars, dull with the age of many centuries, and of which a tale could be told sufficient to fill any ordinary sized volume. There the boys of the school are allowed to shelter, and although probably trespassing, the authorities of Charterhouse are good

enough not to interfere. The main school buildings are a fine pile (as will be seen from the illustration), entered by a number of large steps and a fine hall, out of which are a series of class rooms. On the ground floor is the school library, well stocked with a fine collection of literature, to which the

upper form boys have access by permission from their masters, in addition to their own library in connection with their forms. The most imposing portion of the school is the great hall, which occupies the whole length of the first floor of the building. It is here where the whole school meet every morning, shortly after nine o'clock, for prayers, by the Head-master; and on the occasion of important ceremonies at the school, such as Speech Day, the hall presents quite a gay appearance.

I have dwelt somewhat lengthily upon the history of the School, but I must again refer to old times; for it is here, in the great hall, that a few of the old relics



REV. R. F. HOSKEN'S CLASS ROOM.

have been deposited from the old building, and are cared for as worth their weight in gold. By the door as you enter, the colossal statue of Sir Thomas White, co-founder of the School and founder of St. John's College, Oxford, meets your eye almost immediately, and over his head, there is placed in the wall, a fine brass tablet to the memory of the first founder and donor of five hundred pounds, Mr. Richard Hills.

Having viewed these, your attention would next be directed to the pretty little organ over the doorway, by Willis, presented to the school by Sir James Tyler, a member of the company; and the grand fire-place, bearing the coats-of-arms of various members of the company, could not escape the notice of the most casual visitor. Three great curiosities have to be mentioned, for without a guide, they would be quite overlooked; but as they are the pride of all, from the smallest boy in the school to the Head-master, I was soon shown them: firstly, the "monitors' table," secondly, the two



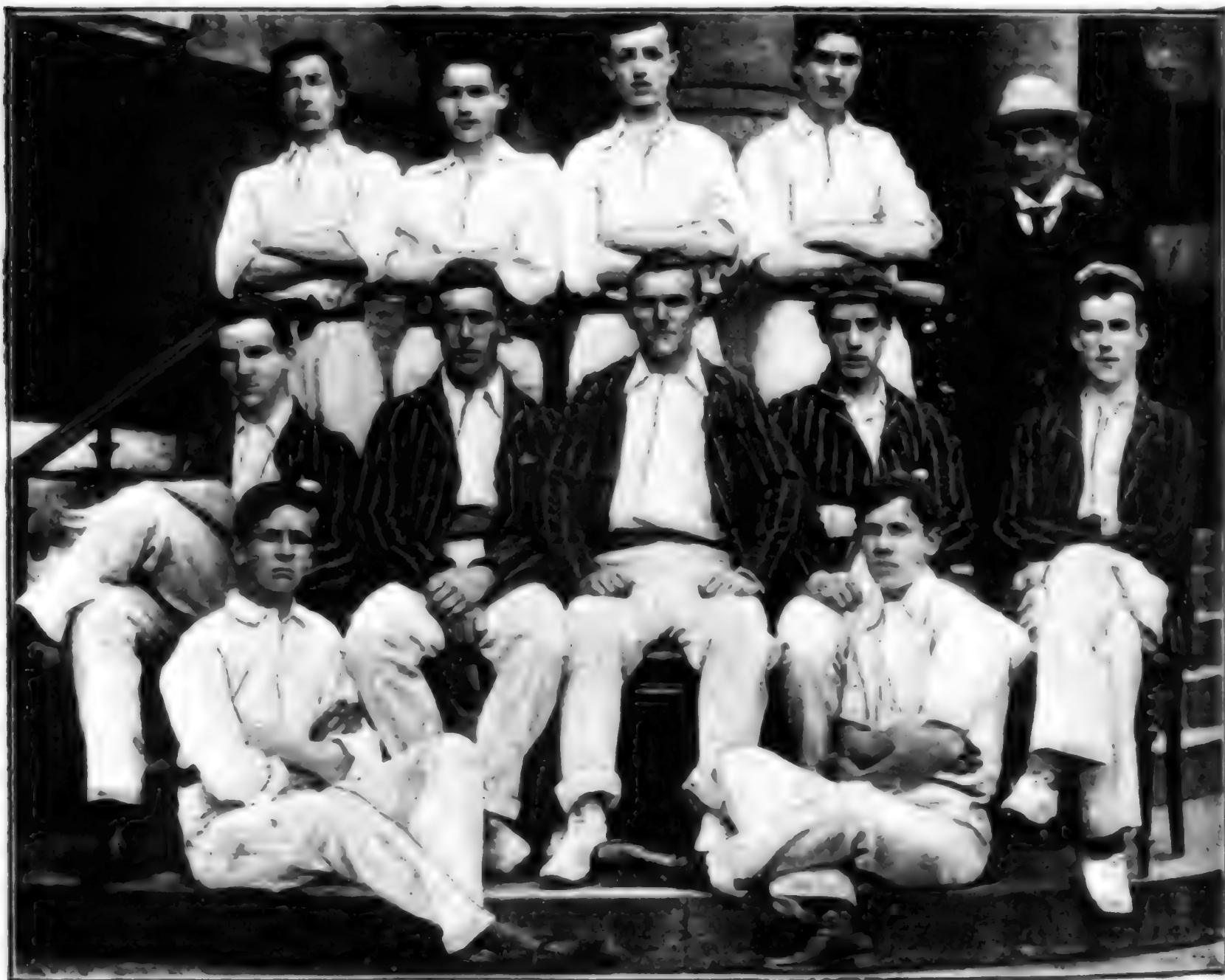
THE LABORATORY.

prompters' desks, and thirdly, the five old chairs. Of the latter I will simply say they are fine specimens of good old English carving, bearing the crests of the Company, very neatly executed; but the monitors' table seemed to be spoken of in reverence; and when I looked upon it I could soon see the reason why my guide had, with softened voice, called me over to decipher a quantity of carvings on the top. Of course, I have gone through this before at other schools, and my readers will remember my reference to the names at Eton and the famous door. At the Merchant Taylors' School, however, I think there is even more importance attached to the carving of the old boys' names than at any I have before visited, although it must be said only a chosen few gain this proud distinction. As each monitor leaves for the University, he is permitted to carve his name on the table, which has been over and over again embellished with the names of boys who have gained distinction, until, now, the leaving

students have to resort to cutting out the older names and placing their own in their places, which I could not help remarking was a great pity. "There is a name of which every Merchant Taylor is proud!" said my informant, pointing to a deep carving more modernly cut, and reading, "G. G. A. Murray;" and Dr. Baker, the Head-master, apparently has need to be proud of his scholar, for without the slightest cramming, he took all before him at school, and leaving for St. John's College, Oxford, he swept the board there, and has gained the high distinction of Professor of Greek at Glasgow University. Amongst a host of others, I soon deciphered R. S. Copleston, the present bishop of Colombo, and H. W. Ratty, better known on the dramatic stage as Mr. Herbert Waring.

The prompters' desks are hacked about with well-known names (one I noticed—Mr. C. L. Lockton, of House of Commons fame). A departing prompter is alone allowed to place his knife in that treasured

THE SCHOOL CRICKET ELEVEN.



A. P. INGRAM.	A. H. HAINES.	J. F. HOSKEN.	H. TANNER.	HELPS (Groundman).
S. M. RANKIN.	A. T. MARSHALL	A. G. KENT (Capt.)	C. NORWOOD.	C. A. INNES.
E. S. ODILL.			G. L. CRIMP.	

wood; and those who now gain that distinction endeavour to defy obliteration by cutting, in some cases, almost an inch deep.

The new building provides a number of good science classrooms, and the chemical laboratory, under the care of the Rev. George Gates, which forms one of our illustrations.

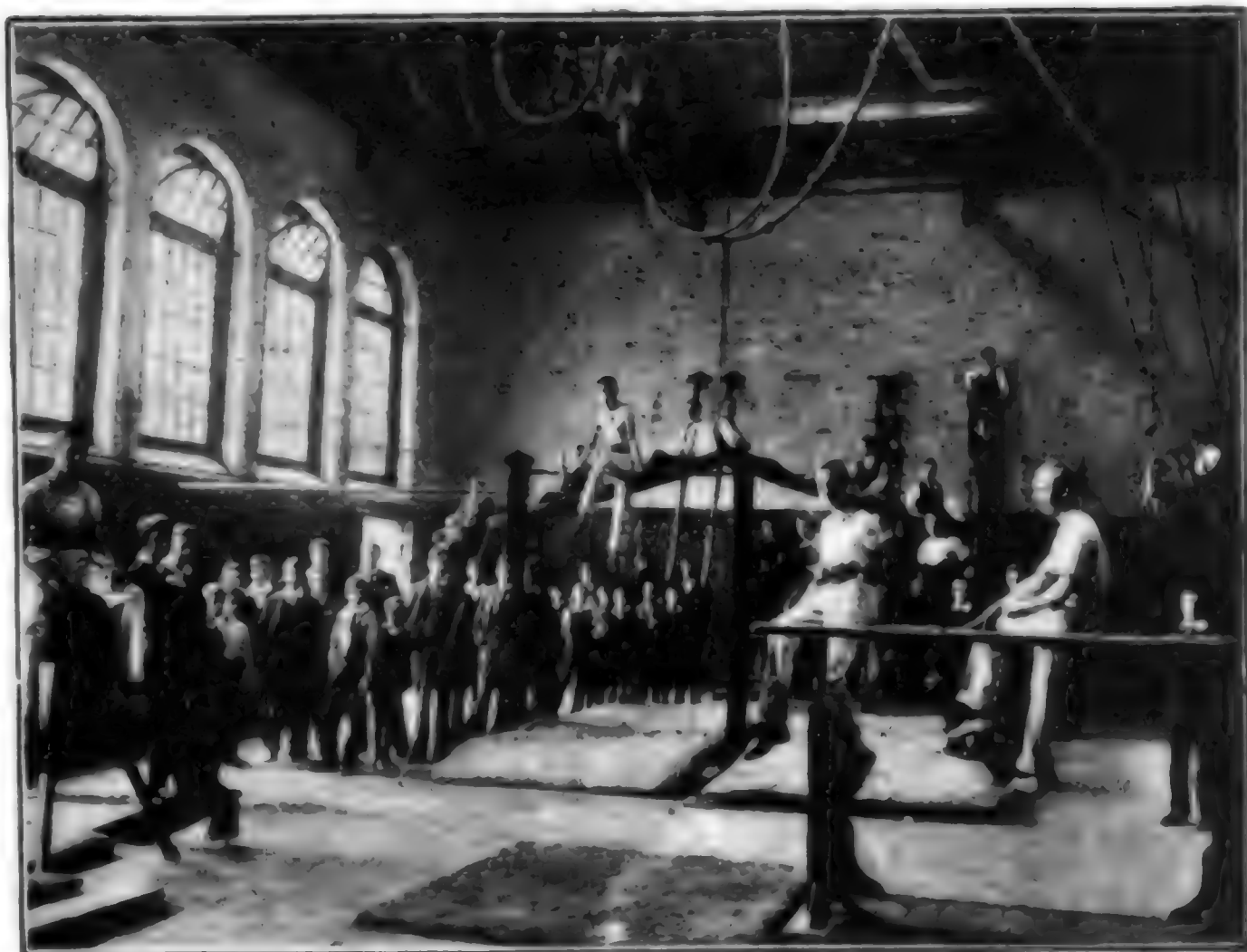
The Gymnasium, as will be seen from the illustration, is an excellent one and is well patronised.

Dr. William Baker, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's, is also an old Merchant Taylor. He succeeded, upwards of twenty years ago, the famous Dr. Hessey, afterwards Archdeacon of Middlesex, to the Head-mastership, and has, throughout the whole of his mastership, been respected by the Court of the Merchant Taylors' Company, and enjoyed the greatest harmony with his assistant masters and his scholars.

The Rev. R. F. Hosken, M.A., one of the heads, is very popular with the boys; he takes a keen interest in all their sports, and occupies the post of President to the School Cricket Club. Mr. Hosken, having been at the Old School in Suffolk Lane, is a great authority on the School's history, and is only too pleased to impart any information to an inquirer.

Mr. F. G. Bampfylde takes a lively interest in the boys' games; as also does Mr. C. H. Gibson, who holds the purse of the School Club.

The Cricket Club, with a capital fixture

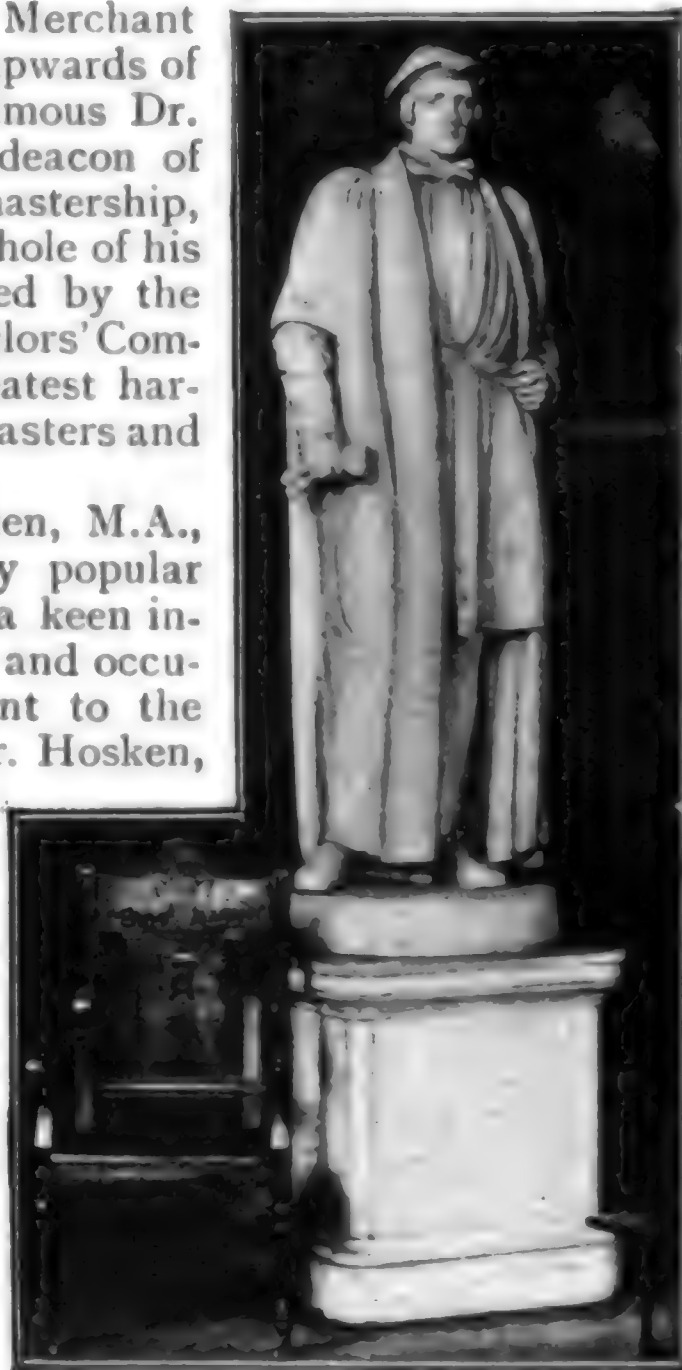


THE GYMNASIUM.

card, have, up to time of writing, played thirteen matches, of which they have won five, lost six, and drawn two: they boast of a host of promising cricketers, and the School eleven is composed of exponents of the game of no mean order. Besides the green, at the school, the club have a good ground at Willesden Green.

July 7th was quite a red-letter day, as will be seen from the illustration, the school eleven playing their annual match with the Merchant Taylors' Company. So important is this event that the Master of the Company generally attends himself.

At Football the Merchant Taylors have a high reputation; they play the Old Rugby game, and as they leave school they are drafted into the higher club, the Old Merchant Taylors, which has during the past few years worked



STATUE OF SIR THOMAS WHITE, CO-FOUNDER OF THE SCHOOL.

its way, principally through the unceasing energies of Mr. L. H. Gunnery, to the front rank of Rugby organisations, and has, during the past two years, played the strongest combinations in the country with marked success. The present captain, Mr. E. Prescott, was selected last season to represent Middlesex v. Yorkshire, and it may be remembered by many of my readers that the team formed one of our series of football groups during the past winter.

I take this opportunity of thanking Dr.

Baker for his valuable assistance, which he so kindly accorded both myself and our photographer, Mr. Thomas (who, by the way, is now a great favourite with Young England, and especially with the amateur photographer, to whom he imparts wrinkles in a few minutes that would otherwise cost him considerable time and expense to acquire).

W. CHAS. SARGENT.

[Our illustrations are from a splendid series of photographs taken specially for this magazine, by Mr. R. W. THOMAS, 41, Cheapside (late of 121, Cheapside), from whom copies of original negatives can be obtained.]

SCHOOL V. MERCHANT TAYLORS' COMPANY.



REV. DR. BAKER. J. N. NOAKES. MR J. PURNELL. S. H. N. NOAKES. S. E. N. NOAKES. REV. A. SIMMONDS. REV. R. F. FOSKILL.
W. T. GRANT. W. F. NOAKES. O. MARKS. W. F. UMNEY.

COLLEGE CHAT.

It has been suggested that a page or so of THE LUDGATE, devoted to the doings and current topics of our Public Schools would form a popular addition to our Illustrated School Article each month. Space, therefore, will be set apart at the end of the School of the month for this object, and we invite those interested to forward contributions, which should be as condensed as possible.—(ED.)

SHREWSBURY.—Term ends 1st and 2nd August. Our annual boat race with Cheltenham College took place on 1st of July, and although our visitors made a plucky fight we won easily, this making our tenth successive win. The following were the crews:—

Shrewsbury.		Cheltenham.	
	st. lb.		st. lb.
R. Kershaw (bow)	10 4	Lewin (bow)	9 10
R. C. Oakley ()	10 3	Whittal (2)	11 3
F. E. T. Driscoll (3)	11 11	Johnstone (3)	9 11
H. Whitworth (str.)	10 0	Lanyon (s-r)	9 3
T. McIntock (cox.)	4 12	Dixon (cox.)	7 7

The School Cricket season has so far been fairly successful. We have won two matches, drawn two, and lost one.

Our match against Rossall School has been arranged for July 12th and 13th, which is too late for report in this month's issue of THE LUDGATE.

In our match against the Derbyshire Friars, 27th and 28th of June, we compiled 238, thanks to Alexander, who made 138, not out, in grand style. The Friars' total being 184.

RADLEY.—Owing to the continually increasing number of boys, it has been decided to build a new dining-hall and a new chapel, as the present accommodation is insufficient for further increase.

Owing to illness of several of the cricket eleven, we started the season badly, but lately we have shown much better form, and are now quite up to the average.

We won our school match against Bradfield without much difficulty, scoring 217 to 49 on our opponents' ground.

Our eight commenced training on the river, June 7th, and soon got well together, doing such good work that our hopes ran high for the Ladies' Plate at Henley. Our first heat was against Bedford Grammar School, which we won by 2½ lengths in 7 min. 24 sec. Our second heat was against Trinity College, Oxford, and we were again successful by a length and a quarter in 7 min. 28 sec. In the final we encountered Eton, who had vanquished First Trinity, Cambridge, and they were altogether too good for us, as although we got away well and obtained a short lead, our lighter weight told against us as soon as we encountered the head wind, and Eton, pulling in grand form, gradually went ahead, winning by three lengths in 7 min. 32 sec.

The following are the names and weights of our crew: R. J. V. Foster (bow), 10 st. 2 lb.; M. S. Powner, 9 st. 11 lb.; M. H. Harrison, 10 st. 1 lb.; P. A. M. Nash, 11 st. 11 lb.; J. M. Steward, 11 st.;

H. R. M. Bourne, 11 st. 3 lb.; T. A. E. Stretch, 11 st. 13 lb.; R. J. H. Rudge (stroke), 9 st. 9 lb.; J. F. Malcolmson (cox.), 7 st. 7 lb.

WINCHESTER.—All minor news is overshadowed by the coming celebration of our Quincenary and the preparations in hand tend to show that the event will be a big affair. A glance at the following condensed programme will best explain the events to be got through.

July 24th.—Assault at Arms by Rifle Corps at 4 p.m.; Concert at 8.30 p.m.

July 25th.—Church Services, with Holy Communion, at 7, 8, 9 and 11 a.m.; Service in Cathedral at 11.45 a.m., with Sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Ad portas, 1 p.m.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales will inspect Rifle Corps after *ad portas*; Medal Speaking, 3 p.m.; Dinner in the County Hall, 4.30 p.m.

July 26th.—Cricket Match, Old Etonians v. Old Wykehamists.

Mrs. Fearon's Garden Party; Domino Ball.

The Eton v. Winchester Cricket Match was played on the 23rd and 24th of June, and for the first time since 1887 we have had to lower our colours. Our opponents won the toss, and going in first put together 212, of which Pilkington made 85. We replied with 130 (Mason 43, Stephens 26, and Leese 26), the rest doing next to nothing. With 82 to the bad we had to follow on, when we only succeeded in bettering our first try by five runs, thus being all out for 135, and leaving Eton only 54 to win. This, however, they did not manage to do until they had lost five wickets.

ETON.—The principal events for noting this month, are our doings on the cricket field and on the river.

At Henley, we had the good luck to secure the Ladies' Plate, and the captain and crew of the Eton boat received hearty and deserved congratulations on their success from all assembled. The following are the names and weights of our crew:

	st.	lb.		st.	lb.
H. Gold (stroke)	10	3	C. K. Phillips (1)	10	6
W. E. Crum (7)	11	9	P. C. Thornton (2)	11	0
Hon. R. Guinness (6)	12	11	P. Chapman (bow)	9	8
G. M. T. Hill (5)	11	8	C. P. Senocold (cox.)	7	8
H. M. Bland (4)	11	2			

Though our cricket records against Radley and Sherborne are the reverse of satisfactory, we are well content with having secured the "Ashburton Shield" at Bizley, having beaten Charterhouse by some eleven points.

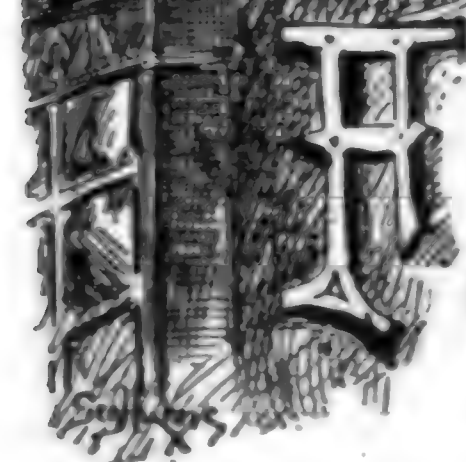
HARROW.—Our wedding present to H R.H. the Duke of York, consisting of a pair of massive modern silver vases and a silver salver, was presented at Marlborough House on June 30th by the Head-master to Prince George, who, in reply to Mr. Welldon's good wishes, requested that his most sincere thanks be conveyed to the school, adding that the present was one that had given him much pleasure. The least said about the Eton and Harrow cricket match, played at Lord's, July 14 and 15, the better. Let us congratulate the conquerors on their deserved victory, and more power to our elbows next time.

1. C. E. M. WILSON, Uppingham, on June 28th and 29th, scored 183, not out, v. Repton School.
2. H. C. PRETTY, Epsom College, on June 3rd, scored 117, not out, v. Surrey County School.
3. R. O. H. LIVESAY, Wellington, on June 14th, scored 107, v. Hailebury College.

REVELATIONS of a Tempted Pawnbroker

*No. 1.—The Case of Sir Walter
Somerville, Bart.*

BY PAUL SETON.



OR many years past I have conducted a large pawnbroking establishment in the West-end of London and, in my confidential avuncular position, I have frequently been called upon to assist in the development and *dénouement* of some remarkable romances in real life. Truth, we are told, is stranger than fiction, and my experience fully tends to corroborate the assertion. No business in the world demands more unceasing vigilance, sagacity and care than a high-class pawnbroker's, while the opportunities which it affords for acquiring a deep and lasting insight into human nature are almost unrivalled. The pawnbroker has been described as the poor man's banker. He is more. He is the trusted custodian of family secrets, the disclosure of which would spread the direst consternation amongst the highest circles in the land. Perhaps few members of the trade can boast of such a large and varied experience as mine. Some of the cases which have come under my observation are really so unique that they deserve to be saved from mere oblivion; and, to my mind, none more so than the one of Sir Walter Somerville, Bart.

It was a terribly stormy evening in December when I first made Sir Walter's acquaintance. Snow was falling heavily, and the wind, which at times attained almost hurricane force, drove the white

flakes before it with such fury as to render locomotion difficult, if not almost impossible. It was close upon seven, and we were preparing to conclude the day's business, when out of the storm there entered a stranger, bringing with him a blast of icy air and a perfect whirlwind of snow. Shaking himself free of some of the latter, he enquired if he could have a few words in private with the proprietor. I accordingly conducted him to my private office, and as he unbuttoned his coat and removed his silk muffler, I had an opportunity of observing what my visitor was like. He was tall, with curly hair of an auburn tint and an oval, aristocratic face, ornamented with a light moustache. He was quietly but expensively attired, and his whole appearance bespoke the gentleman. When he commenced to speak his deliciously mellow voice immediately predisposed me in his favour. Taking a card and handing it to me, he said:

"I am glad, Mr. Stephens, that I have been fortunate enough to find you here to-night, as the matter in which I require your assistance admits of no delay. You will learn from that card who I am, and my object in calling upon you is to ask you to let me have £5,000 to-morrow at one o'clock. The security, of course," he added, with a smile, "will be ample."

As I have said before, my business was one of the most extensive in the West-end, and I was quite accustomed to advance large sums, but the shortness of

the notice, together with the magnitude of the amount, and the calm way in which the request was made, considerably astonished me. Whilst not wishing to lose a possibly good customer, and yet, at the same time, not feeling quite justified in acceding to such a sudden demand without further consideration, I began to temporize.

"I am afraid," I said, "that having regard to the largeness of the sum and the shortness of the notice, unless the security and references ——"

"Both," said he, interrupting, "are quite unimpeachable, I can assure you. The security consists of valuable jewels, and Count D'Arville, of the Peruvian Embassy, will willingly inform you as to my position. I think the best plan will be for you to call at my house to-morrow morning and look at the jewels, and I will see that the Count is there to meet you."

The calm assumption of my visitor that I should lend him the money without raising further obstacles was certainly remarkable. However, I did not feel inclined to part with such a sum in too great a hurry, and I expressed myself to that effect.

"Mr. Stephens," came the reply, in the same confident tone, "I really must have that amount by one to-morrow. I know of no better man than yourself to advance it. Please to be at my place at ten in the morning, and the jewels shall be ready for your inspection. I am quite sure that one glance will be more than sufficient to convince you of their great value. Any extra expense you may be put to I shall have much pleasure in paying."

I began to reflect that I had a good deal more money lying idle at the bank than I quite cared for, and that certainly Sir Walter Somerville was a man of position in society. The security, too, was of a good character, and—well, finally I decided to go. Sir Walter thanked me graciously, buttoned up his coat and resumed his muffler, and with an affable "good night," vanished into the storm and darkness without.

The morning brought no improvement in the weather; nevertheless, at ten punctually I rang the bell at Sir Walter's house in Chesham Place. I was ushered into a sort of study, luxuriously fitted up, and dotted here and there with fine specimens of old china. Sir Walter entered almost immediately, accompanied by a



THERE ENTERED A STRANGER.

gentleman whom I rightly judged to be the Count.

"Mr. Stephens," said Sir Walter in his rich, mellow voice, "I have to thank you for your punctuality. This gentleman is my friend, Count D'Arville, of the Peruvian Embassy. He has very kindly offered to explain my position to you, and, after you have heard what he has to say, I think any lingering doubt you may have in your mind as to this advance will be effectually dispelled."

The Count was a sallow complexioned man, with a fierce black moustache and keen, penetrating, restless eyes. I conceived an immediate aversion to him, which was by no means lessened when he addressed me in a harsh, grating voice with a very perceptible foreign accent—a voice the very antithesis of his friend Sir Walter's.

"Mr. Stephens," he began, "the matter is very simple though important. Sir Walter Somerville, a gentleman of undoubted position, has been suddenly and most unexpectedly called upon to find no less a sum than £10,000, in order

to avert a serious family scandal. Of this sum he has already provided half, and he proposes to obtain the remainder from you in the ordinary way of business. I have much pleasure in guaranteeing the *bonâ fides* of Sir Walter. You, as a man of sense, will see that it is unnecessary for me to say more, and, as a man of business, you cannot fail to be satisfied with the security offered."

And so saying, he motioned with his hand to Sir Walter, who, stepping to a beautiful Chippendale bureau in one of the recesses in the wall, pressed a small knob and opened a drawer, which displayed to my astonished gaze a collection of magnificent old diamond bijouterie, the value of which could not have been less than £25,000 at the very least.

All my doubts vanished instantaneously. Here, indeed, was a splendid pledge. I agreed at once to advance the money, and proposed an immediate adjournment to my place of business in order to carry out the transaction. In less than an hour's time Sir Walter had my cheque for £5,000, and I became the temporary janitor of his superb assemblage of jewels.

A week later, a plainly attired man, who appeared to be a superior kind of servant, drove up in a hansom, and handed me a letter from Sir Walter Somerville, requesting the property to be delivered to the bearer, who would produce the voucher and pay the necessary amount. This was duly done, and the man placed the valuables in the cab and drove off.

I thought no more of the subject, having a great many weighty and important matters on my mind just then. I was therefore somewhat surprised to receive a visit a few days after from Sir Walter in a state of obvious agitation.

"Mr. Stephens," he said hurriedly, as soon as we were



I BEGAN TO TEMPORIZE.

in my private office, "I have had the misfortune to mislay the voucher for the jewels—where or how I cannot imagine. Be careful, therefore, please, that they are on no account delivered to anyone but myself."

For a moment or two I could not speak. At length I managed to ejaculate:

"Surely, Sir Walter, there is some terrible mistake here. The diamonds were delivered to your order more than a week ago."

Sir Walter turned a ghastly white, and stammered out:

"Impossible! Oh, Mr. Stephens, you must be joking! For heaven's sake say that you are not serious."

"Sir Walter," I replied, seriously enough, "it would ill become me to joke on such a subject. I will show you the note you wrote to me, authorising their redemption by the bearer of the voucher." And I handed him the letter I had received.

He perused it slowly and then laid it down upon the table with a trembling hand.



THE COUNT.

"That letter," he said, and his voice was strangely altered, "is a forgery. If the jewels are really gone, I am a ruined man."

"I trust, Sir Walter," I said, and I noticed that my voice shook somewhat too, "that things are not so bad as you imagine."

"Listen," said he, after a painful effort to control his emotion, "and then judge for yourself. Those jewels, until this morning, I believed to be the property of my wife, and as such I had no hesitation in dealing with them, as I knew very well that had she been in town, she would have warmly applauded the use to which the money I obtained on them was to be applied. Unfortunately, she was away at the time, on a visit to some relatives in Yorkshire, and only returned to town last evening. On my informing her, this morning, of what I had done, she suddenly went into hysterics, and, on recovering sufficiently to speak connectedly, she informed me, to my astonishment and dismay, that the jewels were really not her own at all—that they were, in fact, family heirlooms of the Chasemore family. You must know that my wife, to whom I have been married only a few months, and her sister, who is now Lady Chasemore, were, as the Misses Livingstone, reigning belles of London society. When my wife's sister married Lord Chasemore, some two years ago, she was in a somewhat delicate state, and Lord Chasemore, soon after the marriage, decided to take her abroad for a lengthened period, in order, if possible, to re-establish her health. Before leaving England, however, Lady Chasemore offered to lend my wife the family diamonds during her absence, as they could be of no possible use to her while travelling. My wife accepted the offer, and foolishly never told me anything about the matter until this morning, when I spoke to her about them. Then, of course, the story came out. But for the fact that Lord Chasemore entertains a singularly bitter feeling towards me, the matter would not have been so serious. As it is, I scarcely dare to think what the upshot of it all will be."

As may well be imagined, I listened to this narrative with unmitigated surprise. When I had recovered from the shock it first caused me, I saw immediately that there was but one thing to be done. I strongly suspected Count D'Arville to be

at the bottom of it all, but as I had only my personal antipathy to the man to go upon, I resolved to keep my suspicion to myself, at any rate for the present.

"I am deeply grieved, Sir Walter," I said, after a pause, "to learn that you are in so unpleasant a predicament. But we must take the best steps we can to discover the forger and recover the jewels. Do you find yourself able to think at all who could have perpetrated such a dastardly action?"

"No," he replied, with a melancholy shake of the head. "I have not the slightest idea. In fact, I can hardly realise the situation as yet; it all seems so strange."



WENT INTO HYSTERICS.

"Well, then, there is only one course for us to adopt," I said. "We must, without a moment's delay, place the matter in the hands of the police."

"No, no!" he exclaimed, shrinking visibly; "anything but that. It would be terrible."

"But consider," I urged, "how much more serious matters are likely to become if you do not. Besides, I know the very man who, of all others, is best fitted to deal with such a case as this. Believe me, you may depend absolutely on his silence and discretion, and if any one on earth can unravel this mystery, rest assured he will do it."

Sir Walter made a few more objections, but at length reluctantly consented to

accompany me to Scotland Yard, and we were soon closeted with Inspector Bennett, the cleverest detective of the day, who listened to our recital with the imperturbable face which is one of his chief characteristics. When we had finished, he put a few questions to us.

"You say, Sir Walter, that, so far as you know, you have not an enemy in the world, barring Lord Chasemore?"

"That is so."

"Hum. Then Count D'Arville—how long have you known him?"

"About eight months. I made his acquaintance in Paris whilst on my honeymoon. He was staying at the same hotel and made himself exceedingly agreeable. He was particularly attentive to Lady Somerville, and frequently inconvenienced himself to obtain bouquets and theatre tickets for her."

"Ah! then he admired Lady Somerville very much, did he?"

"Most people do that, I believe."

"Exactly. And now, Sir Walter, when did you see the Count last?"

"I don't think I have seen him since the morning when Mr. Stephens came to my house. He called once since, but I was out."

"Did he wait for you, or leave any message?"

"He waited for about half an hour, I believe, and left a message to the effect that he would return later."

"Which he never did?"

"Which he never did."

"Now, touching the voucher, where did you put it?"

"In an old Chippendale bureau in my study."

"Is the study on the ground floor, or where?"

"On the ground floor."

"Usually locked?"

"Oh, no. Hardly ever."

"Thank you. Mr. Stephens, would you be able to recognise the man who redeemed the jewellery?"

"I have no doubt but that I should readily do so."



HE PUT A FEW QUESTIONS.

"His appearance was such as to excite no suspicion in your mind?"

"None whatever. I imagined him to be a sort of confidential servant of Sir Walter's."

"Very well, gentlemen," said Mr. Bennett, rising, "I think I am now in possession of the salient points of the case. I will do the best I can for you."

"And when shall we be likely to hear from you?" enquired Sir Walter, with ill-concealed anxiety.

"As soon as I have anything definite to com-

municate," replied Mr. Bennett, as he conducted us to the door.

Nothing further occurred that week, but early on the Monday following I received an urgent note from Sir Walter, asking me to call on him without delay. He was too ill, he said, to come and see me himself. I went at once and found him sitting by the fire in the study. I was appalled at the alteration the last few days had wrought in his appearance. His face was thin and drawn together, as if with physical pain, and his blood-shot eyes told only too well of restless days and sleepless nights. He seemed at least twenty years older than when I first saw him, less than a month ago. I was shocked at the change, and was about to express my sympathy, when he abruptly exclaimed:

"Now, Stephens, don't, for goodness sake, begin that sort of thing. It upsets me completely, and my nerves are not very strong just now. Read this." And he pushed towards me a foreign-looking letter.

It was from Lady Chasemore to her sister, and was dated from Paris. After some reference to her travels and improved state of health, the writer went on to say that she had a great desire to spend Christmas in England, and Lord Chasemore had telegraphed to the housekeeper at Chasemore Towers, his lordship's North Country seat, to have everything in readiness for their arrival in the course of a few days. The letter concluded by saying that they proposed

crossing on the Tuesday, and would stop one night in London, en route for Yorkshire. Things were evidently getting very serious.

"Have you heard anything from Bennett?" Sir Walter enquired at last, after a long pause.

"Not a syllable. Had I not the utmost confidence in the man, I must confess I should not like such absolute silence, but I know he never cares to open his mouth until he has well finished with the work in hand."

"This torture is slowly killing me," groaned Sir Walter; "and I see no way of avoiding the everlasting shame and disgrace which must be mine when Chasemore learns the truth. I need expect no mercy from him, for he hates me with a bitter hatred. Before his marriage he was an unsuccessful suitor for my wife's hand, and he is not the sort of man to forego punishing a successful rival whenever chance affords him an opportunity. I am told that when he first saw the notice of my wedding in the *Times*, he very nearly had a fit, and raved and swore like a madman for a couple of hours afterwards, imprecating all manner of vengeance upon me and mine. He will experience a savage delight in proclaiming me a common thief from the housetops, and I shall be hounded out of all decent society like a dog. My God! it is hard — very hard!" And the unhappy man fairly broke down and sobbed aloud.

I would fain have thought of something reassuring to say, but I could not. The outlook was undeniably ominous, and the way of escape not apparent. I therefore remained silent, and when he had in some degree recovered his composure, he continued:

"I never told you, did I; what I wanted that money for? I thought not. Well, it was to pay the gambling debts of my

only sister. She had been speculating heavily on the Stock Exchange for some time, and at last the crisis came. She could operate no more, had lost all her money, and was in debt to the extent of £10,000 in addition. She put off her creditors as long as she could, though she must have known she was but delaying and not averting the evil day. At length a further request for time was met by a stern negative, and a formal legal letter followed, stating that if the whole of the money was not paid by a certain day and a certain hour, proceedings would at once be commenced. In her extremity she came to me and implored my assistance. I could not refuse, for I knew the serious consequences that would otherwise inevitably ensue. Her husband, an austere man of the worst Puritanical type, so far from coming to her rescue, would have rejoiced over her distress, for their married life, unfortunately, had resulted most unhappily, as most married lives do when girls wed, in rash moments, men old enough to be their fathers, and whose tastes, ideas and sympathies are in direct opposition to each other. You know the rest. To save her from exposure, I agreed to let her have the money. I had only £5,000 that I could put my hand upon at

the moment. I thought of D'Arville, and called upon him to see if he could lend me the remainder for a few days. He was very sorry, he said, but he really had not got it by him. Then he suggested obtaining the cash on my wife's jewels, observing that it was the easiest thing in the world to do, and so I came to you. Thus my well-meant endeavour to do good has been the means of bringing down utter and irretrievable ruin upon my own head."

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and a footman entered with a card upon a tray. Sir Walter glanced at it and his face brightened.



LIKE A MADMAN.

"Show him in," he said. And in walked Inspector Bennett, as cool and undisturbed as if no such things as misery and trouble existed in the world.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Bennett," said Sir Walter. "You have come at an opportune moment. I trust you are the bearer of good news."

"I am afraid, Sir Walter," replied Mr. Bennett, "that I am scarcely in a position to say anything just now, either one way or the other, but I hope to be able to do so very shortly—in the course of a few hours or so, in fact. I may say, however, that I have not been idle in the interim. My object in calling this morning is to ask you if you did not, before

"One moment, please, before you go, Mr. Bennett," said Sir Walter, hastily. "Tell me, have you no hypothesis to offer—no reasonable explanation of this mystery?"

"There are only two explanations possible, Sir Walter," answered Mr. Bennett slowly. "One is the desire of gain, for, of course, to the possessor of the jewels the transaction means a profit of £20,000. The other is the wish to ruin you in order to effect the attainment of some desired object. Both of these explanations supply the necessary motive. Which is the correct one, I trust we shall presently see."

"I know of no one who could wish to do me such a diabolical mischief," said Sir Walter earnestly; "unless it should be Lord Chasemore, and I cannot believe it possible even of him. And, Mr. Bennett, let me remind you that unless something is discovered during the next few hours, it will be too late, as Lady Chasemore will be here to-morrow, and the matter can then no longer remain a secret."

"By to-morrow, at the latest, Sir Walter, I shall have completed my investigations. Until then, I must ask you to leave matters in my hands. Mr. Stephens,

I am going down to the Yard. May I have the pleasure of your company on the way?"

I replied in the affirmative, of course, as I readily divined that Bennett had something of importance to say to me, and we left the house together. We walked for some distance in silence, Bennett being the first to speak.

"Mr. Stephens," he said at length, "what is your opinion of this Count D'Arville?"

"That he is a villain," I replied, promptly and hotly, for my dislike to the Count seemed to unaccountably increase day by day. "I believe, somehow, that he is at the bottom of all this trouble. I don't exactly know why, but I hated the man from the first moment I saw him."



"ONE MOMENT BEFORE
YOU GO"

your marriage, have in your service as valet a man named Gregory?"

"Certainly I did, and a very superior man he was, too. I know I was sorry to lose him, but he didn't care to enter a house where there was a mistress, so when I married of course we had to part."

"He was with you some time, I believe, Sir Walter, was he not?"

"About four years, to the best of my recollection."

"Might I ask what your friend, Count D'Arville, thinks of all this?"

"Unfortunately I have not been able to see him since this trouble began. He has left town and has not yet returned."

"Thank you, Sir Walter. That is all this —"

Bennett laughed softly, a short, internal chuckle peculiar to himself.

"You have good cause to dislike him, Mr. Stephens, for he once robbed you of nearly £1,000."

"Robbed—me—of a—nonsense, man, why, I never saw him until a few days ago."

"Do you mean to say you have so soon forgotten his Highness the Prince di Ristori?"

"Great heavens, no! But surely you don't mean to say—no, of course—why, it's too absurd," I exclaimed, disconnectedly enough, for my mind refused to grasp all at once the startling possibility thus suggested by Mr. Bennett. He laughed softly again, and said:

"I thought you would be surprised, Mr. Stephens. Nevertheless I can assure you that the Prince di Ristori and the Count D'Arville are one and the same person."

"But how can that be?" I asked at length, when I had somewhat recovered from the shock of this, to me, astounding announcement. "The Prince was such a totally different man from the Count. The Prince was fair, the Count is dark; the Prince had a beautiful blonde beard, the Count has a frightful black moustache; the Prince had a pleasant voice, the Count speaks through a nutmeg grater. It seems impossible that the two should be identical."

"They are, though," replied the imperturbable Mr. Bennett. "The Prince was fair: so is the Count, only his skin has been cunningly treated by various juices until it presents the sallow appearance of the present time. The beautiful blonde beard has been simply shaven off and the moustache dyed an inky black. The alteration in the voice is accounted for by the fact that since you last saw the Prince the roof of his mouth has been removed by an eminent Parisian doctor, and replaced by an artificial one of gold: hence the nutmeg-grater organ of the Count. See?"

See! Yes, the light was breaking fast upon me now. Now I could understand my strange dislike of the Count the moment my eyes rested upon him for the first time. Now I could explain to myself the sympathetic chords which Sir Walter's troubles had set vibrating in my own breast. Yes, it was getting clear now. That scoundrel of a foreigner!

Forget him! Impossible. Had I not only too much cause to remember how the villain obtained that emerald necklace, and how—but that is another story, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling would observe, and entereth not into this narration.

I listened like one in a dream while Bennett proceeded to explain by what means he had managed to establish, beyond doubt, the identity of the Prince and the Count as one and the same person. Well acquainted as I was with the immense resources of Scotland Yard, I could not refrain from expressing my admiration at the marvellous way in which "information wanted" was obtained by that great institution and stored up carefully for future use. And then I began mentally comparing our own detective force with those of Continental cities, greatly to the advantage of the former; and it was with pardonable pride I reflected that, notwithstanding gibes and sneers to the contrary, our private police was unquestionably the smartest body of its kind in the world.

A touch from my companion aroused me from the train of thought into which I had unconsciously fallen. His face wore its usual impassive appearance as he said:

"Mr. Stephens, I shall be glad of your assistance at a little interview to-night between your royal and noble friend and Lady Somerville. May I, therefore, request you to be in attendance in the vestibule of the Hotel Metropole at six o'clock sharp? Please let me impress upon you the necessity of being very punctual."

I was past feeling any further surprise at anything just then, so I merely replied that I would be there at the time specified, whereat Mr. Bennett expressed his satisfaction, and, having indulged in a casual prophecy to the effect that he thought we should have snow before long, betook himself by a short cut to head-quarters, leaving me to pursue the remainder of my way home alone, which I did, chewing the cud of reflection very hard the while.

I found it quite impossible to attend to any business during the remainder of the day. I felt the climax was at hand, and became proportionately anxious as the hours wore on. As the darkness deepened snow began to fall heavily, and the streets were soon shrouded in white. In my anxiety to be punctual, I got to the

hotel nearly a quarter of an hour before the appointed time. Mr. Bennett, however, was exact to the minute, and after a self-congratulatory reference to the correctness of his morning's prognostication, led the way to the smoking-room, where he selected a couple of chairs in the least occupied corner and ordered refreshments for two.

"I thought we would have a little quiet talk together before the ball opens upstairs," said Mr. Bennett, after the waiter had withdrawn. "The meeting is arranged for seven o'clock, so we have the best part of an hour to ourselves."

"And pray, may I venture to inquire if you are acquainted with the probable character of this interview at which I am to assist?" I asked at length, seeing that my companion was apparently waiting to be interrogated.

"Well, I think I can forecast the course it will take pretty accurately, but my actual information only goes so far as this: Lady Somerville was, on Saturday last, the recipient of a communication from the Count D'Arville, *alias* the Prince di Ristori, requesting the favour of a private interview here this evening at seven o'clock, and containing a very positive intimation that a refusal would be attended with decidedly serious consequences, which she would do well to avert at any cost. Lady Somerville, although she certainly acted foolishly in not previously informing her husband as to the real ownership of the jewels, is a woman by no means lacking in sound common-sense. Being aware that I was engaged in the case, she, without mentioning anything to Sir Walter, took the resolution to ask my advice as to the line of conduct she should adopt, and it was at my suggestion that she decided to agree to the Count's request. But the Count is entirely mistaken in supposing that only two persons will be present at this interview. There will be four, and the other two, I need scarcely add, will be yourself and Inspector Bennett, of Scotland Yard."

"But surely the Count will object to our intrusion," I

said quickly; "and there is nothing to prevent him having us expelled by force, should he choose to risk the scene which would probably follow."

"My dear Mr. Stephens," replied Bennett, with another of his internal chuckles, "our friend, the Count, will remain in entire and blissful ignorance of our presence. It would be cruel, on our part, to disturb the gentleman by unexpectedly obtruding ourselves upon him at a time when he will require all the concentrated energies of his mind, in order to satisfactorily dispose of the momentous matter which he has in hand."

"Then, am I to understand that we are to play the part of eaves-droppers? The *rôle* is hardly one to my taste," I added, with just a possible shade of annoyance in my voice.

"I mean to say that we are going to assist at the unmasking of as great a villain as ever trod God's earth, and that in so doing we shall be instrumental in rescuing a most worthy man from undeserved disgrace and misery. That knowledge is quite sufficient justification for me."

We sat in silence for a few moments after this reply. At length I said:

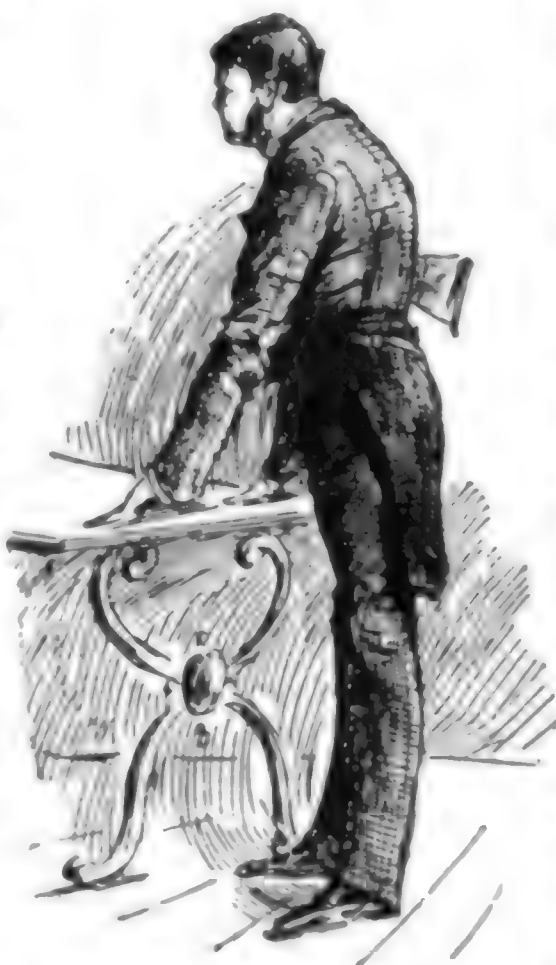
"Then you think it was the Count who stole the voucher and caused the jewels to be redeemed?"

"I don't think at all about it. I am sure."

"Such, indeed, has been my opinion for some time. But one thing has always puzzled me. From whom did he obtain the necessary money for their redemption?"

"From you, principally."

Had a bombshell suddenly exploded at my feet, it could scarcely have occasioned me greater surprise than did this astonishing statement. In fact, in the case of the bombshell, I presume I should not have had time to be surprised at anything, whereas now leisure was afforded me to slowly digest this new and amazing piece of information. Seeing my bewildered look, Bennett eventually took compassion upon me and condescended to explain.



REFRESHMENTS FOR TWO.

"You must know, then," he began, "that the Count, whose real name is Eugene Spaletto, has, in addition to his other irons in the fire, for some time carried on an extensive business in the city as a bucket-shop keeper, under the style of Coburn and Co., his principal assistant being a former servant of Sir Walter's, a man by the name of Gregory. Deceived by their lying advertisements, Sir Walter's sister commenced a series of speculations, which ended in her not only losing all the money at her command, but remaining indebted to the firm to the large extent of £10,000. It was to get her out of this scrape that Sir Walter first had recourse to you, little dreaming that the Count, who so strongly advised his doing so, was to receive the money thus obtained."

"Good God!" I ejaculated. "What an awful scoundrel!"

"Quite so," cheerfully assented Mr. Bennett. "Well, the Count—I suppose we had better go on calling him the Count for the present—the Count having got the money, found it an easy matter to abstract the voucher relating to the jewels."

"How easy?" I enquired. "I should have thought it a very difficult achievement."

"Not at all," replied Mr. Bennett mildly. "Sir Walter had every confidence in the Count, who was free to come and go as he pleased, and of course had access to the study, where, as he very well knew, Sir Walter kept most of his valuable papers."

"And then I suppose he sat down and forged the letter which I received?"

"He didn't himself, but Gregory, who was familiar with every stroke of his late master's handwriting, did."

"Then it was this man, Gregory, who called and redeemed the property?"

"Precisely. And now, Mr. Stephens, as it wants but ten minutes to the hour, I think we had better be moving."

We proceeded in silence to the room in which the fateful interview was to take place. The waiter who showed us the way was evidently acting under previous instructions received from Mr. Bennett, for as soon as we entered the apartment, he said, pointing to a large Japanese screen which occupied one corner:

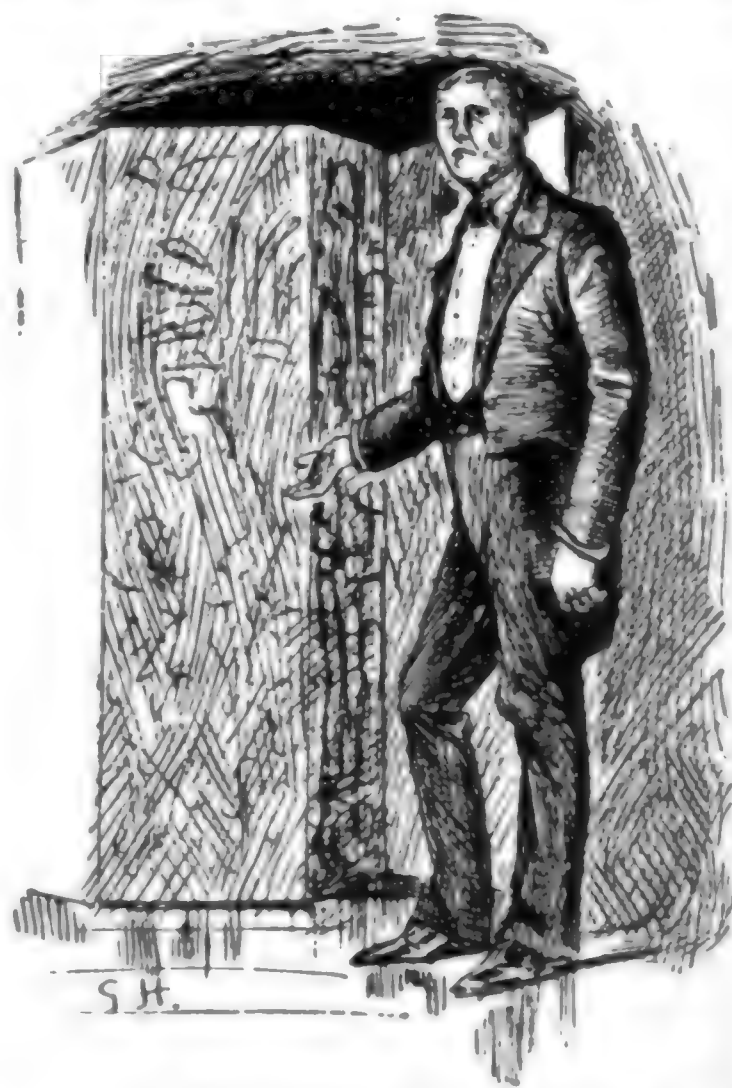
"I think you'll find this do all right, sir."

"Oh, capitally, Simmonds, thank you. You needn't trouble to wait any longer," was the answer; and the man immediately withdrew.

"Five minutes to," said my companion, looking at his watch. "He'll be punctual, I know. Let us get behind the screen."

This we forthwith did, and listened intently for the striking of the hour. The last stroke of seven had barely died away from St. Martin's Church when the door opened, and the Count entered the room.

There was a set look on his face, which told of the hard struggle he had had to nerve himself for this supreme effort. He began pacing up and down, with long,



"I THINK YOU'LL FIND THIS DO, SIR."

irregular strides, pausing every now and again to listen for some sign of his anticipated visitor. Still the silence remained unbroken, and his impatience betrayed itself in the increased fierceness of his walk, while the hard look on his face deepened in intensity as the minutes flew by, until it became absolutely diabolical. At last footsteps sounded in the corridor; once more the door opened, and Lady Somerville, pale and calm, stood before him.

For a moment or two they confronted each other in silence. The Count was the first to speak.

"Lady Somerville," he said, and he

slightly inclined his head as he spoke, "you have done me great honour to-night; believe me, I am not ungrateful."

"Count D'Arville," replied Lady Somerville coldly, "I have come here this evening, at great personal inconvenience and risk, to learn the meaning of your mysterious communication and its thinly-veiled threat."

"No, no," murmured the Count deprecatingly, "no threat."

"Call it by any name you please," continued Lady Somerville; "to me it conveyed the impression of an unmistakable menace. I have now to request you to explain yourself, and I must beg that you will make the explanation as brief as possible."

There was that in Lady Somerville's tone which boded ill for the Count. This, with his natural shrewdness, he was quick to perceive.

"Lady Somerville," he said deferentially, "I trust you will not do me the injustice to suppose that I would thus have ventured to address you except from the strongest motives. It was to prevent a dreadful evil, to save you from a terrible unhappiness, that I took the step I did."

"The explanation, if you please," said Lady Somerville icily.

"The explanation!" returned the Count slowly; "the explanation is this: Lady Chasemore is returning to England immediately and will require the jewels which, some two years ago, she confided to her sister's care. Unfortunately, since then, that sister married, and some time after, whilst she was on a country visit, her husband, taking advantage of her absence, stole those jewels and pawned them. Upon his wife's return he invents some silly story about their having been redeemed by means of a forged letter, which no one, of course, for a moment believes. In the meantime the jewels, which, I understand, are valued at over £25,000, have unquestionably disappeared."

Here the Count paused and regarded Lady Somerville keenly for an instant to note the effect of his words. But she might have been a marble statue for any sign of emotion she manifested. The Count continued:

"It may be asked, why should I trouble myself to say all this? what affair is it of mine? The answer is simple. I hold the key of the situation. I can

restore those missing jewels. I can prevent the dragging of an ancient name through the mire. I, and I only, can do all this, and will—for one consideration."

The wicked light in the Count's eyes shone out more fiercely as he proceeded, and Lady Somerville's lips slightly trembled as she enquired:

"And what, Count D'Arville, may this consideration be?"

"The consideration is," said the Count deliberately, "that you consent to—love me. Nay, listen," he continued, as Lady Somerville, with a look of ineffable disgust, moved towards the door, "consider well, I pray you, the consequences of refusal. One word from me, and your husband stands before the world branded as a liar and a thief. On the other hand, but consent to my proposal, and I have it within my power to immediately release him from his terrible position. Lady Somerville. I have loved you passionately, madly, from the moment I first saw you at the hotel in Paris—not with the cold, calculating love of the Englishman, but with the devoted, fiery, soul-absorbing adoration of the Italian. My eyes had no sooner lighted upon your lovely face than I vowed by all I held most dear that one day you should be mine. That day has come. You cannot, you dare not, say me nay."

His manner had now completely changed, and instead of the keen and crafty man of the world, there stood revealed the *roué* and the libertine. He took two or three steps forward, but with a superb gesture of contempt, Lady Somerville waved him back.

"Fool, worse than fool," she said, with unutterable scorn ringing in every tone of her voice; "madman, I should rather say, hear my answer—NO! Let me pass," she continued imperiously, as by a rapid movement he placed himself in front of the door; "let me pass, I say, or it will be the worse for you."

"Stay," he said fiercely. "You *shall* listen. I have sworn this thing and it shall be done. Nay, it is done —"

"Say rather that *you* are done, my friend," said Mr. Bennett calmly stepping from his hiding-place and addressing the Count as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "Eugene Spalletto, *alias* Count D'Arville, *alias* the Prince di Ristori, I arrest you on a

charge of conspiracy. There are other and more serious charges which will afterwards be brought against you, but with those I have nothing at present to do. In the meantime here is my warrant, if you wish to see it."

"Ah!" foamed the *soi-disant* Count, "so I have been spied upon — betrayed! Very well, we shall see! Though you," he hissed, turning towards Lady Somerville, "have refused to hear me, Lord Chasemore will only be too glad to do so."

"Johnson," said Mr. Bennett, in his most business-like way, to a burly constable who had silently entered during this scene, "send a waiter for a cab. Mr. Stephens, be good enough to conduct Lady Somerville to her carriage. Lady Somerville, will you please inform Sir Walter that I will wait upon him in the morning with the jewels."

Thus ended one of the most memorable interviews at which it was ever my lot to assist.



PLACED HIMSELF IN FRONT OF THE DOOR.

The remainder of the story can be told in few words. Spaletto, when he discovered the hopelessness of his position, hung himself in his prison cell. Gregory, who for some time past had been acting under Bennett's orders, was allowed to go unpunished on surrendering up the jewels. Lady Chasemore duly received her own back again, and peace once more reigned in Chesham Place. One of my most valued posses-

sions, and which lies before me as I write, is an exceedingly handsome gold chronometer, bearing the following inscription on an inner case:

PRESENTED TO
MR. F. J. STEPHENS
BY
SIR WALTER
AND
LADY SOMERVILLE
IN
GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF
IMPORTANT SERVICES
RENDERED AT A TIME OF
GREAT TROUBLE.

Herr Sandow and Muscular Development.

“**M**ENS sana in corpore sano” has long been an acknowledged truism, and never more so than in the present day when we live and work at such high pressure speed. We witness around us the struggle for existence, the keen competition, the strong pushing aside, aye, trampling upon the weak in their endeavours to better themselves, socially and financially. Day by day we see men and women still in the prime of life, as to years, mentally and socially wrecked, and completely broken down. We attribute the collapse to overwork, nervous prostration or mental exhaustion, and though the terms used are numerous, we know that the complaint is one, and we realise the wisdom of the words with which this article opens.

In these latter years, we, as a nation, have fostered sport in its true sense more than we were wont to do. Now, cricket, football, swimming, cycling, tennis,

running, boating, golf, gymnastics—all have their votaries. Many schools make athletics compulsory, and contain various branches of these different sports in their curriculum. Young men and women, having left their school-days behind them, form clubs and societies to further this same cause. No doubt much of our energy is wasted; we have yet to learn how to economise our strength, how best to use our muscles that the result may be a minimum of friction and

exhaustion, with a maximum of recuperative power and muscular development.

In comparing the different methods of exercise as favoured by the Englishman, German or Frenchman much useful instruction may be obtained. We English go in greatly for outdoor sports, cricket, football, running, being until lately our chief, and in a broad sense, our only exercise, the result being that the muscles of the lower limbs are best



HERR SANDOW.

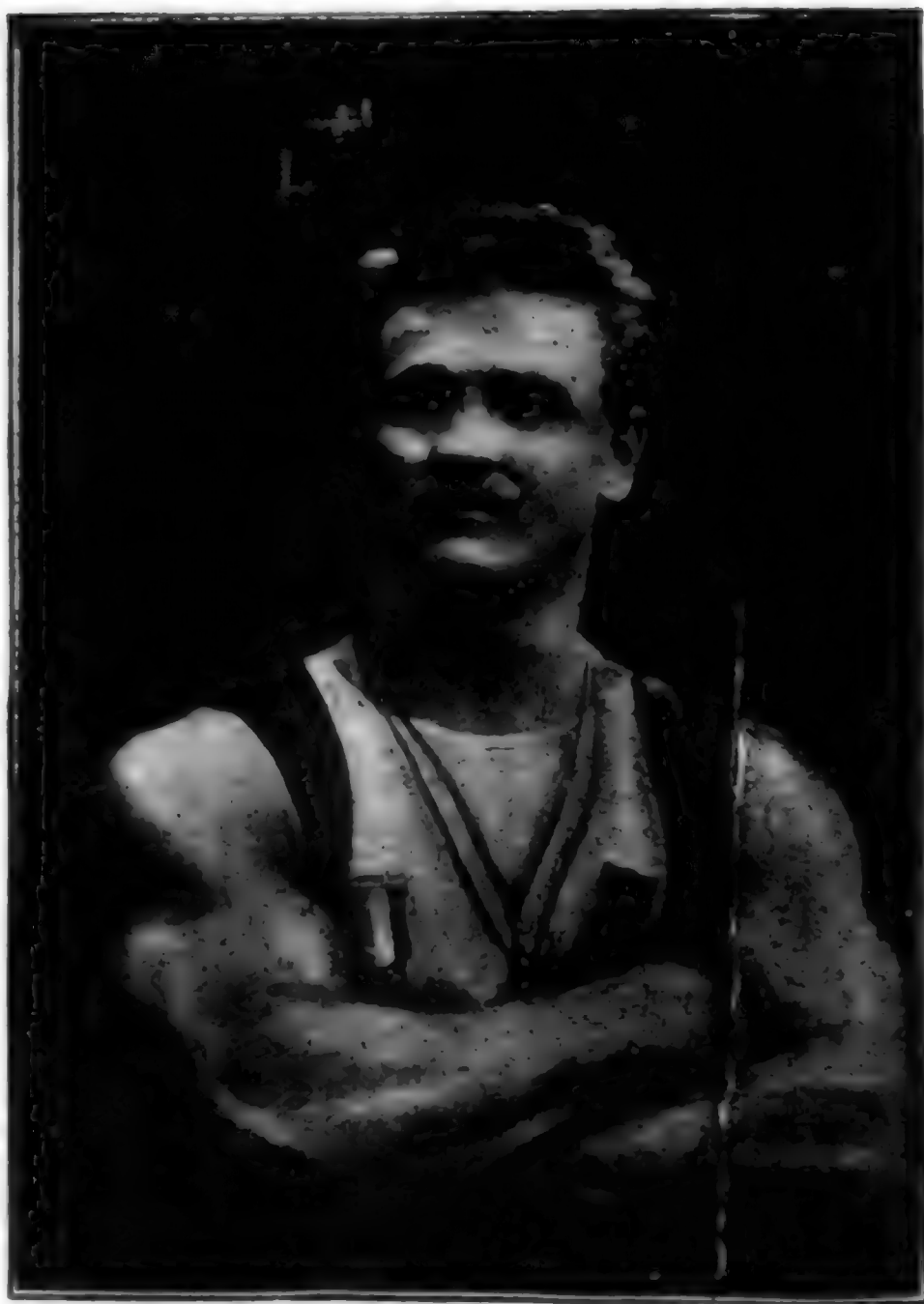
developed, to the detriment of the muscles of the chest and arms, etc. Looking at the German, we see that gymnastics, as understood by the parallel and horizontal bars, are their chief form of exercise, the result being the antithesis of the Englishman.

Turning to the Frenchman, we find an entirely different physique, he excels in sword and rapier practice, rendering him agile and lithe-some, with no particular muscular development.

Gradually we are changing all this; we find our Continental friends going in for football, rowing, and such English sports. I remember being present at the quinquennial "turnfest," held at Munich a few years ago, when some thirty thousand gymnasts and athletes were assembled from all parts of the habitable globe, and I was greatly struck with the different physiques of the various nationalities represented.

When we English played football, well do I remember the astonishment depicted on the faces of our Teutonic friends, and how they fled whenever the football went anywhere near them. Indeed, in crossing the frontier into Germany, that same football was a source of bewilderment to the astonished custom-house officials. They did not know what to make of it; they shook it, they examined it; one suggested sticking a knife into it to explore the interior, and it was only our vehement protests that prevented its destruction; ultimately the ball was put into the scale, weighed, and we were assessed for so much leather.

Now, to my mind, the perfect man would be a combination of the three national types mentioned. Such a man



SHOWING GENERAL DEVELOPMENT OF ARMS.

is to be found in the person of Herr Sandow; the doyen of strong men before the British public. I have seen Samson, Hercules, St. Cyr, Milo, Victorina, Athleta, Dan Sullivan, all, more or less, good in their way, many relying more on show-tricks and displays for effects than genuine exhibition of strength and muscular power, but not one of them can for an instant be compared with Herr Sandow.

Thinking an interview with Sandow would be both instructive and amusing, I waited on him one morning, and joined

them at their breakfast, i.e., Sandow and Juno, his Danish boar-hound. For a strong man, Sandow's breakfast was frugal in the extreme, some scrambled eggs on toast and a glass of good claret. Tea and coffee he never drinks, believing them to be most injurious.

Sandow was born twenty-six years ago at Koenigsberg; he first went to school there, afterwards to Hanover, and from thence to the University at Getting. He was not a particularly strong lad; if anything, he was rather delicate. To improve his physique, he started gymnastics, and seeing the marked improvement, he determined to develop his muscles, and, with this object in view, he proceeded to the University at Brussels to study anatomy. The muscular development of Sandow has been a frequent source of admiration and surprise to both medical and scientific men. At Glasgow University, Sandow once gave an exhibition of his muscles before the medical fraternity, and caused Sir William Turner to remark that the cast of the arm of Donald Denny, which they had at the University as an ideal arm, was not to be compared to

Sandow's. Sandow has developed muscles that are not even attempted to be shown in such master pieces of statuary as those of Michael Angelo or Canova. Such muscles, for instance, as the *serratus magnus*, the *latissimus dorsi* and the abdominal muscles are rarely, if ever, prominent on the human form; in Sandow, however, they are marvellously and fully developed.

Sandow is an all-round athlete; he is a good boxer, by no means an indifferent fencer, goes in greatly for swimming, is a good wrestler, has won over two hundred prizes, medals, etc., has never been defeated, and has carried off the amateur all-round championship of Italy.

Apropos of these two last remarks, there are two tales connected therewith worthy of repetition. I have said Sandow has never been defeated; this statement is open to contradiction, yet I maintain that on the only one occasion when it was said he was beaten, he distinctly defeated his opponents.

Some time back such genuine sportsmen as the Marquis of Queensberry, Sir John Astley, etc., held a competition in the Royal Music Hall, Holborn, between the Brothers McCann and Sandow. The terms of the contest were that Sandow should do three feats, and that the Brothers McCann should do three feats, and that then they should do each other's feats. Sandow accomplished two of the three feats set him by the Brothers McCann, but failed at the third; on each of the two occasions the Marquis of Queensberry announced to the large audience assembled that Sandow had succeeded. The McCanns did not attempt any of Sandow's feats at all; and as Sandow had failed in the McCanns' third feat, he was declared to have lost the contest. This decision at the time was received with a storm of hisses and cries of "Shame"—"Sandow has won."

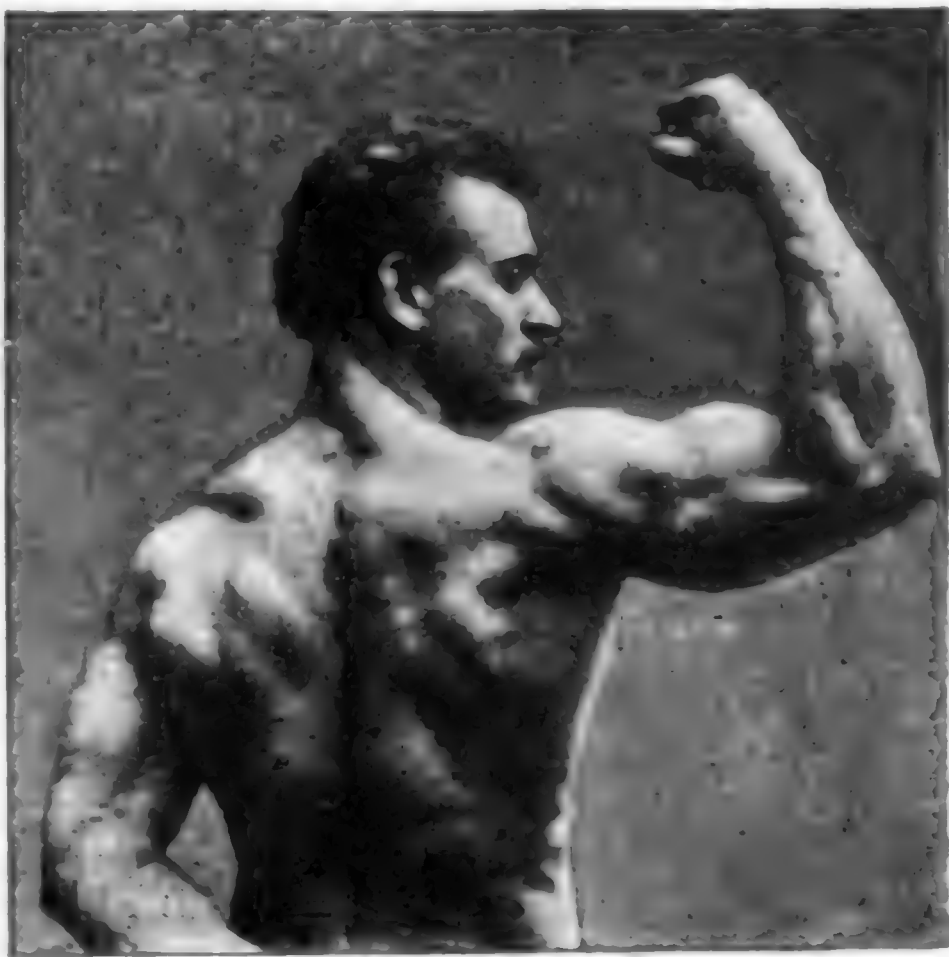
The second anecdote relates to the



SHOWING ABDOMINAL MUSCLES.

championship of Italy. Sandow won this against all comers, and received a very handsome and massive gold chain, and a medallion studded with precious stones. He left Italy and went to Nice; here he placed his prizes, cups and his jewellery in a box, and sent it off to London. While at the station seeing about the despatch of his box, which contained some £3,000 worth of valuables, two Americans came up to him and offered to act as interpreter for him. They spoke German fluently, but as Sandow spoke French, he declined their services. He arrived in due course at Paris, only to hear that the box had reached London, but was full of bricks only. Whereupon Sandow returned

to Nice, found the porter to whom he had entrusted his box, and demanded an explanation. The porter's was brief and satisfactory. Two gentlemen had approached the porter immediately Sandow had left, said they had returned from their friend, and would send the box off themselves. The porter had seen these two gentlemen talking to Sandow, and



GENERAL VIEW OF BACK MUSCLES.

presumed it was all in order. Sandow, on making enquiries at the police-station, heard that the two Americans had been seen about the place. He declined all assistance from the police, and started to look round for them himself; and spying them in the distance, ran after them, grabbed them by the nape of their necks, and, on their struggling, he knocked their two heads together till one man was absolutely knocked out; he then dragged them to the police-station, followed by a crowd of awe-struck people. Arriving at the police-station, he hurled the first man in, and in so doing knocked the inspector down. The men confessed, and gave up the pawn-tickets; they had got some 5,000 francs on the proceeds. Having recovered his property, he let the thieves go, and stood the inspector a supper to somewhat soothe him for the unceremonious and novel assault he had committed on him, though by accident.

While Sandow was at Venice, the late Emperor Frederick, who was then at San Remo, sent for him to give an exhibition of his skill before him and the Empress. He had met the Emperor before, as he had given him lessons in weight-lifting and dumb-bells. The Emperor, who was himself a man of powerful physique, gave him a ring that had belonged to the Emperor William I. The Emperor, in presenting it and adding a few words of admiration, said he wished all his officers were as fine, powerful fellows as Sandow. For be it known that Sandow is an officer in the German army reserve. Sandow speaks in most eulogistic terms of the Empress Frederick, and related one or two anecdotes characteristic of her noble-heartedness. She was ever seeking to do good among the poor and alleviate their sufferings. On one occasion she saw a very delicate and ill-looking workman at work; she caused enquiries to be made,

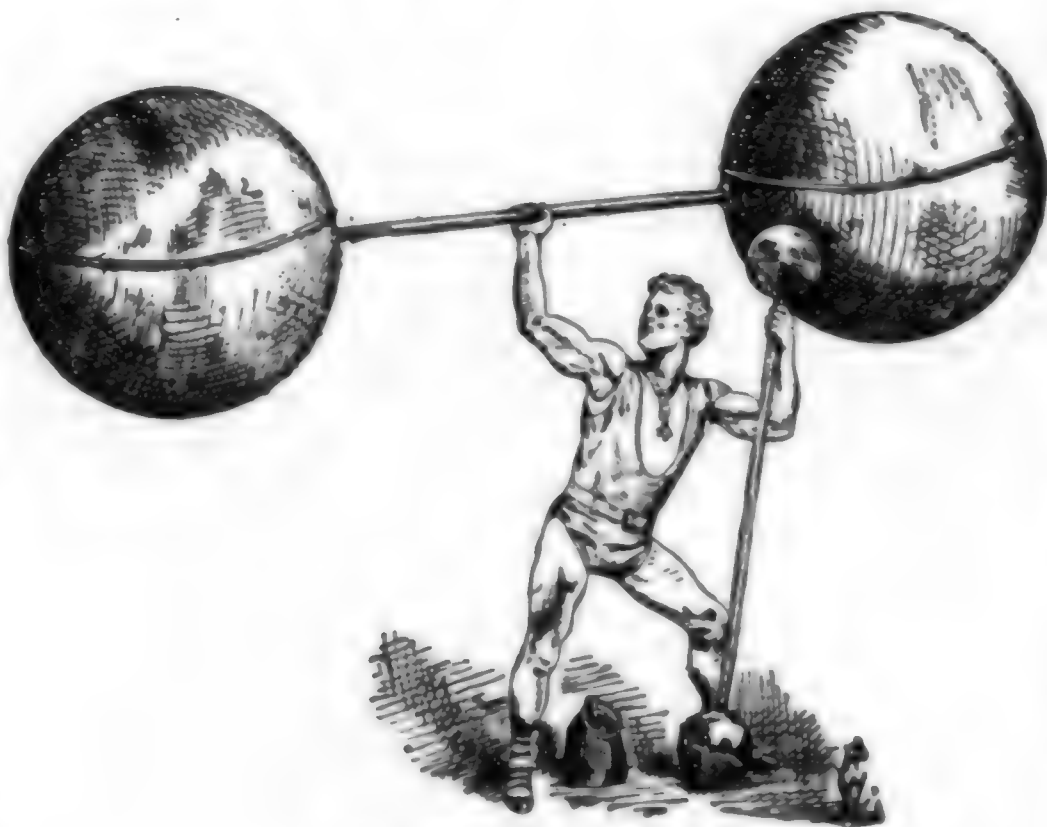


THIEF CATCHING.

and found that not only was he ill himself, but that his wife and child were also ailing; she immediately assisted him and provided him with means, wherewith to take his wife and himself away for a change, and provide themselves good food and comforts such as their ailments most required. It was by such actions that the Empress and her imperial husband had so endeared themselves to all the inhabitants of the Fatherland, and Sandow assured me that the grief that was shown at the early and sad death of Unser Fritz was real and deep, for the poor had learned to love and honour their Fritz long ere he reached the throne.

Sandow's exhibitions before the public are interesting and varied. He, after a kind of preliminary canter with sundry fifty-six pound weights and dumb-bells, turns somersaults with two fifty-six pounders in his hands; this, he assured me, took

him a long time to accomplish. He lifts a large, very large dumb-bell over his head with one arm, the weight being somewhat over three hundred pounds; having done so and replaced the bell on the stage, the bells open, and out step two men, one out of each bell. This is convincing



THE SURPRISE DUMB-BELL.



DUMB-BELL OPENED.

proof that the weight must be considerable. Another feat is, to balance a platform on his arms and knees, and allow a guardsman on horseback to ride over. The weight of this is considerable; and add to this the fact that he has to balance his living freight as it passes over, and it will at once be seen that this adds considerably to the strain. The Roman Column is another very pleasing exercise he goes through. He places his feet on two rests on the column; from the top of the pole hang two chains, which are fixed to a leathern garter below the knee; in this position, he hangs down and picks up two living beings, and raises them up over his feet. The strain while doing this is not to be laughed at.

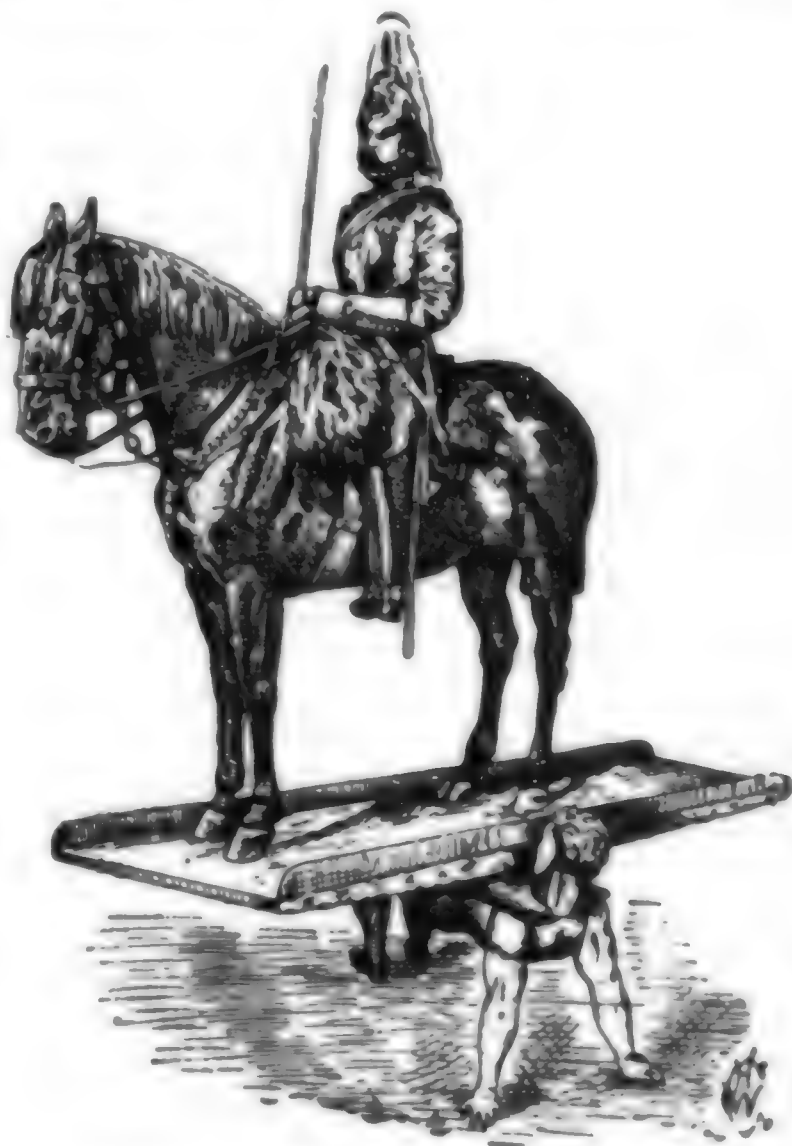
His great feat, and the one to which most danger is attached, is that of balancing three horses on a platform placed on his chest and knees, and allowing these horses to play see-saw while there. The weight of this is nearer a ton and a half than a ton and a quarter, and the great difficulty is getting the three horses to work exactly together and to maintain their equilibrium, and it is this which sometimes prevents the feat being successfully accomplished.

Sandow has often given an anatomical lecture, taking as his subject, muscles, and his object, himself; he for some time used to give a modified form of this at the New Palace Theatre, coloured lights the while being played on him from the wings; this made it a very artistic and picturesque display. Of course, some Pecksniffs were about, that class of people who are ever going about seeking to find something impure or immoral in any pleasure or sight no matter how innocent or artistic, and some such Peck-

sniff characterised this exhibition as indecent; in consequence of which Sandow refused to continue it.

Sandow has been to Chicago during the Exhibition, giving a display, and for this he has been drawing the modest salary of £300 a-week. Strange to say, Sandow did not come to this country with the object of earning his living by such means, but a tempting offer having been made him, he accepted it.

No doubt my readers would like to hear something of the dimensions of this modern Hercules, and as to what diet he takes. As to diet, he says: "Eat or drink anything you like, of course, in moderation," and the only exception he makes to this is abstinence from tea and coffee. Two meals a day satisfy him, a *déjeuner* about noon and a dinner about seven. When in training he takes twice a day the juice, warmed and seasoned, of about a pound and a half of raw lean beefsteak. He smokes and enjoys a good cigar, and has a sneaking regard for Scotland on account of its whisky. With regard to practice, light dumb-bells are to develop muscles, and once he used such, but now



SUPPORTING LIFE GUARDSMAN AND HORSE.

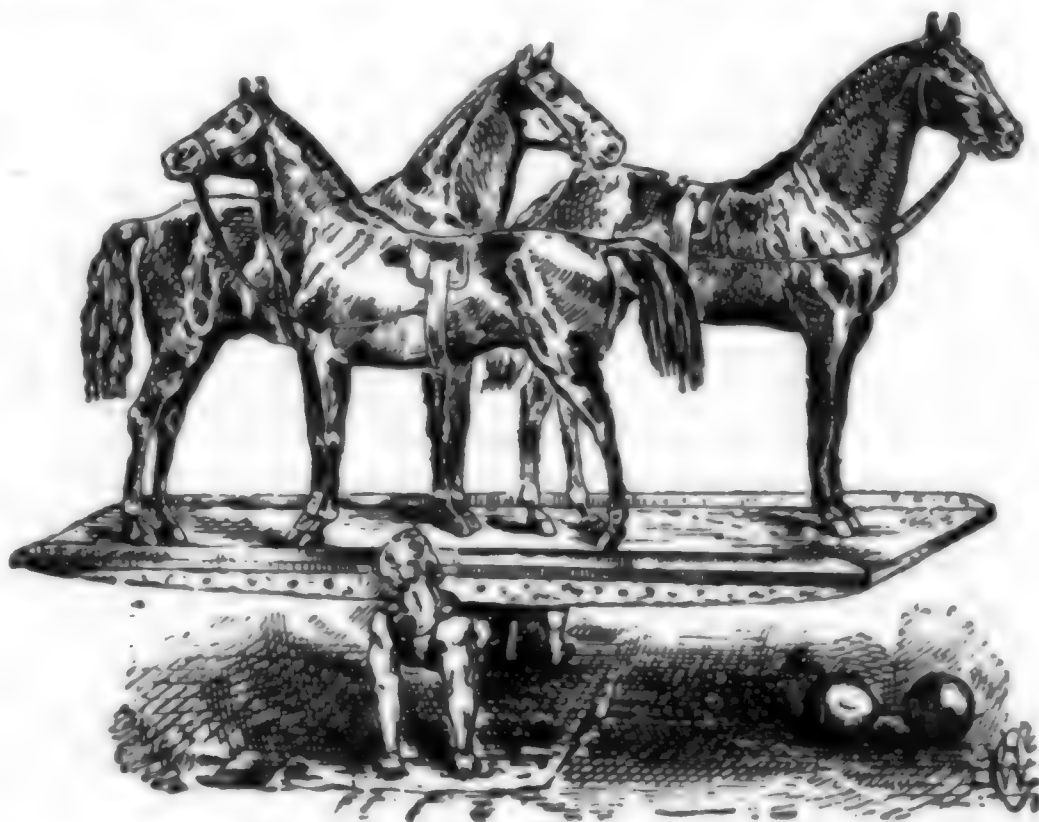
his muscles are developed he practises occasionally with a two hundred or two hundred and fifty pound bell.

His dimensions are somewhat astonishing, his weight is fourteen stone and a few pounds, his height five feet nine inches. His chest measures forty-seven inches in circumference, and this he can increase by inflation to fifty-nine inches, a truly wonderful accomplishment. His forearm is sixteen inches, his biceps nineteen and a half inches, his thigh is twenty-seven inches, his calf is eighteen inches, and he takes an eighteen and a half collar and an eight and a half glove and a nine in boots.

On his return to England, he purposes giving another exhibition of his strength and skill, and promises some new and startling feats.

His intention is to form an academy where muscle development and systematic and scientific training will be the rule. He will from time to time give illustrations of his ideas, and he purposes attempting to get his system introduced into our public schools and military academies.

His system, which he declares to be infallible and bound to strengthen the veriest weakling, is a complete course of light dumb-bells, varying from three to six pounds, according to the person using them. This system, he says, he has carefully studied and proved. It consists of thirteen distinct sets of movements, which must be done in correct order, otherwise they fail in their object. By this means Sandow claims that all the principal muscles of the body are brought into action; and as the muscles are in many cases dependent on each other for accuracy and effectuality of movement, it is most desirable that the correct order should be observed. What that correct order is is still Sandow's secret, but no doubt in due course he will enlighten us on the matter.



SUPPORTING THREE HORSES.

Much has been written from time to time about different strong men and their feats of skill and daring, and I have managed to gather one or two anecdotes together of different strong men at different periods.

Sceptics there are who would have us believe that these feats are merely the tricks of a conjurer in disguise. One of these scoffers not long ago attempted to prove his disbelief in the genuineness of these performances, but he met with a humiliating rebuff. Armed with a steel chain, he attended the hall where Samson was performing, and, producing the chain when the strong man was about to begin his performance, he offered him a sovereign for every link that he succeeded in

breaking. Samson examined the chain, then holding it up in sight of the audience, he closed the fingers of his left hand over one of the links. A loud snap was heard—the link was broken! Samson went quietly on with his task, and a succession of snaps followed. He was smashing the steel links like matchwood

between his terrible fingers. When seven or eight of them had gone the astonished stranger cried, "Hold, enough!" and felt for his purse. He had only four sovereigns in it.

Maurice, Count of Saxony, afterwards Marshal of France, was no less celebrated for his herculean strength than for his military talent. One day, stopping at a blacksmith's shop to have his horse shod, he broke between his fingers all the shoes which the man offered to him, saying, "Your horseshoes are good for nothing, my friend—they are made of lead." He good-naturedly threw the blacksmith a crown-piece, and was leaving, when the latter, himself a man of extraordinary strength, stopped him by saying, "My lord, your crowns are worth no more than my shoes," and with these words present-

ing him with the halves of the crown-piece, which he had just broken in two with his fingers. The count, astonished to meet with a rival in strength, which he had never previously encountered, bountifully recompensed the blacksmith and took him into his service.

In the same century a certain Major Barnabas became renowned for the strength of his arms. One day, in a frolic, he took up an anvil of five hundred pounds weight and walked away with it under his cloak. Many times, to amuse his comrades, he went through the musketry drill with a piece of cannon in place of a musket. One day, passing by chance a public place where the people were amus-

ing fifteen pounds attached to his feet, and the same to each hand. With one hand he took hold of a ring fixed in a wall, and by that arm alone raised his whole body to a horizontal position stiffly stretched out at a right angle to the wall, and so kept it for a minute or more, by mere force of muscular contraction. Mounting on a chair, he bent backwards and raised a weight of five hundred pounds from the ground with his teeth; then stooping under a table loaded with a weight of one thousand eight hundred pounds, he raised it on his shoulders. These two brothers, who were of the same height and of about equal strength, had given no evidence of unusual power during their youth, but had qualified themselves for their public performances by continual and progressive gymnastic exercises, combined with the strictest temperance.

One of the most remarkable of the earlier Samsons was Thomas Topham, who, about the year 1740, kept the "Red Lion" public-house at the corner of the City Road. Although of average size and appearance, he soon attracted attention by his prodigious strength. Some of his feats are almost incredible. By striking an iron poker an inch thick on his bare arm, he could bend it to a right angle; and pewter measures were crushed between his fingers. Standing on a platform, he raised a weight of eight hundred pounds. He could break a two-inch rope as a shopman breaks twine.

Whilst at Derby his performance was patronised by Mr. Chambers, the Vicar of All Saints, a man of great weight in his parish—weighing, in fact, twenty-seven stone. We know not whether the performer adopted the modern fashion of asking gentlemen from the audience to step up and assist him, but presume this to have been the case, and that among the rush of small boys on receiving the invitation, the reverend gentleman was observed to gain the platform. Here he was induced to lie down, and Topham, placing one hand under his body, gently raised him from the floor. The delighted audience then beheld Topham prostrate on his back, with three men, each weighing fourteen stone, sitting upon him to keep him down, which they failed to achieve.



SHOWING SERRATUS MAGNUS MUSCLE.

ing themselves by looking at an enormous bear, which was dancing at the command of its leader, Barnabas pushed through the crowd and asked to be allowed to wrestle with the terrible animal, which was consented to with some hesitation for fear of an accident. The Major overthrew his adversary several times, and judging him unworthy of his prowess, stunned him with a blow of his fist, and then took him away on his shoulders amidst the acclamations of the wondering crowd.

Some years ago two brothers, named Rousselle, exhibited in London and elsewhere some extraordinary displays of strength and agility. The elder of them jumped some feet high with a weight of

In addition to his strength of body, he possessed a powerful pair of lungs, and a voice of great compass, of which he was intensely proud—so much so that he sang a solo to the organ in St. Werburg's Church, completely drowning that instrument and emptying the sacred edifice of its terrified congregation. Many of his feats were of a humorous character. An ostler having had the temerity to insult him, he tied an iron kitchen spit round his neck, leaving the ends protruding under his chin.

On another occasion a butcher, struggling along under the weight of nearly half an ox, which he carried on his back, happened to pass an open window at which Topham was seated in calm meditation, with his mug of beer before him, and was surprised to find himself suddenly relieved of the weight; and as, on looking up, he failed to see any indications of his beef floating in the air, he fled in great terror, fully per-

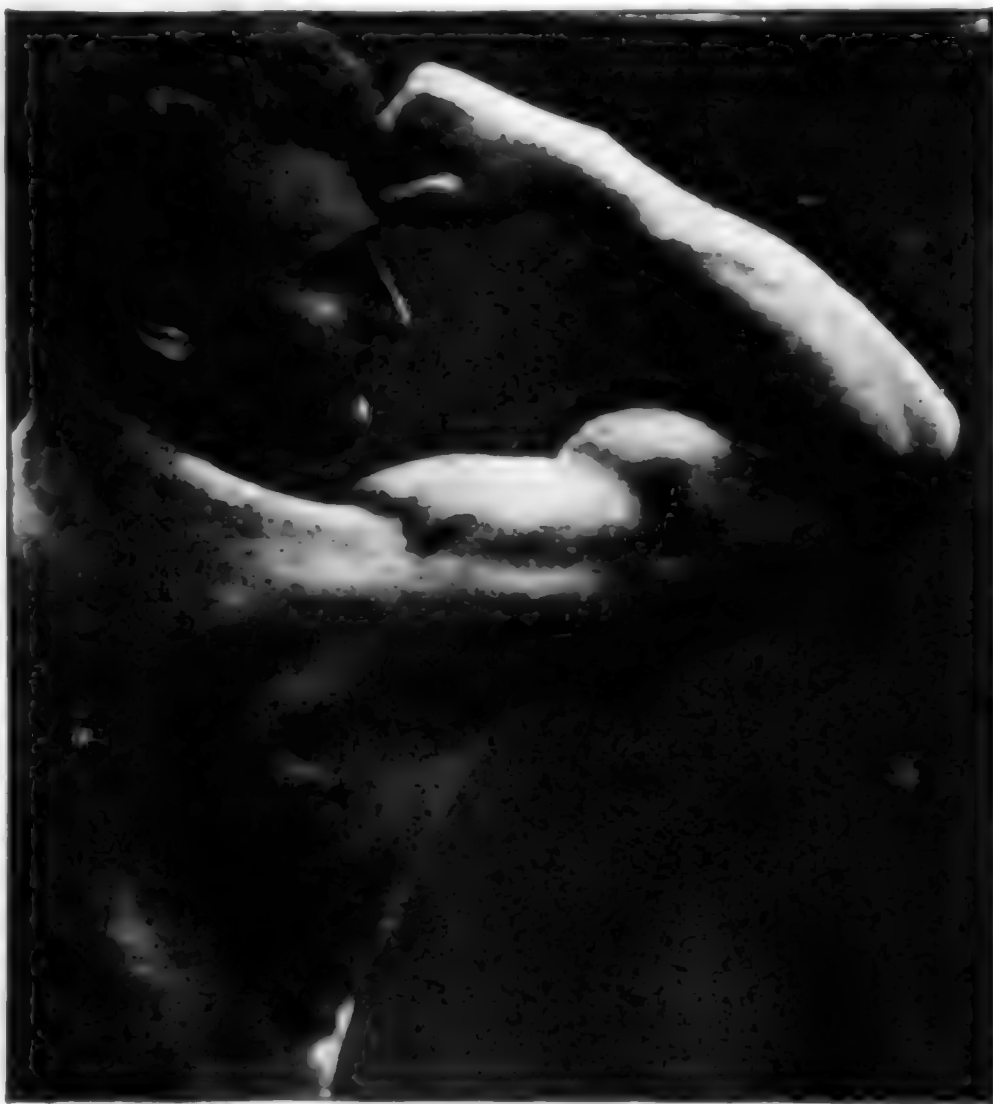
suaded that his meat had gone to supply the table of the Evil One.

A man who for many years was employed in carrying and delivering to subscribers the weighty opinions of the *Hereford Journal* undertook for a wager

a difficult task. Nine hundred and seventy pounds of wheat were packed into three bags, specially constructed, and carried by him three times round the Hereford Town Hall. One of the bags was placed on each shoulder, the other placed across and securely fastened to them.

In conclusion, it may be said that, with care and judicious training, it is within the power of everyone to so develop his

or her physical powers that the bodily strength thereby accruing adds not only to the enjoyment of out-door exercises, but reflects itself on the mental capacities, verifying the Latin proverb—"A sound mind in a sound body."



SHOWING BICEPS AND DELTOID MUSCLE.



By J. F. WALLER SHEPHERD.

CHAPTER IV. (continued).

"I MUST go across to the Towers," Burgo said.

"Yes," Cecil nodded; "to-day?"

"I think not. I'm going to the Court before dinner. They're all off to Hom-bourg to-morrow."

"To-morrow? I didn't know they were going so soon. I suppose Mrs. Brune goes with them?"

"Yes. And I want to see her before she goes, so I told Lady Losely yesterday I'd come."

"Oh!" Miss Maltravers wished almost that the speaker had said nothing about his visit to her. Then she saw the un-reasonableness of that. It was perfectly natural he should wish to say good-bye to Mrs. Brune; why shouldn't he say he was going?

"Annie's in trouble about ——" Burgo was beginning to explain.

"Who is 'Annie'?" Cecil inquired.

"Mrs. Brune; don't you know? I always call her 'Annie,' just as she calls me 'Burgo.' We're awfully old friends."

"I know that. Well? Mrs. Brune is in trouble about ——"

"About that husband of hers. He's always bothering her, one way or another. By Jove! Cecil, you can't think what a time of it she's had with him."

"She's managed to support life, though, pretty well, I should say."

"Yes! because she's plucky and doesn't give in, as other women would. And then she has a superb constitution, and can

stand wear and tear and not show it very much; so the *béguenles* out there used to swear she'd nothing to complain of. But I know better, you see."

"I dare say. And you are her present help in time of trouble, Burgo?"

"Don't chaff, darling. Help her? By Jove! I'd do anything for her. So would any of us."

"No doubt. Well—then you're going over there, and not to the Towers, this afternoon?"

"Yes; I must, you see. I'll go and rejoice the dear old man's heart to-morrow. He'll be on our side, Cecil. He's been wanting this for ever so long. I know. He'll bury the hatchet and make peace for ever with my lady, for our sakes. I do believe that will make it all right, darling."

"I hope so," Cecil said, with a sigh—rather a big sigh, too.

Burgo had to sit down on the window-sill and do his best to make her confident that all would be right. He didn't succeed as well as he ought to have done. Why had he said anything about Annie Brune at all? Or, why hadn't he told Cecil everything? Miss Maltravers could hardly understand why he should leave her to go over to the Court, from what he had said. Presently he got up and went. He let himself drop from the balustrade of the terrace lightly on to the grass beneath. His brave, frank blue eyes were raised for a long minute to Cecil's face as she leaned over to watch him.

"*Addio!*—for an hour," he said. And then he was gone. She remembered that farewell afterwards.

"You saw that, René?" Lady Mildred had stopped to ask. He had just been telling her about the tableau under the tree. "You saw that? And you did not tell me last night? And she saw it? That explains all I noticed in her yesterday. You should have told me."

The time was past now for him to confess why he had not told her.

"You think, then——?" he said hypocritically.

"It is not what *I* think; it is what *she* thinks. You are singularly dull of perception this afternoon, René. *Il est donc vrai?—l'amour annule l'homme.*"

She was hard on him, no doubt. But I, for one, don't much wonder.

They came on the terrace by-and-by, and found Cecil there alone.

Where was Burgo? Gone to say good-bye at the Court? Ah! yes; my lady remembered they were to leave soon. To-morrow, was it? She thought she would drive over and say good-bye, too; the drive would do Cecil good; she wasn't looking well to-day, poor child!

Burgo strolled along, smoking. He walked because he wanted to think. He chose the high-road instead of the short-cut across the park, because he expected to meet the special messenger he had requested Bullion and Baggs to send from Norbury. He had calculated at what time this messenger would reach the Ellesmere station by the local time-bill. It was not above half-an-hour's walk from the station to the lodge-gates.

"If I meet the fellow, I shall save half-an-hour," he had thought, "and get back to Cecil half-an-hour sooner."

It fell out as he expected. About half-way to the station he met the bank messenger, a slim, youthful clerk, who knew Burgo well enough by sight. He stopped; and Burgo looked up from his meditations.

"All right," he said. "You've brought the money with you?"

The youthful clerk smiled. He had brought the money. The firm had been anxious to oblige Captain Maltravers; they supposed he wished for the money at once; but as he had not mentioned where it was to be sent to him, why——

"Gad!" Burgo ejaculated, "I suppose I forgot to say it was to be sent to me here; but I thought they'd understand by the address, you know."

The youthful clerk didn't know. He had seen no address. He had no doubt Captain Maltravers had given sufficient instructions; but the head-cashier was very particular. However, the firm had sent the money by special messenger to Ellesmere, in case Captain Maltravers should be there. Here it was. And the special messenger produced his little note-case, fastened to his small person with a chain.

"Very well, then, I'll take it," Burgo said, wanting to get on.

The youthful clerk unlocked his case. He had seen Captain Maltravers take

money at the bank before, and had frequently admired his easy way of stuffing notes into his breast-pocket. He admired it once more now.

"Thanks," Burgo said, buttoning his coat again. "Tell Mr. Bullion I'm very much obliged to him, will you? Good-morning! By-the-way, hadn't you better go up to the house and get some luncheon, you know?"

The youth smiled and blushed, and was duly thankful. But—



"TELL MR. BULLION I'M VERY MUCH OBLIGED TO HIM"

but—if Captain Maltravers would excuse him—there was something else—a mere trifle—the receipt, in short. He (the speaker) must have that, for the benefit of the very particular cashier. And here it was, filled up for the amount, four hundred odd. Would Captain Maltravers kindly sign it—there?

"Must be in pencil, then," Captain Maltravers returned, bored by this formality, which he had quite naturally forgotten. "I can't go back now; I'm in a hurry."

But the bank emissary was prepared for this. He had a patent pencil—consolidated ink—very useful; there it was.

Burgo took it and scrawled his name across the bottom of the blue paper.

"That'll do, I suppose?"

And then he bade the admiring clerk good-morning finally, and left him, wishing he (the admiring clerk) could walk off with four hundred odd of his own like that.

Burgo reached the Court in due course, said his good-bye to Lady Losely, and then asked Mrs. Brune to walk down the drive with him; which Annie did, of course.

"Fred's money's all right, Annie," he said; "I've got it with me now in notes. You see, I told them to send it me that way from Norbury, so that there shouldn't be any bother about a cheque. If it's paid into Cox's to-morrow, it'll be in lots of time."

"My dear Burgo!" was all Annie could answer.

"My dear Annie, look here. I was going up to town myself with this, and to find out quietly, if I could, what was wrong with Fred. Well, as I've got a good deal to do down here just now, and as you will stay to-morrow in London, I want you to do this for me, or, rather, get Sir Lorrimer to do it, don't you see? You're simply to have it put to his account, and——"

"Of course I will," she said. "Why should you be troubled about it. I'll make Lorrimer take me there. Burgo, dear old friend, I can't thank you properly; I——"

"Leave it to Fred," he laughed; "or, at least, don't say anything more about it. And now I've got something to tell you, Annie."

And then Burgo told her what had happened on the mere. She could con-

gratulate him honestly; and she did. They passed through the open gate into the road, a private one here, and walked a good way along it, talking. It was to be a long time before they met again, and Annie had a good deal to say. Presently she found she must go back; but she wouldn't let Burgo go with her.

"Go back to Cecil, sir. And now, my dear old Burgo, good-bye."

She gave him both her hands, wrung his hand, and so left him and went homewards alone.

Just before the Ellesmere carriage overtook Burgo on its return journey, the eyes of the three occupants had been gladdened by the sight of Annie Brune, who, Lady Townley had said, had walked down the drive with Captain Maltravers, she believed.

CHAPTER V.

GLYN VIPONT'S
TRUMP-CARD.

SIR BURGO MALTRIVERS, K.C.B., and his nephew, Glyn Vipont, the wise youth, sat at tiffin in a certain sunny morning-room at the Towers affected to that refection. Sir Burgo retained some of the manners and customs of his old Indian life, amongst others, and most

tenaciously, his tiffin. His breakfast was a meal of Spartan frugality, served

by his native servant, Nursoo, in his dressing-room. After breakfast, Sir Burgo got into the saddle; the big brown weight-carrier covered a good deal of ground before Sir Burgo got out of it again. But he got out of it with his liver in proper condition, and then he went to tiffin. Of course Glyn Vipont tiffined too. Glyn didn't exactly like the pungent meats his relative delighted in; some of them, indeed, used to inconvenience him considerably, but he ate them smilingly, under Sir Burgo's eye, while they talked bucolics and business. Glyn, as I think I have mentioned, was the old man's factotum—steward, secretary, overseer. Sir Burgo seldom

said much to him except in those capacities. Glyn would tiffin with him, a pile of letters and papers beside him and a pencil all ready, making his morning's report and getting his instructions. It was not a particularly lively repast for him; but then he was a wise youth—a wise youth who had a little game, and had been playing it for a long while. On this particular morning, too, the wise youth was inclined to believe he had played the trump-card of his little game; he was awaiting the result with secret anxiety.

The tiffin-room at the Towers was a very pleasant one. It looked across the lawn on to the park, and commanded the last half-mile of the carriage-drive from the park-gates. A good deal of Indian loot of one sort or another was collected in it, and gave a strong local colouring to the surroundings of the tiffin-table. Over the mantelpiece hung a portrait of the late Lady Maltravers—a mild, meek woman, whose childish face and sad blue eyes were full of sorrow, mild and meek also. She was to have brought an heir to the Towers, but this was denied to her. She got to think that, not having accomplished the object of her life, she had better not live any longer. So she died one morning quietly, troubling no one, reproaching no one, mild and meek to the last. Sir Burgo never married again. He had his late wife's portrait hung in his tiffin-room, and—turned his back upon it all the time he sat there. He unconsciously repressed his notion of matrimonial duties and pleasures in this way; but then you must remember he had married expressly to have a son and heir, and he had not had one. The game had not been worth the candle; he had been very much disappointed—aggrieved even. I never wondered at that look of helpless sorrow on the mild little lady's face. *She* couldn't help it, you know; and Sir Burgo, K.C.B., was never unkind to her, never reproached her; at all events, in words. But I am by no means sure that since she was un-

equal to the task of keeping the Towers entail in the direct line, she did not do better to die after all. At all events, she was dead and buried and forgotten, save of a few ancient poor, who missed her. Glyn Vipont sat in her place now; in her very chair, opposite her poor pretty face, which the skill of Fitz-Madder, the flattering, had been unable to flatter out of its resigned melancholy, even upon canvas. Glyn Vipont sat over against her lord now; let us hope my lady was at last at peace elsewhere.

Glyn read aloud the letter of the Cincinnatus of Tiptree Hall to the *Times* that morning on the recondite subject of top-dressing. This was usually a congenial

subject. The K.C.B. was an admirer of Cincinnatus and approved of that eminent authority's system of manuring generally. But Glyn saw the letter didn't "take somehow;" Sir Burgo

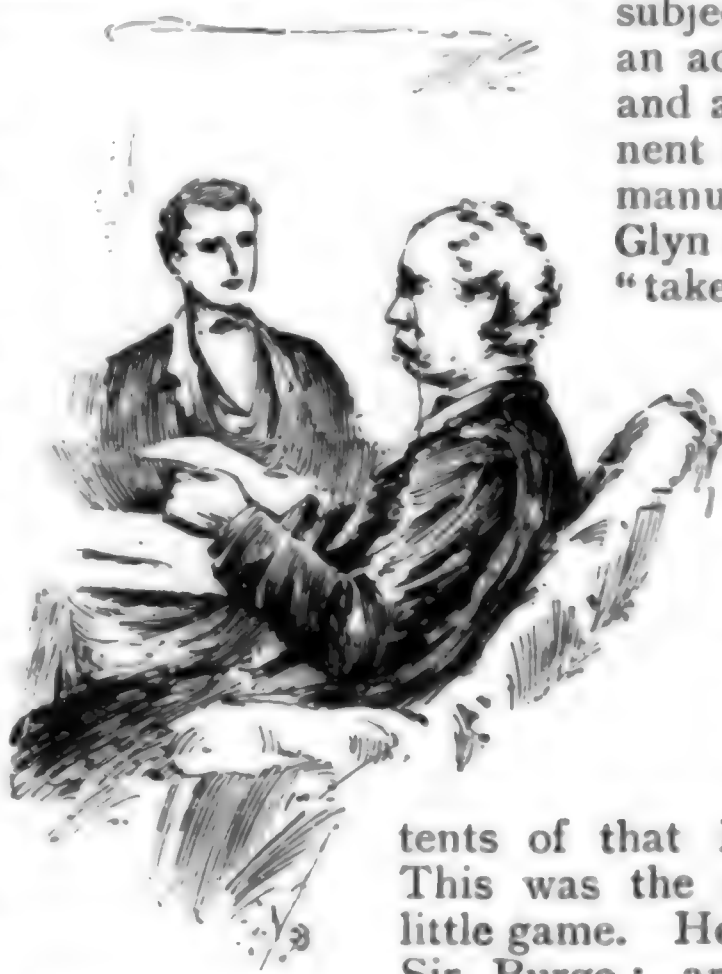
appeared preoccupied. So he was; and the reader of the *Times* knew perfectly well why, for he had seen the letter and the Norbury post-mark, and, moreover, had recognised Bullion's handwriting.

Glyn knew the con-

tents of that letter perfectly well. This was the turning-point of his little game. He finished top-dressing Sir Burgo; and as the latter still remained thoughtful and silent, Glyn then turned his attention to his egg, and thought, too, while he ate it.

Sir Burgo was wondering what the devil it meant. It was doosed queer—doosed queer, begad! Never happened before—never. Something unpleasant—what?

The letter beside him didn't tell him what. It merely said that his obedient servants Bullion and Baggs regretted to inform him that a most unpleasant and extraordinary—adjectives underlined—circumstance had just been discovered with regard to his account; so extraordinary and unpleasant that, before taking other steps, they felt it their duty to lay the matter personally before Sir Burgo; and that, accordingly, one of the partners would arrive at the Towers at



SOMETHING UNPLEASANT.

half-past twelve o'clock at noon precisely, for the purpose of having an interview with him, which they respectfully requested he would accord.

Sir Burgo rather thought he would, begad!

He finished his curry meditatively, then he drew his little cup of coffee from a clever little hissing *cafetière* at his elbow, and passed the letter over to Glyn.

"What does that mean?" he inquired of the latter this time.

Glyn read it through, mused, read it over again, shrugged his shoulders, and really couldn't say.

He certainly could not—for a good many reasons.

"The Bank don't write as if *they* were at fault," he said; "it doesn't seem to be any blunder or negligence of theirs from the tone of this, does it? And only 'just discovered.' No; I can't make it out. You've paid no money in now, since—stay! now I think of it, it may be that."

"May be what? May be what—hey?" the K.C.B. asked rather testily. *He* had not hit upon even a probable solution.

"That fellow who bought the young stock last week—what's his name—Culling; he gave me a cheque on a London Bank. Rather a big one, too. It's just possible Mr. Culling's cheque may have come back with an N.E. upon it; and that's what Bullion and Baggs would naturally call a most unpleasant circumstance. Hardly so extraordinary, perhaps, as they seem to think."

"Culling's a respectable man, sir," Sir Burgo objected.

"Just so; but then, you see, it's just the respectable fellows who do this sort of thing. It was *because* he was a respectable man that I took his cheque. I shouldn't wonder, do you know, if I'm right."

"I should, sir. John Culling's father was my orderly at Ferozeshah—saved my life, begad! I made him troop sergeant-major for it next day. There's nothing wrong with John Culling."

"Oh, very well," Glyn said; "merely a suggestion on my part. I beg John Cul-



HE HAD PLAYED HIS TRUMP CARD.

ling's pardon. You see, sir, his father wasn't *my* orderly at Ferozeshah—ha, ha!"

And Glyn prolonged the last syllable of the famous word into a gentle cachinnation which was not *too* deferential. Sir Burgo grinned too; the wise youth's playfulness was never ill-timed, and it had the effect of preventing the old man feeling he was being vulgarly toadied.

"No," Sir Burgo returned; "wasn't your orderly, confound you!" but the anathema was an amiable one.

"What's to be done about this?" the anathematiser said presently, twisting the mysterious document in his thin, white fingers uncomfortably.

"Wait till one of these fellows comes, I suppose, hey? Very well."

And Sir Burgo lit a cigar, drew an easy-chair up to the open window, and dropped into it and the *Times* simultaneously. The wise youth used his toothpick, and looked out of the other window. He was watching for the coming of Bullion or of Baggs.

He was quite cool and calm, this wise youth—cool and unruffled on the outside of him as his smooth, fresh linen. But Glyn Vipont's equable pulse must have quickened a little as he waited for a black spot to appear in the winding, yellow ribbon yonder, running through the green park, which would be the banker's carriage.

Yes, at last. The thing he had been waiting for for years was going to happen at last. He had thought it hardly possible; but he had waited. Not in vain. Now, Burgo's hand was going to deal that old man yonder, who had forgiven the prodigal so much, a cruel, base, bitter blow. And that blow was to kill outright all the long-suffering love in that proud, generous old heart—to kill the old man, too, mayhap. But to give him, wise Glyn Vipont, the prodigal's inheritance—that was the stake the wise youth had been playing for. Burgo once out of the way, he stood next; he could trust to his own diplomacy, to the old man's passionate weakness under this terrible stab. He looked upon the game as won, then. But he had played his trump-card.

If this failed, he failed altogether, he knew. One can understand even a cool hand like this feeling a little nervous.

He hid it as he could hide unpleasant or unprofitable emotions. A much more acute observer than Sir Burgo, K.C.B., deep in his *Times*, would never have detected that Glyn had any particular interest, or interest at all, in the matter, when he caught sight of the black spot down there on the drive, and observed aloud, with a glance at his watch:

"Bullion's punctual, or whichever of them it is, isn't he? Quarter past, and there's the bank 'conveniency' just coming round the bend. Shall you want me, sir? That man Bullion—if it is Bullion—grates on my nerves more than any man, except Baggs; so I was thinking I'd ride."

"Eh? No, don't go, Glyn, don't go; stop and see I'm right about John Culling. Besides, I may want you. Take some coffee to steady your nerves, and then tell Hayes to put the bank man into the dining-room, will you? I don't want him 'grating,' as you call it, here."

"Very well," Glyn said; "I am curious, after all, to see how this will turn out."

"You'll find I'm right about John Culling. Whoever's wrong, John is all right."

"I think I must have done him an injustice," Glyn said, with a queer smile, as he prepared to leave the room. But here's Bullion: and now for it."

In a few minutes more there was Bullion in person, with a face of grave importance, lowering himself slowly from his seat in the firm's gig on to the steps. Bullion and Baggs were humble country bankers; Sir Burgo Maltravers, Major-general, K.C.B., and owner of the Towers estate, was one of their most important and profitable clients. They bowed down and kow-towed before him as little country bankers will. But to-day Bullion, the senior partner, walked up the broad, stone steps, and through the glass doors, whereat Hayes stood at ease, into the hall, and thence into the great dining-room, with a recently-acquired assurance, as of unwonted sherry. His hand wandered to his breast-pocket as he walked.

"A pull," he was thinking, "a most tremendous pull over the old gentleman—if we like."

"Mr. Bullion, Sir Burgo, is waiting in the dining-room," Mr. Hayes observed

presently, at his leisure. Sir Burgo lays down his *Times* and his cigar.

"Very well. Come along Glyn," he said to his nephew, whom he met on his road; "let's see what Bullion's got to say, hey? Some cock-and-bull story, no doubt. But if it's about John Culling's cheque, I won't believe it; I can tell him that, hey? Come along."

Glyn followed, cool and calm.

"Good-morning, Bullion," Sir Burgo said. "How are you? There, sit down. And now, what's the matter, hey? what's the matter?"

And the old K.C.B. rubbed his white hands, and grinned through his white moustache, in anticipation of the cock-and-bull story Bullion was going to tell.

Bullion wagged his fat head over his neckcloth impressively.



"A BAD BUSINESS, I'M AFRAID, SIR BURGO."

"A bad business, I'm afraid, Sir Burgo—a ve-ry unpleasantly bad business."

"Well, what? Out with it, man, out with it!" Sir Burgo said impetuously. "What are you making such a confounded mystery of it for, hey? Bank been robbed, or what, hey?"

"Just that, Sir Burgo, I'm afraid—the bank *has* been robbed."

"Very sorry to hear it. But you haven't come here to tell me *I've* robbed it, have you, Bullion? That would be rather a joke, begad!" And Sir Burgo laughed—poor old man.

"Not *you*, Sir Burgo," Mr. Bullion said slowly. Then, with rather a nervous look round the room, he added, "I may, of course, speak before Mr. Glyn?"

Glyn was ready to withdraw on the instant.

"Sit down, Glyn," Sir Burgo commanded. "Of course" (to Bullion), "of course you may speak before my nephew, Mr. Glyn Vipont. And now let's have it, please."

Mr. Bullion looked nervously round the room again; then he slowly unbuttoned his coat and took a pocket-book from an inner breast-pocket. He opened this pocket-book slowly, too, and took from it two folded slips of paper, which he laid and smoothed across his knee. One of these folded slips was Glyn Vipont's trump-card, and Glyn recognised it. He smiled on Bullion a smile of polite and languid wonder. Bullion began:

"Can you give me, Sir Burgo, the number and the amount, severally, of the cheques drawn by you on us between the fifth and the seventeenth of last month?"

"My cheque-book can, of course. Why?"

"It is essential."

"Very well. Glyn will you get the book?"

Glyn rose, went and returned with it. Sir Burgo looked through the counterfoils.

"Fifth to seventeenth? Here they are. Shall I read them?"

"If you please, Sir Burgo."

And Sir Burgo read the evidence of the counterfoils. There were only four dated between the fifth and the seventeenth of that June. The first three cheques had been drawn in favour of Hayes, the major-domo, and of his Norbury tradesmen. The fourth had been drawn in favour of —

"Of Captain Burgo Maltravers, I think?" Bullion asked.

"Yes; I remember," Sir Burgo said; "for that new-fangled breech-loader. Well, what of that, hey?"

Glyn's smile of polite wonder grew less languid; he even shrugged his shoulders. What the deuce was Bullion driving at?

"What was the amount of that cheque, Sir Burgo, number fifty-one, dated Norbury, the sixteenth of June, drawn by you on us, and payable to Captain Burgo Maltravers, or order?"

Glyn laughed softly aloud, Bullion was so ultra-formal and solemn. Sir Burgo stared hard at the banker, who bore the old man's keen glance as well as he could, which was not very well.

"I don't know what the devil you mean by this, Mr. Bullion," Sir Burgo said sternly, angered, he couldn't have told

why, by the bringing of Burgo's name into this business, whatever it was. "Will you be kind enough to tell me what Captain Maltravers has to do with this?"

"You—you will see directly, Sir Burgo," the now nervous Bullion returned. "Will you tell me the amount of the cheque you sent to Captain Maltravers?"

Glyn Vipont remarked the form of expression the banker employed in speaking of the document, and understood it. The cheque Captain Maltravers had sent to Norbury for payment was a different thing altogether, of course. Sir Burgo noticed Mr. Bullion's form of expression not at all.

"The amount of that cheque was one hundred and five pounds," he said.

"And the number and date of it those I mention?" Bullion asked.

"Precisely."

"So that there can be no possible mistake on *your* side, Sir Burgo?"

"Mistake? Of course not. It was just as I say. You see, there's nothing wrong, after all."

"Excuse me, Sir Burgo," Bullion said, paling a good deal; "but I'm afraid there is something very wrong. The cheque in question was presented to us by Captain Maltravers two days ago, exactly as you have described it—with one exception, viz., that whereas the cheque you signed was one for one hundred and five pounds, the cheque we received—and paid, Sir Burgo—was for four hundred and five pounds. That was the difference."

"Eh? what? What do you mean?"

"That is the cheque we received, Sir Burgo, and duly honoured. There is Captain Maltravers's signature to our printed receipt for four hundred and five pounds. These may explain what I mean."

"Oh, damn, it!" the wise youth broke out, rising to his indignant feet at this. "I beg your pardon, sir," he added, in apologetic "aside" to Sir Burgo, whose lips quivered, but who seemed unable to speak just then. "Do you mean to say, Mr. Bullion, that you've come here to tell Sir Burgo that his nephew, almost his son, is a—*forg*er?"

He brought the ugly word out gingerly; but he did bring it out. It put the *points sur les I* with a vengeance, though! "The situation" was intelligible at once. Yes; Mr. Bullion *had* come over to the Towers to tell Sir Burgo Maltravers, Major-General and K.C.B., that his nephew,

almost his son, was a forger—a felon. And there were the proofs in the K.C.B.'s shivering white hands—before the brave, stern eyes, that quailed as they had never quailed before, looking on death in many forms.

For this—ah, this was worse than death had ever been in his hot youth to that proud old man. This was crueller, this was bitterer. Ingratitude, shame, dishonour on the grand old name; a blot, a smirch for ever. Forgery! felony!

If Glyn Vipont had not risen with that oath of righteous wrath to those indignant feet of his, and so spoken that there could not remain the faintest doubt of what his cousin was, at all events, accused, it might have been some time before Sir Burgo understood that of himself. Bullion, the banker, was much obliged to Mr. Glyn for stating the case so neatly, and taking the ugly word out of his own apprehensive mouth. It put the business into proper form for proceeding with.

However, after that ugly word had been uttered, no one spoke again before Sir Burgo. The old man's stern, handsome face, bare-cheeked and bronzed, had set sterner, and pale. But Glyn, who had, so to speak, his fingers on Sir Burgo's pulse, felt that it had grown weak with sudden, deadly pain; saw that pain in the quailing eyes, in the quick-quivering lips under the bristling white moustache.

So, then, the old man believed it; believed his Burgo guilty, did he? Glyn had hardly hoped for as much as this at once. Even Mr. Bullion had been nervously anticipating a storm, unwontedly assured as he had been when he came. But Sir Burgo took it quietly; he had nothing to say. It would, indeed, have been hard to say much in the teeth of the paper he held in his hands. Sir Burgo asked one question: "How came you to pay this cheque if you had any suspicion about it?"

"We had none," Bullion said; "you will observe the for—the *alteration* is very neatly done. It is always an easy alteration to make. Our cashier saw nothing

wrong, and the money was sent to Captain Maltravers at Ellesmere. We knew he was at Ellesmere; and we have cashed cheques like this for him before, only never for so large an amount. The money was sent by special messenger, who delivered it into Captain Maltravers's own hands, and took his receipt for it, as

usual. The—the alteration might never have been discovered till the pass-book was made up at the end of the month, but that the cashier, in counting the cancelled cheques that afternoon, chanced to remark in this one a striking difference in the shades of ink in two places. That difference is even more perceptible now. The fact is, that the ink with which the—alteration was made was of a different quality, and besides had, most likely, not time to dry before it was blotted. However," concluded Mr. Bullion, who

felt that he had now made his chain of evidence complete—"however, there can be no doubt that the alteration *was* made, and that it could have been made by only one person. The question is, Sir Burgo, what is to be done?"

Sir Burgo stood there with the damning witness in his shaking hands, silent still.

"It hits him hard," Bullion thought; "we've a tremendous pull on him after this."

"*Habet*, I think," the more classical Glyn remarked to himself.

At last Sir Burgo spoke. He had made up his mind what to do. The honour of his name must be saved first, and then—there would be time for the rest afterwards.

"I shall take," he said to Bullion, "what steps in the matter I think fit. Meanwhile——" His right hand was twisting a *porte-allumette* that hung at his watch-chain. The wise youth broke in, virtuously indignant.

"But, sir," he said, "you cannot mean, surely, to take this for granted, to believe——"

"One must believe one's own eyes, Mr. Vipont," Bullion remarked sullenly; "and as for taking for granted, why, proofs like that, aye and less, have sent for——"



THE PROOFS WERE IN HIS HANDS.

"By G—, sir! will you hold your tongue?" Sir Burgo cried hoarsely.

"We have ourselves to look to, Sir Burgo," Bullion said, very pale; "we've paid the money. We can't afford to lose it. It's an awfully bad case. We must —"

"You will do nothing, sir," said Sir Burgo; and as he spoke, there shot a little flame out of the top of the *porte-allumette*, and in a moment the two papers in Sir Burgo's left hand were ashes.

"My dear uncle," Glyn cried, clasping that left hand with great enthusiasm, "well done!"

It didn't matter much to this wise youth what became of his trump-card, you see, when his little game was won; but it mattered to Mr. Bullion. Where was his tremendous pull now?

"You will do nothing," Sir Burgo repeated; "nothing."

"Oh," Bullion said, white and dangerous, and inclined to be insolent, as was only natural. "We'll see about that, Sir Burgo. I have Mr. Glyn as a witness to this."

"You have nothing of the kind, Mr. Bullion," Glyn said politely; "my uncle but anticipated me, I assure you."

"Then we are to be robbed, eh?"

"You are to sit where you are, sir, for a moment," Sir Burgo said. "Give me the ink, Glyn."

Glyn passed the inkstand in the centre of the table across it. Sir Burgo opened his cheque-book, wrote a cheque and signed it. It was payable to Captain Burgo Maltravers, or bearer, and it was drawn on the Norbury Bank for five hundred pounds. He gave this to the dumfounded Bullion.

"This discharges Captain Maltravers's liabilities to you, Mr. Bullion, with interest. If you wish to keep my account, you will consider this business ends here. You understand? Then, good-morning."

Mr. Bullion walked out of the dining-room presently, and through the hall and the glass-doors, where Mr. Hayes stood at ease and never seemed to see him; and

Mr. Bullion clambered into his gig, and drove away like a man from whose brain the effects of unwonted sherry have evaporated.

"I've managed this d—d badly," he said to himself; "however, the money's all right and the interest isn't bad; only I ought to have had a deal more than ninety-five pounds. I wish I'd gone to the Captain first, now; but *his* goose is cooked, if that look in the old man's eye meant anything."

* * * *

Sir Burgo Maltravers, K.C.B., shut himself up in his own room for the space of about one hour after he was quit of the Norbury banker. It was the bitterest hour of his life; it did the work of years upon him. For what was he to do but believe this story? How could he help it? Who else but Burgo could have altered that cheque? Besides, there was Burgo's signature at the bottom of the receipt for four hundred pounds. It was only too clear; he could not choose but believe.

Ay, it half killed that proud old gentleman. The cool, deliberate, terrible wrong; the heartless, outrageous ingratitude; the burning shame brought upon his name. Burgo's doing, all of it. And why? Why had he done it? He knew he had only to ask and to have. Had he ever been refused? Was not all to be his, by-and-by? He must have done this to hide some other shame that might be even worse. Burgo, whom he had loved as his own son, whom he had defended when many had cried out against him, whom he had believed to be more sinned against than sinning; this prodigal, whom he had borne with and indulged, and forgiven a thousand times, to whom he had given all that he had to give—ah, he was, indeed, what they called him, after all! He had doubtless thought he might be forgiven even this, when the thing that he had done should be known; but that Sir Burgo swore solemnly should never be. The wrong he might have forgiven; the dishonour never. There was an end. He, soldier and gentleman, could meet this forger, this felon, could look upon his face, no more. So the old man swore, and so it should be.

He sent for Glyn Vipont presently. Even that wise youth, whose wisdom dispensed with the troublesome appendage of a conscience, felt a sort of moral



MR. BULLION RETREATS.

dyspepsia when he saw his relative's changed look. It was hardly the Sir Burgo whom he had tiffined with that morning, that sat in that chair before the writing-table. *Ca coûte*, you know, a little game like our friend Glyn's. But it didn't cost Glyn very much.

He took, however, advantage of his dyspepsia to express suitable sentiments. The other scarcely heard them; he was hardly in the humour to listen to this sort of thing. But Glyn had other things to say. The victory he had won must be secured. The judgment that was going forth against his cousin must never be reversed. So Glyn, with an admirable unwillingness, said what he had arranged to say about Burgo's request to him for the loan, or rather, Glyn managed to have all this forced from him. He admitted that Burgo had seemed anxious about this money, very anxious; that he had declared he must have it, at any cost; that there were reasons why he could not apply to Sir Burgo, imperative as was his necessity; and that he had parted from him, Glyn, in an unusually excited way. And so on. He would have let these disclosures be wrung out of him to any extent; but Sir Burgo did not care to penetrate to the worse shame he might come upon at the bottom of this business, and which, somehow, Glyn seemed cognisant of, and laudably desirous to keep hidden. The thing was bad enough as it was; he wanted to hear no more of it, or of the man who had wronged him so basely. He made up his mind, then and there, what to do, and he did it at once. Defence there could be none; it remained but to pass sentence.

It was Glyn Vipont who carried that sentence to the criminal at Ellesmere. And I think Glyn would rather not have had it to carry; but he couldn't help himself; and he had to accept the duty with *empressement*, as well as with real reluctance, like one who hoped eventually to bring about peace, even against hope.

His ride dissipated his dyspepsia, probably. At all events, he was his usually calm, wise self when he stood before Lady Mildred by-and-by on the terrace. Burgo was out somewhere, my lady said; what was the matter?—Glyn's expressive countenance betraying plainly that something was wrong.

The wise youth considered a moment, then he asked Lady Mildred to let him

speak with her in private. In the octagon chamber, when the door was close shut upon them, he told her what had happened.

"Is this true?" was her first question; for she didn't believe it.

He explained how it could scarcely be otherwise. At all events, he feared Sir Burgo was hopelessly convinced that it was.

"I see," she said. And she did see as women see—that is, she *felt* that this could not be as Glyn had said, as Sir Burgo was convinced it was. Burgo had not done this thing. But—Burgo was not to marry her daughter. So she didn't tell Glyn—she didn't tell herself—that she felt Burgo was innocent.

"Why have you told me this?" she asked next. Again she *felt* that this was a move in some game of Mr. Glyn's. That individual thought as much.

"I want your help—for Burgo, Lady Mildred," he said. A " *coquine, coquin à demi*, my lady!" he thought.

"Oh," my lady said, "I understand; but you had better tell him what you have got to tell him. I hear his voice outside, now."

"I wish to heaven I hadn't to do this!" Glyn cried honestly.

"I dare say, Glyn," Lady Mildred replied.

"I swear I do!" he reiterated with unwonted vehemence. But he went and did it.

"Burgo no more forged that cheque than I did," Lady Mildred said to herself when she was alone; "but for all that, I



"IS THIS TRUE?"

see that Glyn Vipont will have the Towers by-and-by. Well, it serves Sir Burgo right. And now I must talk to Cecil."

The wise youth put his arm through Burgo's, and they went out of earshot down the avenue. Glyn prefaced, hesitated skilfully, broke down admirably; finally, told Burgo the story. To Burgo it seemed so absurd that at first he laughed.

"What rot!" he said emphatically; "old Bullion's mad! Says I did him out of three hundred? Altered the cheque? Why, that's forgery, you know. I'll punch his head; by Jove, I will! Why, what does he mean? I wrote him a note, asking him to lend me the three hundred for a month or so, as I didn't want to bother the governor, and to send a fellow over with it to me here. The cheque I sent him to cash with the note was to make up the four hundred I wanted."

"He distinctly says the cheque came without anything else in the envelope—not even an address; and that the cheque purported to be for four hundred and five. Two days afterwards he discovered that the cheque had been tampered with. The difference of the ink had had time to show itself, or was then first noticed."

"Bah! you don't believe such bosh as that?"

"I don't. But how came the cheque as Bullion swears it was when he got it?"

"How should I know? It's all a riddle to me. What became of my note, too?"

"Burgo, he denies he ever received one. He paid you the money on the strength of that cheque alone. He kept insisting on that. And he produced your receipt for the four hundred odd."

Glyn's tone was very grave as he said this.

"I know. I signed a receipt the fellow brought with him, who gave me the notes. I supposed it was only to show he'd handed the money over to me. And it was for four hundred odd, of course. But look here, Glyn: do you mean to say the governor actually—*believes* this?"

Glyn's face was very grave indeed now. "I—I'm afraid he does," he said. "But I hope —"

"Good God!" Burgo cried; "*believes* it? Believes I'd do a thing like this? And to *him* of all people in the world? Why, there must be awful evidence against me."

"There is, Burgo, or rather there *was*; for the evidence is destroyed now."

Then followed Glyn's description of what had passed in the dining-room. And then Burgo began to realise his position.

"I have not done this thing, of course," he said; "but it'll be rather hard to *prove* my innocence, if the governor refuses to take my word. I'll take your horse, Glyn, and ride over. He won't refuse to see me, I suppose? I'm not to be condemned without a hearing. What an infernal business!"

No one knew that better than Glyn, who said he hoped not, too.

"I can't advise you in such a case as this," he added; "if I could, I would ask you to wait till Sir Burgo is calmer."

"I sha'n't wait under a cloud like this a moment," Burgo returned. "Where's that horse of yours?"

They walked quietly back.

"Perhaps you're right," Glyn observed; "you know best. But you can understand how he takes such a thing as this."

"No," Burgo said, "that's just what I *can't* understand! I'd as soon expect myself to believe a story like this of *him*."

"Burgo, can you tell me what you wanted this money for?" Glyn asked, really curious to know; "I mean, is there any reason why you —"

"There's no reason at all why I shouldn't tell you. A man I know is in a hole, and asked me to help him out."

"O!" said Glyn. He didn't believe this.

"Yes; Brune has a talent for asking people to help him out of holes; and —"

"Brune! He's the man?"

"Yes; but I didn't mean to mention his name."

"Because you meant *Brune's wife*. That's it!" Glyn thought.

He could understand Burgo doing a thing like this easily enough.

"Ah," Burgo said, just then, "here's the horse! I'll bring him back for you, Glyn, when I've made this all square."

And he cantered away down the avenue hopefully. The truth must surely conquer the lie this time. But the wise youth knew better than that, and felt no uneasiness. Burgo was going to knock his foolish head against something harder than the stone-wall of the Towers. By all means let him.

Meantime, Glyn had a piece of news to

give my lady. She was in her own room with Cecil, René Pardaillan believed. She was there a long time. She came into the drawing-room alone presently.

"Where is Burgo?" she asked.

Glyn told her. She shook her head. Then he said, for her ear only: "Do you know for whom he wanted the money?"

"Do you?" she asked, looking at him. Did he tell you?"

"Yes."

"For whom?"

"You have guessed. For Mrs. Brune."

CHAPTER VI.

BURGO IS DISOWNED.

"O MAMMA! Mamma! It can't be true! He never did it!"

Cecil was walking feverishly up and down the octagon chamber, repeating this. My lady sat in her accustomed seat watching her, grave and silent, till such time as it should be safe to continue the operation.

She had not said that Burgo was a forger—exactly. She had merely told Cecil what she had been told herself, as though it had actually happened—that was all. She didn't believe it; but *la diplomatie n'a pas d'entrailles*. An opportunity was an opportunity. She thought she might wait long for a better. Burgo

was not to marry her daughter; the ostensible reason why did not signify—to her. Assuming this business to be true, there was an end of the matter at once, without any further trouble. So Lady Mildred assumed it to be true, and spoke accordingly. Of course it was just possible that, being innocent, Burgo might succeed in establishing his innocence by-and-by.

"But," my lady thought, "Glyn didn't seem very apprehensive of that; and Glyn ought to know, it seems to me."

Besides, she settled that it should be too late then; all would be over. So much the worse for Burgo; but what would he have? He had to be got rid of somehow.

Having made up her mind that this was to be the way, Lady Mildred took her daughter upstairs, sat her down on the sofa beside her own chair, put her arm round her waist, and went to work immediately.

Cecil listened—startled, incredulous, amazed, indignant. But my lady's tone told; the girl *did* listen. Still, when my lady had finished, she cried that it could not be true; that he had never done this. You observe the ground that has been lost and gained already.

"He never did it, mamma!"

The policy and the wisdom of my lady's silence would now have been appreciable by any astute third person. Cecil's assertion was almost a question.

"It was *done*, dear, there is no doubt of that. There was the cheque, evidently altered. There was the receipt, signed by him for the exact amount. It is very dreadful; but what can one say? One knows what Burgo is."

And Lady Mildred shrugged her shoulders, as though one knew that he was a professional forger amongst other things.

"Mamma!"

"What, dear?"

"You must not speak of him like that. I know what Burgo is; and I know he never did that."

"I don't say he did. I am merely telling you the facts as they most undoubtedly are."

"Yes, as Glyn Vipont says they are. I declare, I would believe nothing he said against Burgo."

"My dear child, he has said nothing against Burgo; Glyn has behaved very



AND HE CANTERED AWAY.

well. This may make a great difference to him; but he has behaved very well. At any rate, the facts are indisputable. The cheque was altered from one hundred pounds to four hundred; and—Burgo signed a receipt for that four hundred."

"But it was not Burgo who altered the cheque, mamma; you know it was not."

Lady Mildred shrugged her shoulders.

"I *hope* it was not, darling; but—who did, then?"

"He can explain. You have not seen him yet. If he has done this, would he go straight across to the Towers now? Besides *why* should he do it? Why, mamma?"

My lady's grave face became graver.

"He had only to ask to have what he wanted, you know," Cecil went on.

"I know he had asked too often and too much of late, Cecil."

"Of late? Why, he has been almost living here. Mamma, you know how differently he has lived of late."

"It is as I say, nevertheless. Sir Burgo at last refused, positively—very positively."

"Well?"

"Burgo asked Glyn Vipont three days ago to lend him a large sum."

"Glyn says so. Well?"

"Well, Glyn could not lend it him. Burgo declared he must have it, and seemed much disturbed. He evidently was greatly in want of the money; he could not wait, and he knew it was no use applying to Sir Burgo."

"So he went and forged this cheque? Is that what you mean, mamma?" Cecil asked, with a faint smile. "You mean me to understand that?"

"Cecil, I want you to understand nothing but what I say. There is, as it stands at present, a very strong case against Burgo. You may not believe—I may not believe—that he did this; but the case is reasonably very strong against him; it is impossible to deny that."

"But why," Cecil said, unable to say more—"why did he do it? And *now* mamma?"

VOL. V.—AUGUST, 1893.

"One can only surmise, my poor child."

"My poor child" knew there was something more behind, after that.

"Can you surmise why Burgo should have done this? Can you, mamma?"

She ceased her feverish pacing to and fro, and stood still, white and almost stern, to face the model mother's answer. The model mother knew that this was the critical point in the operation. It required very delicate doing. The smallest mistake would be fatal. However, she *was* a model mother, and she could do this without the smallest mistake. She met her child's gaze with mournful, compassionate calmness. This made the poor child cry out,

"O mamma! Tell me."

"I will tell you what I know, darling. It is better; and you know something of this yourself, Cecil."

"I know?"

"Yes. The other day when you spoke to me about this now doubly unfortunate business between you and Burgo, there was something which you didn't tell me; something you had seen that afternoon that had made you unhappy. I knew you were unhappy; but I did not know the reason till afterwards. You understand me?"

"Go on, mamma," was all the patient could say.

"I know now," my lady went on; "and you remember our overtaking Burgo as we drove back from the Court

the day after? It was on that day that he got the money; it was on that day that he and Mrs. Brune must have walked nearly half-way here, along that private road, so deep in conversation that they scarcely heard us coming behind them."

"Mamma, mamma!"

"This is so, is it not? Cecil, I am merely telling you what you know as well as I do; and only repeating this because I have something more to add to it, something I *must* add now."

"Stop! Mamma, are you sure of what you are going to say? Think—quite sure?"

"I am sure of this," my lady said, rising emphatically to finish; "that whoever tampered with that cheque, it was Burgo



"IT CAN'T BE TRUE."

who had the money; and that he wanted this money to give to Mrs. Brune; and that he did give it to her, that day. I am sure of that—quite sure."

The patient did not groan, or cry, or faint. She sat still, quite white and quiet, in a way my lady hardly liked, for a good while, her eyes fixed on vacancy, and her hands clasped tightly together. Presently she spoke:

"You say you are sure; you may be right. You would hardly tell me this if you were not quite sure. But—he loves me; I am sure of that."

"Yes, he loves you."

"Well, then, if he loved me ——"

"This could not have happened? That is a fair argument, I admit. Only remember what sort of life Burgo has lived."

"You always fall back on that, mamma," the girl said bitterly.

"I am bound to consider it, I think, when you are concerned. It was one of my objections to this affair between you from the first, and I am not suffered to forget it. I am forced to remember it now. You tell me that Burgo loves you, and that therefore he *could* not have done this. I admit his love for you, but I can admit nothing more; I must have proof. Yes, he loves you, Cecil; but he has not always loved you. He may have entanglements; he may be hampered—men are whose lives have given far less cause for suspecting it. I confess I feared it; that was why I insisted on your being allowed time when it was too late for me to do anything else. And was I not right?"

Cecil was silent. My lady's speech was very suggestive. She saw suddenly how it *might* all be as her parent put it. Burgo might love her, and yet be hampered, entangled. She remembered all she had seen. Misgivings that were vague then, came back to her no longer vague. What had he said to her that afternoon on the terrace? That he would do anything for this woman. What had he done?

My lady went on, after allowing time for her words to tell:

"Darling, I wish to do him no injustice; but I think of you. This is a terrible affair; it may be explained—Burgo may clear himself" (Cecil winced at the word, but silently). "But of all I have said to you about it, I am sure. When you bring your argument against me, that he loves you and *must* be innocent, I feel bound to point out to you that he may love you, and yet ——"

"Yes, I understand," Cecil interrupted here.

"Just so," my lady said. "There may be nothing but what is quite simply explainable between him and Mrs. Brune. They are very old friends, you know; but, taken altogether, the affair has a very unpleasant look. I could hardly speak of it to you less seriously than I have done, Cecil. The facts are dreadfully against him, one can't deny, and there is the possible, the probable motive."

"You are more against him than the facts, mamma."

"It is not fair to either of us to say that. It is true I have been against your marrying him."

"Since when?"

"Since I had reason," my lady returned coolly. This meant since René Pardailan had told her what he wanted. Cecil understood this; but she misunderstood, and always had, my lady's motive for wanting her to take the Marquis.

"But," my lady continued, "that has very little to do with it; it has not influenced my judgment in this matter. In fact, I have not judged him at all; I have simply stated what has happened. Of course, Burgo must clear himself. If not, why, of course ——"

Cecil finished the sentence for herself. There was a long pause. My lady felt her work was done; the rest was all plain sailing. If Burgo cleared himself, it would be a miracle; and Lady Mildred didn't believe in miracles.

"Mamma," Cecil said, "how do you know what he did with this money?"



"YOU ARE MORE AGAINST HIM THAN FACTS."

"Through himself—indirectly."

"Ah! Glyn Vipont. Glyn has been very busy in all this. I must see Burgo myself, mamma, when he comes back."

"That depends, of course, on —"

"On what? He's not to be condemned unheard, is he? I tell you I love him, I love him."

"No, he is not to be condemned unheard, dear. But can you question him? When he comes back, I shall see him alone, and then I shall know whether you can see him afterwards or not."

"I must see him, whatever he may tell you. Mamma, if Burgo had done this, he would tell you. If he told you he had not, I would believe him. And—and what is this Mrs. Brune to him that he should—Oh, he did not, he could not!"

And an hour passed wearily, and still Burgo had not come. My lady sat with her daughter in the octagon chamber, listening for the ring of his horse's hoofs upon the gravel.

René Pardaillan, left alone with Glyn Vipont in the drawing-room, had eyed that youth for a minute or two with melancholy hate, and then had risen, saluted Glyn gravely, and gone without a word. Glyn was antipathetic to him; he simply could not stay in his company. He had lit a cigarette and strolled away and hidden himself, and the battle that was being fought in him, from human ken in a quiet corner of the pleasaunce. He knew nothing of what had happened. It was only the old eternal fight in him whether, knowing what he knew, he should take Cecil for his wife—if he could or not.

Glyn smoked on the terrace. He felt quite calm and comfortable; and he enjoyed his golden-brown cabana every bit as much as usual. The game was won, or as good as won; and he felt no remorse whatever, and no undue exultation. Was he not a wise youth? To him life was all a little game, where you won if you could, and as you could; where you "did" your neighbour, or were "done" by him, as the simplest matter of business. And what people called "remorse" was aggravated dyspepsia, preventable by prophylactic blue-pill. Glyn's digestion was usually perfect.

He strolled about smoking on the terrace in the sun, thinking of the last time he had strolled there up and down with Burgo, and of that lucky request for the

loan of the three hundred that had been made him. Yes, he had had a chance, and he had availed himself of it. He stood to win now. Burgo was out of the way for ever; his own road to the Towers lay quite clear before him. The old man would never go back from his oath—never. He would see *his heir*—Glyn smiled as he remembered a certain bumper of Romanée '48 he had swallowed to a certain toast once—no more. Burgo's day was done, there was an end of him; and so there might be, for all Glyn cared. He had had quite enough of his cousin all his life.

"D—n him!" Glyn said to himself with the smile on his lips yet, and quite calmly; "he may go to the devil as soon as he likes, you know."

Meanwhile Burgo had galloped across to the Towers as fast as Glyn's horse would carry him, revolving many things in his mind as he went.

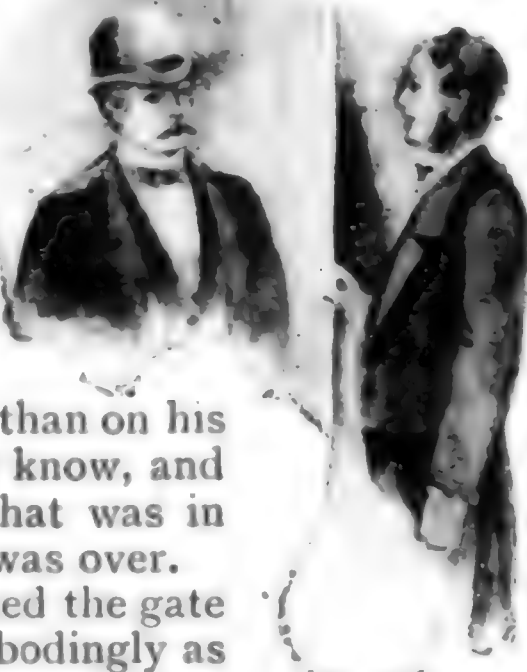
What on earth could be the meaning of what he had heard? It had seemed simply laughable at first. Did they mean to say that he had gone and altered the cheque? What confounded nonsense! But the thing assumed a different aspect as he rode and thought it over again. The cheque *had* been altered; Glyn had seen it; Sir Burgo had seen it; and yet this was the same cheque, beyond doubt, which he had put into the envelope that night at Ellesmere, with his written request to Bullion and Baggs to let him draw three hundred for a couple of months. Now, how could that be? He began to see the case against him. There was the cheque; there was the receipt for the amount of it which he had signed. He had signed it, of course, believing that he was merely acknowledging the safe delivery into his hands of the total the bank-clerk had brought him; and concluding that, as they had let him overdraw this way before, Bullion and Baggs had made no difficulty about doing so in the present instance, though it had been for a larger sum. But his note to the firm had vanished; it had never been seen, never been received by anyone. The money had been sent him simply on the strength of the forged cheque. By-and-by the forgery had been discovered; and then naturally the Bank had got savage, and gone straight over to the Towers, cheque in hand; and then had followed all this row.

The more Burgo looked at the business, the less he liked it; it looked uglier

and uglier; and it was at present perfectly inexplicable. All he could do was to give Sir Burgo his word of honour that he personally knew no more about it than Sir Burgo's self; and then they must try and unravel the mystery.

He reached the Towers at last, never doubting but that it would eventually come all right, and much more annoyed on the K.C.B.'s account than on his own. But he didn't naturally know, and could never have suspected, what was in store for him when his gallop was over.

The keeper's wife, who opened the gate for him, shook her head forebodingly as the Captain went off again, not in too great a hurry to nod her wonted good-morning. *She* knew pretty well what was waiting for him. The lodge was a couple of miles nearly from the house. Mr. Hayes, the sole person who could have heard anything of what had passed in the dining-room after tiffin, was a model of discretion: and yet this keeper's wife who kept the gate knew quite well that something unpleasant had happened, and that this something concerned Captain Burgo, whom she greatly loved. She was perfectly well aware that Sir Burgo had shut himself up in his own room, and was in one of his "red rages," only the rage was "redder" than anybody ever remembered it before, because it was about the Captain. She knew all this: who had told her? Who can tell? No one, most likely; but she knew all this, all the same. So, one can more easily understand, did the servants' hall generally, and the stables. Burgo was highly popular amongst both communities. They wondered what the matter really was now. The Captain had been a-overrunning the constable again, had he? But the Captain had done that pretty often before, and Sir Burgo had taken it quite as a matter of course. And what harm if he had, either? Wasn't the place as good as his own already? To be sure it was. Sir Burgo wouldn't have took on this way if it had been only that, they agreed. Then what was it? Mr. Hayes's expressive countenance was consulted. It looked very grave; the model of discretion said nothing, but his subordinates thought the more in consequence.



"SIR BURGO CAN
SEE NO ONE AT
PRESENT."

A sharp beat of hoofs, and a scattering of the trim gravel where the wheel-marks of the Norbury Bank's gig were visible, and then Burgo had left the told-out chestnut to the man who came hurrying round from the stable, eager to see what the Captain wanted, and what was going to happen; and had run up the slope, and been received on the hall door-mat by the discreet Hayes, graver and discreeter than ever.

"Hayes," Burgo said, "I want to see the governor at once. Where is he?"

"Sir Burgo is in his own room, sir," Hayes answered.

"All right; I'll go up."

But Hayes didn't make way for him; Hayes kept his position on the door-mat as if he had been manning a breach.

"I beg your pardon, sir," Hayes said. He, too, liked the Captain; but he was Sir Burgo's before all, and he had had his orders. It distressed him to have to carry them out, but he would have done it if he had died for it; so he held his ground.

"I beg your pardon, sir, Sir Burgo can see no one at present."

"See no one—why, what's wrong? Is he ill?"

"Sir Burgo is—not well, sir; he has given orders not to be disturbed by anyone."

"But he'll see me, I suppose?"

"His orders were very precise, sir."

"You mean to say he won't see me, Hayes?"

Hayes remained gravely silent for a minute; then he said:

"Might I respectfully ask you to step into the dining-room, sir? I can hardly say what I would wish to say here."

He might have said anything he chose; there was no one to hear. But he was a model of discretion. Burgo saw it was a deal more serious than he had anticipated.

"All right," he assented.

Mr. Hayes let him in through the breach, preceded him solemnly to the dining-room door, opened it for him, and then closed it behind them both.

"And now what is it?" Burgo turned on him at once to ask.

"First, sir, might I offer you any luncheon?" Hayes said. He would have offered you luncheon, this man, if you had come to the Towers to be hung. Burgo couldn't help laughing at him.

"No," he said; "I've no appetite just now, Hayes, thank you."

Hayes bowed gravely. He had satisfied his major-domo's conscience by going through the form. He hung fire a little before he answered Burgo's question. From what he knew, this was a serious, very serious business. Sir Burgo had seemed quite determined; his instructions had been most peremptory. He would not see Captain Maltravers, if Captain Maltravers came over that afternoon, or any other afternoon, or at any time whatever. He would not see his nephew under any circumstances. Did Hayes quite understand? Then let Hayes look to it.

This was very serious. But Hayes had a regard for one he had been accustomed to consider as his future liege lord; besides, things might come all right again. So he thought he would break the intelligence as gently as might be. Sir Burgo had only forbidden him to admit the Captain to his presence; he had not said he was to be kept out of the house altogether; so Hayes had felt himself at liberty to request the Captain to walk into the dining-room, and, moreover, had taken upon that self to offer the Captain luncheon. Hayes didn't know exactly what the Captain had been doing; but he fancied it must be something pretty bad this time for the governor to issue the edict he had done; and in the money way, too, or what did Bullion from Norbury want over there that morning? Still, it might all come right yet. The discreet Hayes wanted to

express that hope, amongst other things, discreetly, between walls, and with the door shut.

This he did by-and-by, when he had told Burgo all else he had to tell. It was sorry comfort to the listener. He could understand the old man's anger and annoyance well enough, but he couldn't understand how, inexplicable as the thing was, he should believe that he, Burgo, had been guilty of this thing. It looked fearfully as though Sir Burgo did believe that—did believe it so absolutely as to have already tried and condemned his nephew in his absence, and unheard; did believe it so absolutely as to refuse to see or listen to him—as to have shut his doors against him, and turned his face from him for ever. Yes, it looked fearfully as if this were so.

And if it were, what was that proud, generous old man thinking of him? That he was a disgrace to their name—reprobate and ungrateful beyond bearing. That the man to whom he owed so much—whom he liked and loved so honestly—should so think of him was harder to stand than all the rest. Burgo told Hayes he must and would see his uncle. At last Hayes was constrained, sorely against his present inclination, to carry an urgent request upstairs that Burgo might be admitted to an audience.

The envoy returned with ominous promptitude. Sir Burgo Maltravers declined to see Captain Maltravers, after the events of that morning, on any pretext whatever. Captain Maltravers would receive a communication shortly from Sir Burgo's lawyers, which would place matters between them on the footing on which Sir Burgo intended them for the future to remain. That was all.

(To be continued.)



IN our article dealing with the "Queen's Westminster Volunteers," we briefly alluded to the martial spirit which animated the nation when the great Napoleon openly declared his intention of making a descent on the shores of England. His arrogant boast that he would blot us out from the map of Europe called forth the first Volunteer movement. After all fears of a foreign invasion had been dispelled on the field of Waterloo, the "Citizen Army" was disbanded. During the Crimean War France proved herself in every way a faithful ally of Great Britain. During that momentous period the friendship existing between the two nations seemed indissoluble, and up to the Spring of 1856, France could do nothing wrong; she was our ally. In 1857 she could do nothing right. Then we remembered that during the Crimean war Napoleon's interests were more developed than ours. We suspected every step taken by him, and believed he was animated by a steadfast desire to humiliate us. We called to mind the swamps of Cayenne, the manufactured Plebiscitum. We spoke of Judas' kisses at Buckingham

Palace and the Tuileries. The new year came. Orsini's attempt on the life of the Emperor, matured in England, was made in Paris. Lord Palmerston willing to do the Emperor a pleasure, and shocked at the use which had been made of the right of asylum, introduced the Conspiracy to Murder bill, a most righteous measure in principle, but not carefully framed. The English people felt outraged by the insults of the French Colonels, and would not have it at any price. The "most English of ministers" was hurled from power, and when the Derby-Disraeli Ministry was formed, the leader of the House of Commons said war with France was a question, not of days, but of hours. Then an Old Bailey jury acquitted Dr. Simeon Bernard on the charge of conspiracy against the life of Napoleon the Third. The feeling on both sides of the Channel grew more and more intense, and it is not easy to say what might have happened, when the leven bolt fell, not towards this side of the Channel but over the Alps. The electricity was drawn off in another direction, but the lesson had sunk deeply into the hearts of the people. On a ques-



PRIZE SHOTS AT WIMBLEDON.

tion of Reform the Conservatives went out, having kept the peace with difficulty; but before they went they gave a turn to the elections, by recognising and responding to the call of the country for safety at home, whatever might happen abroad. They sanctioned the formation of a Volunteer army. Had they done so sooner, it might have changed the face of modern politics: as it was, they were only beaten on a want of confidence in the bill, in the most crowded house then known. A fortnight after Magenta, a week before Solferino, the Palmerston-Russell Administration was formed, and it was

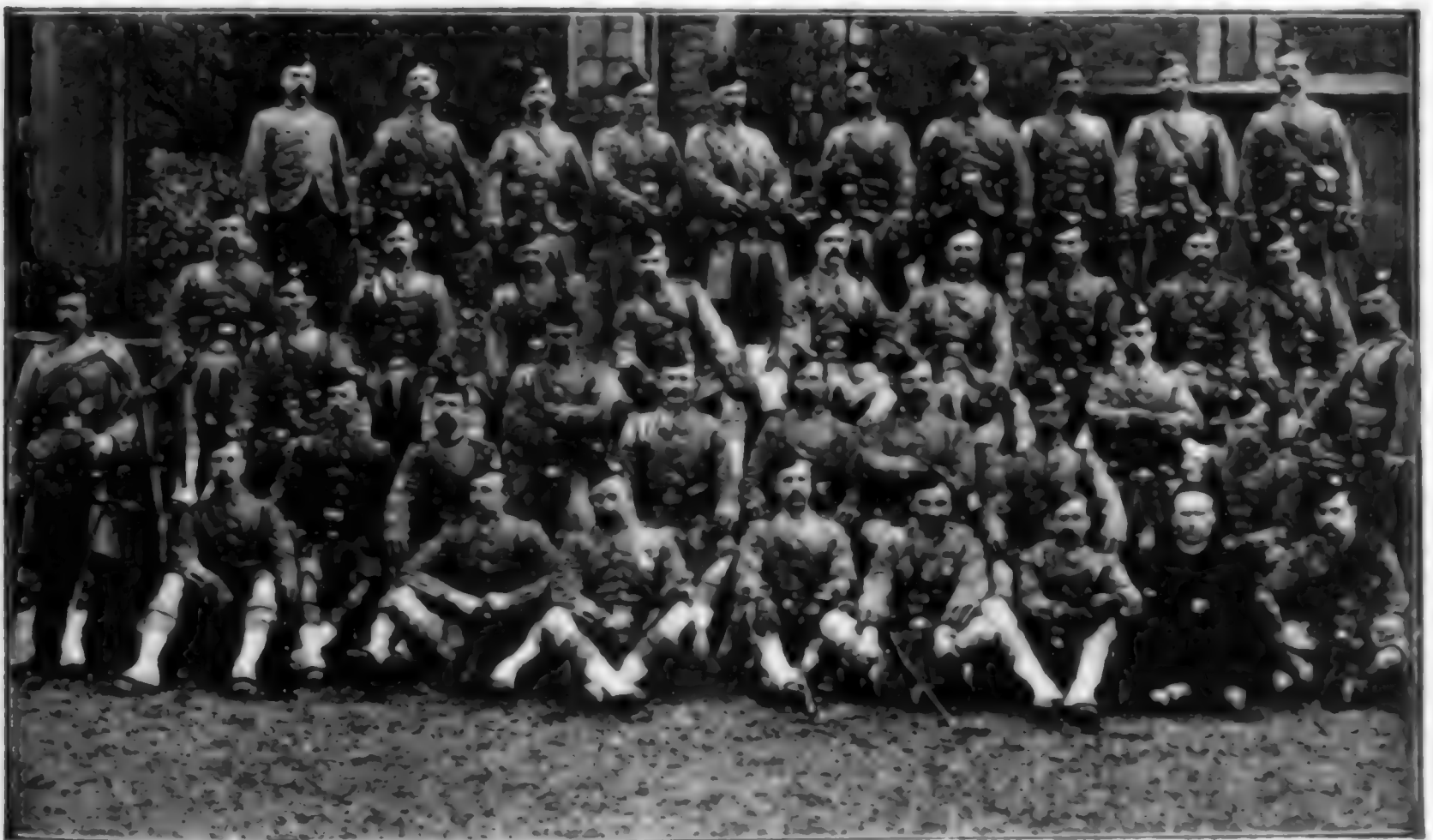
noticed as a pleasing feature that the most British of ministers took the oath on Waterloo Day, and adopted the Volunteer movement at the first opportunity. It was no longer a party question—it was a national resolve. In 1859 the Volunteer movement became an accomplished fact; and it was this year which witnessed the birth of the subject of our present article, The "London Scottish Rifle Volunteers." This crack regiment was the practical



LIEUT.-COLONEL NICOL.

outcome of a public meeting of Scotchmen, held on the 4th of July, 1859, and in the following January the corps was accepted by the military authorities as a battalion, consisting of six companies of one hundred men each, one company only being then in kilts. In November, 1860, the battalion was increased to ten companies, with four companies in the kilts, the muster-roll then being about eight hundred and seventy. In 1865 the companies were reduced to eight, the numbers of the regiment falling off considerably, and fears were entertained that the national spirit of Scotchmen was wanting

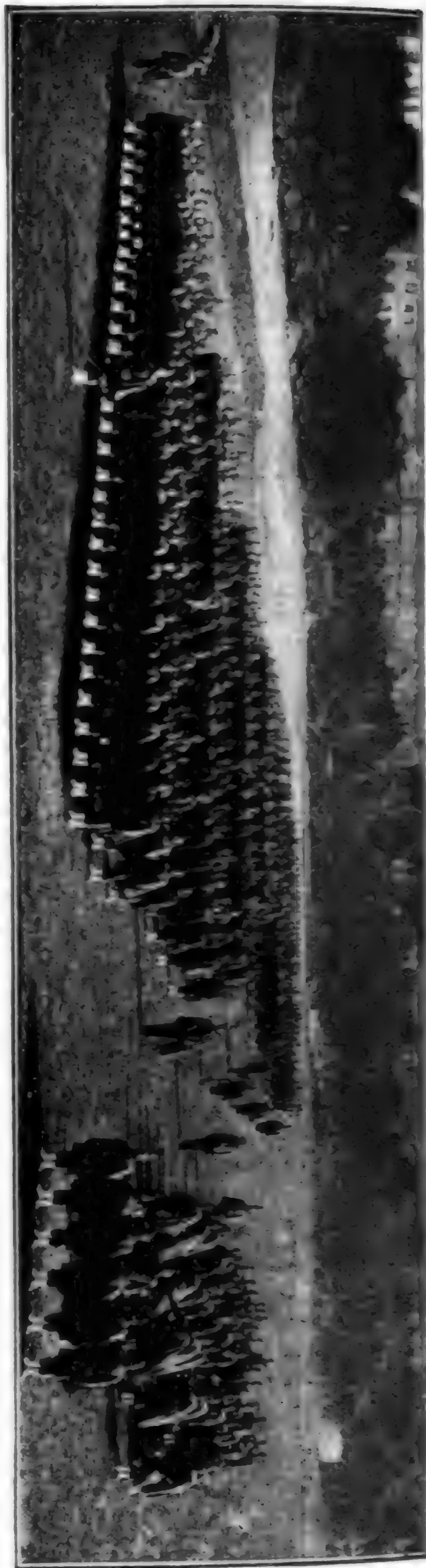
to an extent that boded ill for the corps. Shortly after that date the whole regiment was put into the kilt, which helped its recruiting; and the Windsor and Edinburgh reviews of 1881 had a most beneficial effect, as since that year the Scottish have added to their numbers. At the present time their strength is about eight hundred and ninety, and it is estimated that about three thousand nine hundred beyond this



GROUP OF SERGEANTS, DOVER, EASTER, 1892.

number have passed through the ranks, thus swelling the number of the nation who have received military training. It was certainly wise on the part of the military authorities to clothe the entire regiment in the kilt. The fact that they are the only regiment on this side of the Tweed thus attired undoubtedly adds to the interest which is taken in their welfare by the general public. To those who advocate neutral grey, or such like sober hued uniforms as the most sensible garb in which to clothe the modern soldier, the popularity of the "London Scottish" is a standing rebuke. Their picturesque uniform is more calculated to win recruits than any other inducement which it is possible for the authorities to offer. The corps, however, is not only Scotch in garb, but its members, with few exceptions, are Scotchmen to the backbone. When the regiment was first raised, as the 15th Middlesex, admittance to membership could only be gained by the applicant who was Scottish by birth, descent, marriage, or property. The regulations as they exist to-day are much more strict, the regulation permitting "Scotchmen by marriage" having been withdrawn; consequently, the regiment is more thoroughly Scottish in character than it has ever been. At the time of the formation of the corps the uniform was very similar to that worn by the other regiments. In an old coloured lithograph hanging on the walls of the officer's mess at the headquarters in James's Street, Buckingham Gate, we find the uniform consisting of a light grey tunic, loose trousers coming down to the knee, and brown leggings, the facings light-blue, and for head-gear, the old-fashioned shako, with the feather at one side; in the kilted company the uniform is very similar to that now worn. We shall now have to go back to 1860, in which year a great impetus was given to the Volunteer movement by the Prince Consort, who first conceived the idea that it would be well if Her Majesty associated herself intimately with her citizen soldiers; and, as a first fruit of this, a great levée of Volunteer officers was held at St. James' Palace, and over one thousand of them dined the same night at St. James' Hall, with the Duke of Cambridge in the chair. On the 23rd June, 1860, the "never-to-be-forgotten" Volunteer Review was held by the Queen in Hyde Park. The London Scottish

A PARADE, EASTBOURNE, EASTER, 1893



played a conspicuous part in this historical event. It was a gigantic affair, eighteen thousand, four hundred and fifty men being present, from striplings to old men. One of the latter, Mr. Lover, of Wealdhall in Essex, who had been present at a Volunteer Review held on the same ground in 1803 as an officer, was present on this occasion as a hale and hearty private. We believe there was no living link between the great Review of June 4, 1799, King George the Third's sixty-first birthday, and that of his grand-daughter on Midsummer eve, sixty-one years after, but there was much in common between the two occasions. The Review of 1860 was a grand sight, and it was well characterised in a general order published two days later, as "memorable in the annals of our times." An amusing rumour gained credence at the time; it was to the effect that the Emperor Napoleon the Third was actually present at the review, and that he was recognised by some old fellow constables in Hyde Park, disguised in a shooting jacket, and coolly smoking a cigar. Strange to say, a similar rumour was started about the first Napoleon, as it was popularly believed that he came disguised to England in order to have a personal interview with Pitt. Nine days after the great Review, the National Rifle Association began its first meetings at Wimbledon Common. The Queen, guarded by a select number of Volunteers, received an ad-



MAJOR BALFOUR
Photo. by] [Naudin and Co.

dress in a pavilion near the Wimbledon end of the common and returned a gracious reply; then Her Majesty pulled a string attached to the trigger of a Whitworth gun; the bullet struck the target, a red and white flag signalled a bull's-eye, and the first Wimbledon meet was opened. In briefly alluding to some of the principal Volunteer Reviews held during the last thirty-four years, the reader must remember that on all occasions the gallant "London Scottish Rifles" played an important part.

In fact, writing a short history of this distinguished regiment means writing a history of the whole Volunteer movement and vice versa.

In March, 1863, the London Scottish helped to line the streets on the occasion of the arrival of the Princess Alexandra in London as the affianced bride of the Prince of Wales. In 1866 they were first reviewed with regular troops. This was on the occasion of a great Review at Dover. Captain Commerell, one of the most popular men in the Navy, commanded a squadron composed of the fine old *Terrisa*, *The Virago*, *The Lizard*, *The Martin*, and *Ferral* gun brigs, and *The Magnet* gun boat. The manœuvres of the vessels as they covered a supposed landing were beautiful to look upon, and the roar and smoke of their guns, answered from the Guildford battery, Archcliffe Fort and the Western Heights, combined well with the attack and defence of the castle. Dover Castle was nearly



LIEUT. A. G. ALEXANDER
Photo. by] [Bassano.



LIEUT. J. C. H. GREIG.
Photo. by] [Mayall and Co.

regular troops. This was on the occasion of a great Review at Dover. Captain Commerell, one of the most popular men in the Navy, commanded a squadron composed of the fine old *Terrisa*, *The Virago*, *The Lizard*, *The Martin*, and *Ferral* gun brigs, and *The Magnet* gun boat. The manœuvres of the vessels as they covered a supposed landing were beautiful to look upon, and the roar and smoke of their guns, answered from the Guildford battery, Archcliffe Fort and the Western Heights, combined well with the attack and defence of the castle. Dover Castle was nearly



LIEUT. ARCHIBALD GRAY.
Photo. by] [Vandyk.



QUEEN'S REPRESENTATIVES, WIMBLEDON, 1887

carried by the invaders, who penetrated to the very ditches, so that the drawbridges had to be raised and the gates closed to keep them out.

In the same year ten thousand English volunteers and one thousand Belgians marched past the Sultan Ab-dul Aziz, the Prince of Wales, the Duke D'Aosta, and a distinguished company at Wimbledon; and in 1867 the Queen held a Review at Windsor.

The year 1881 was certainly a busy one for the London Scottish. In July they took part in the great Volunteer Review held before Her Majesty at Windsor, and in September they assisted at the Review in Edinburgh. On this occasion forty thousand, six hundred and seventy-four men were present, and of this number thirty-six thousand, one hundred and ten were Scotch volunteers, the rest coming from the English Border Counties of Northumberland, Cumberland and Durham. Only five of the Scottish regiments were not represented, the far distant Orkney Artillery Brigade, and the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Aberdeenshire Rifles, whose absence was due to the season of the year, the men being unable to leave their fishing and harvest. The London Scottish, some three hundred strong, were detrained at the Leith Road Station, and were cheered by an enormous crowd who had assembled to welcome this crack London regiment. The Queen, the Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Beatrice, the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught and Cambridge, and Lord Wolseley (then plain Sir Garnet) were present.

The weather was most unfavourable. In fact, it could not have been much worse. Rain fell almost continuously all day; the journey back from the field was certainly a rough experience for the Volunteers. They had nothing dry to put on when they returned to their quarters, and many regiments continued their journey to their homes the same night. The London Scottish, who arrived next morning at King's Cross, were in a terrible plight, damp, muddy, and weary-looking. The Duke of Cambridge is said to have observed, when coming from the Review, "This is as hard as actual service." A few days later the Queen caused Major-General Macdonald to telegraph to the officers, congratulating each corps on its bearing, safe return, etc.

The London Scottish has always had distinguished officers at its head. Field Marshal Lord Clyde, G.C.B., held this post from 1861 to 1863; his successor was Lieut.-General Sir J. Hope Grant, G.C.B., from 1864 to 1875, and the Earl of Wemyss, A.D.C., now holds the appointment, as a just tribute to his long and meritorious services both to the corps and to the Volunteer force generally. The Earl of Wemyss was the first acting colonel; he was then Lord Elcho. In 1873 he practically handed over the command to Major Lumsden, who was gazetted to the colonelcy in December, 1878. Colonel Lumsden retained the command until some two years ago, when, much to the regret of all, he resigned, and the command fell to Lieut.-Colonel Nicol. During his tenure of

the office, Colonel Lumsden did much for the corps, and left it in a splendid state of efficiency. He had the satisfaction of seeing its numbers increase from four hundred and sixty-five in 1873 to eight hundred and one in 1891. It is a rule in the London Scottish that no member can hold a commission unless he has served in the ranks. The practical experience they thus gain proves of the greatest value when they are called upon to command in the field. The present commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Nicol, joined as a private in February, 1884, after having held a commission in the Deeside Highlanders.

He obtained his majority a few months afterwards, and the command in 1891. He works incessantly, and is unsparing in his efforts for the welfare of his regiment.

The commission as second mounted officer was for some years held by Major Alexander. Much to the regret of all in the corps, he retired quite recently. We believe his successor has not been yet appointed.

Major Eustace Balfour is the third mounted officer of the corps, and is a brother of Mr. Arthur James Balfour, M.P. He joined in 1882, obtained his company in 1889, and his majority in 1891. He is one of the most able and popular officers in the whole volunteer service. Space will not permit us to deal individually with each officer. Suffice to say they are alike esteemed by the military authorities for their zeal in the discharge



THE ADJUTANT, CAPTAIN SCOTT.

of their duties, and by those under them for their kindness and consideration. Every praise is due to the several adjutants who have served with the London Scottish: Arbuckle, Flood Page, Milligan, Smail and Covey are all names to conjure with in Volunteer circles. The three last were selected from the 92nd Highlanders, or, as they are now designated, the Second Battalion Gordon Highlanders. The corps is, however, officially attached to the Rifle Brigade. It was chiefly due to the exertions of the Hon. John Scott Napier that the Scottish secured the site upon which the present

splendid headquarters stand, and a considerable portion of the necessary funds was provided by his personal endeavours. The next adjutant was Major C. W. Douglas. He was a most capable officer, and while acting with the corps he compiled that most useful book, "Battalion Standing Orders," a little work that has been of great use. The present adjutant

is Captain Scott. The duties of an adjutant are onerous in the extreme, but no regimental work seems too hard for Captain Scott, and he, in a great measure, contributes to the high state of efficiency in which we at all times find the London Scottish. He is one of the most popular officers in the regiment.

The medical staff of the battalion has always been to the fore; at the present moment the surgeons are Surgeon-Captains Leslie Ogilvie and George



OFFICER'S UNIFORM, 1860.



BUGLER, 1839.

Ogilvie. In the selection of its quartermaster the corps has been singularly fortunate. The present quartermaster is Captain John Hill. Visitors to Wimbledon had every reason to be grateful to this gentleman, where the Scottish always had a splendid name for hospitality. At Bisley the regiment has not the same opportunity of entertaining its friends and visitors, but we believe there is some idea of offering accommodation to volunteers coming from Scotland to Bisley, and thus bringing them more in touch with their brethren this side of the Tweed.

In 1886 it was found necessary to appoint a secretary to the corps, and for a time this post was filled by Sergeant-Major William Purcell, and since his death, in 1889, his place has been admirably filled by Captain Whyte, late of the Manchester Regiment. The services rendered by Captain Whyte are invaluable. He is "every inch a soldier," and has had a most distinguished military career, having seen active service in Egypt and elsewhere. On the permanent staff we find Sergeant-Major C. E. Davis, formerly of the Royal Fusiliers, who has seen many years' service with the corps; Sergeant-Instructors T. Rogers, late 2nd Scots Guards, and W. Milne, late 92nd



LIEUT. BRUNLEES. LIEUT. HAMPTON. MAJOR SWANSTON.

Highlanders. The present non-commissioned officers of the Scottish are quite as capable as those serving in the regular army. It would be a difficult and invidious task to specially

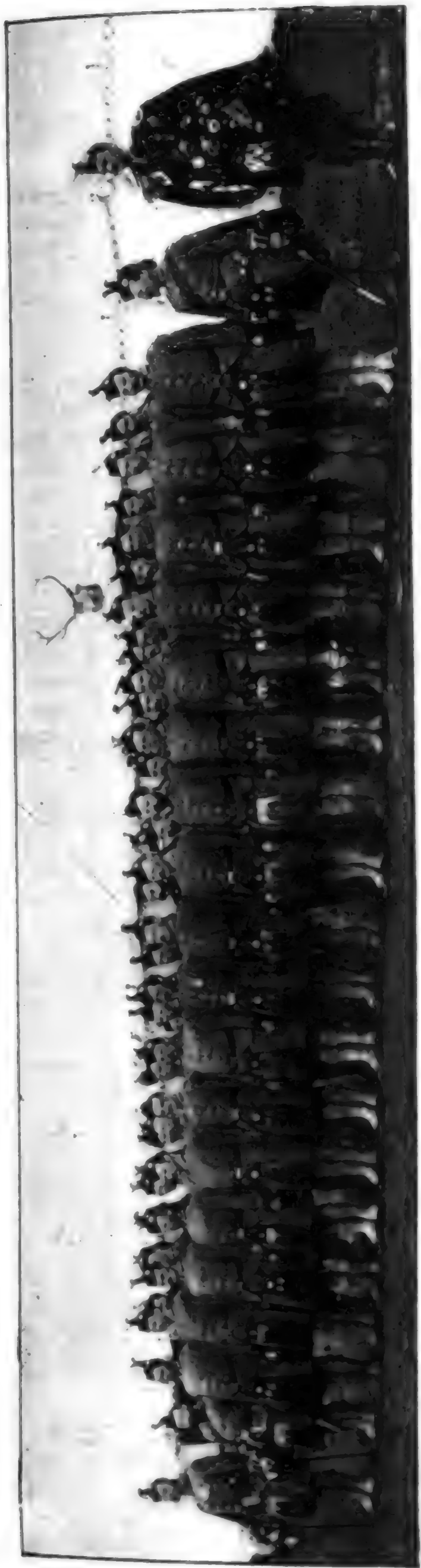
mention any of them for commendation; we may remind our readers, however, that one of the early colour-sergeants was J. W. Malcolm, of Poltalloch (now colonel of the Argyllshire Volunteers), whose stalwart figure at the head of "A" Company was a well-known and striking sight. Much good service was done for the regiment by Assistant-Sergeant Major J. H. Mackay, who has recently retired from the active list of members after many years' useful work on the corps. The London



SERGEANT-DRUMMER GOODMAN.

SERGEANT-PIPER KEITH.

SERGEANT-MAJOR C. E. DAVIS.



CHURCH PARADE.

Scottish have always been in the front rank in the matter of shooting. Two of their members have held the Blue Ribbon of the National Rifle Association, viz.: Private E. Ross, who won the Gold Medal and the Queen's Prize in 1860 (then a member of the 7th North Yorkshire R. V.), and Colour-Sergeant W. Michie, who won the prize in 1872. Private Ross also won the Silver Medal in 1865. Many other important prizes may be reckoned among the trophies. In 1891 four London Scottish men were the recipients of badges in the Queen's Prize at Bisley, Private W. Roxburgh finishing in the fifth place in this competition. It is not only in individual shooting that the corps excels, but also in team shooting, as in the case of the Middlesex Battalion Challenge Cup, where this regiment has been "placed" perhaps more often than any other corps. The battalion devotes its attention to volley, rapid and field firing, and drill competitions, while there are regular competitions in the regiment for judging distance amongst the officers and non-commissioned officers. One of the objects of the London Scottish is to encourage national sports. A curling club was formed in 1864, but it has not the opportunities possessed by the clubs in Scotland. It is, however, well supported, and from it has sprung the Royal Wimbledon Golf Club. The head-quarters of the regimental golf club are at the Iron House, Wimbledon, near the stately flag pole (the highest in the kingdom) presented many years ago to the regiment by Captain J. G. S. Anderson, since retired. The London Scottish are the proud possessors of a splendid collection of Challenge Cups and other prizes, which they display at their winter distribution of prizes. One of the most elaborate is the Celestial Cup, presented many years ago to the corps by Scotchmen resident in China. A magnificent piece of plate, in the form of a shield, was won by the regiment in their shooting competition with the Victorian Mounted Rifles. It was given by M. D. McEacharn, Esq., a former officer in the corps and a well-known resident in Victoria.

In the all-important matter of army signalling, the London Scottish has done well. The Signalling officer is Lieut. E. J. M. Gore, who succeeded Captain A. C. F. Gore. These two brothers

deserve every credit for having worked up a most successful school of arms. It is certainly no exaggeration to describe the headquarters in James' Street, Buckingham Gate, S.W., as magnificent. No volunteer corps, either in London or in the provinces, is housed so palatially. The building and site—freehold included—cost something like £25,000. The enormous drill-hall is surrounded by two galleries, running round which are reading, recreation, dressing rooms, etc. In the hall is a complete gymnasium, and a tennis court is marked out. In the basement are orderly rooms, armoury, Morris tube range, well fitted bath-rooms and kitchens. The quarters assigned to the officers are beautifully fitted up, and nothing has been left undone to add to the comfort of the rank and file. The sergeants' quarters are specially worthy of note. The present headquarters are certainly a contrast to the former wretched headquarters of the regiment in the Adelphi. A handsome clock in the hall



DR. GEORGE OGILVIE.

was presented to the regiment by the Misses Covey, in memory of their brother, Major Covey, who so ably filled the post of adjutant for many years. The band of the London Scottish is one of the finest in the Volunteer Service, and is conducted by Mr. H. W. Dowdall.

In addition, the regiment possesses a Volunteer Pipe Band (the only one South of the Tweed). It is under the control of Sergeant-Piper Keith. Some time ago, the corps possessed an amateur band. This has now been merged into the more or less professional body of musicians, forming

the splendid band which is such a credit to the corps.

The Annual Hallow Eve Dinner at the headquarters is one of the events of the year. The inevitable "haggis" is brought into the banqueting hall in solemn state, a procession being formed headed by a regimental piper. Talking of the Scotch National instrument, we may mention that on Wednesday the 19th of June, 1861, a splendid set of pipes, given by



THE AMATEUR BAND.



MAJOR ALEXANDER.
Photo. by] [Mayall.

Scotch ladies resident in London, was presented to the London Scottish by Lady Elcho in Westminster Hall. On presenting them, Lady Elcho said :

"It is specially gratifying to us to present you with this national instrument. We are proud of our national corps, and well pleased to add in this way to the outward marks of your nationality. The wild notes of the pipes are, I am sure, dear to every Scotch heart ; they awaken pleasant memories of home and country, and are associated with the heroic deeds of our gallant countrymen in all parts of the world. We are not without a hope, too, that these pipes may in some degree do the work of the recruiting sergeant, and that, attracted by their stirring sounds, many a good Scottish heart and arm may be gathered to our ranks. The present occasion is one of the many proofs of the interest taken by your countrywomen in this great national



CAPTAIN WHYTE, SECRETARY.

movement, and of their admiration of the patriotic spirit which has led you to make such sacrifices for it. The truth is, we look upon our volunteer army as the best security for peace, and we believe that so long as the noble zeal and steady perseverance, which have astonished Europe for the last two years, continue to be shown, so long, by God's blessing, will our native land be safe from insult or attack.

This force must, however, be kept up, and that steadily and permanently. Never, we entreat you, let your exertions in this holy cause flag ; never let it be said that our countrymen wearied in the work that they had nobly begun, or relapsed into indifference from any fancied feeling of security. You, members of the London Scottish, have many difficulties to contend with ; you are scattered far and wide over this vast Metropolis ; you are almost all of you engaged in laborious duties, which leave you little leisure. You have hitherto conquered these difficulties, and have cheerfully sacrificed your leisure hours. You are famed as a nation for your determination and perseverance ; turn, then, these qualities to account in this new field of duty."

This, the London Scottish has nobly done, and Lord Wemyss has every reason to be proud of the gallant corps which so well deserves the esteem in which it is held by Englishmen and Scotchmen alike.



LIEUT. COURAGE.
Photo. by] [Stereoscopic Co.



LIEUT. HEPBURN.
Photo. by] [Vand) k.

The Bravo's Song of the Sea.

Composed by FRANK JUDGE.

Allegro.

PIANO.



The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a half note G. The left staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.



The first vocal entry is on a single staff in treble clef, starting with a forte (f) dynamic. It contains two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves (treble and bass clef) with chords and single notes.

1. A spank-ing breeze and a flow-ing sail, The world be-fore my prow; What
2. But what shall stay the Bra-vo's hand Or curb his i-ron will? The



The second vocal entry is on a single staff in treble clef. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves (treble and bass clef) with chords and single notes.

voice dare whis-per thro' the gale That I'm not mon-arch now! Let
wave that breaks up-on the strand Lives all a gi-ant still; Then



The third vocal entry is on a single staff in treble clef. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves (treble and bass clef) with chords and single notes.

break-ers roar or winds be heard, Or storm fiends track the way,
com-rades, to the wide, wide sea, What mat-ters who shall stay

Quick to the helm, I've but one word, One word for all— O - bey.
Whilst we ride on - ward joy - ous - ly Up - on the wave a - way.

Shout Ho! to the voice of the surg - ing deep As the waves swing to and fro, And

rock on the crests whilst si - rens sleep Down deep in the caves be - low.

3. But hark! the sound of the ev-'ning gun Comes booming o'er the sea, Landsmen, Good-night,

3. But hark! the sound of the ev-'ning gun Comes booming o'er the sea, Landsmen, Good-night,

low sinks the sun— Sweetheart, good - night to thee! Lands - men, good-night!

low sinks the sun, Sweet-heart, good - night to thee!

ad lib. *pp*

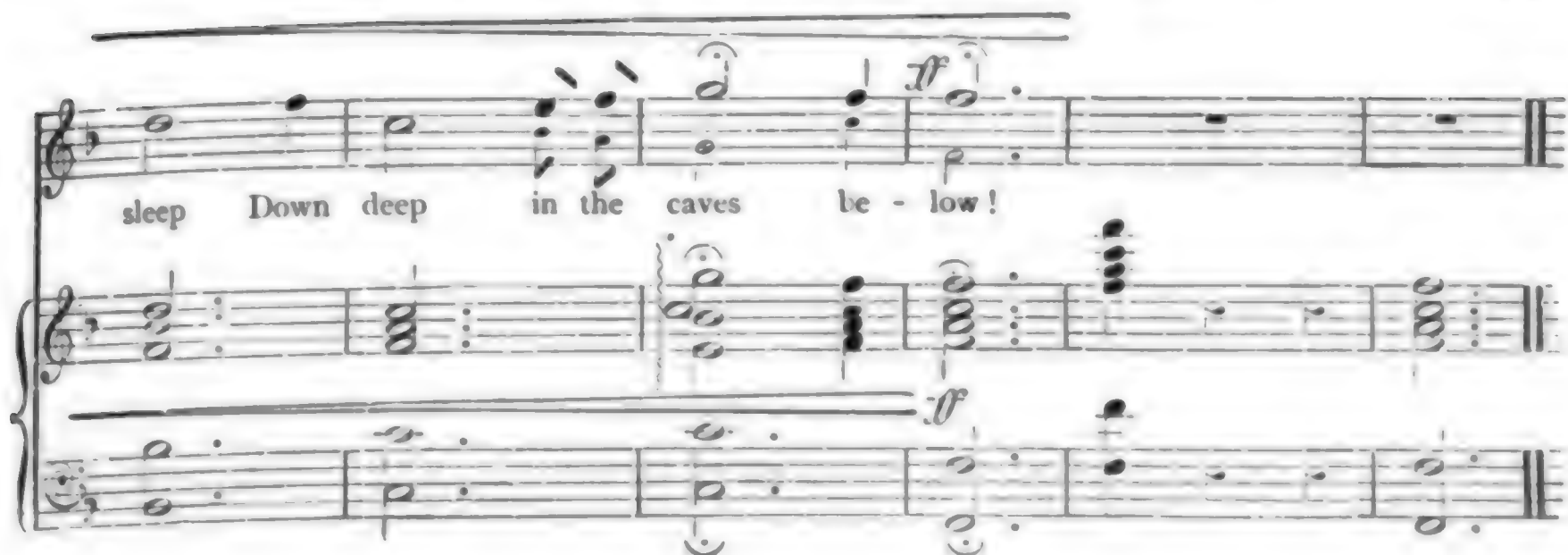
pp

a tempo. *f*

Shout Ho! to the voice of the surg - ing deep, As the

rall - en - tan - do. *f a tempo.*

waves swing to and fro, And rock on the crests while si - rens



Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

I RECENTLY heard one man discussing with another, with a brutal frankness which was positively irresistible, the most approved and rapid manner of bringing a woman to his feet. Without for a moment allowing that such a position is an appropriate and dignified one for the *fin de siècle* Englishwoman, I treasured up the words of wisdom to con over at my leisure. I gathered from these philosophers of modern Babylon that success was best insured, first by that simple, inexpensive and time-honoured device of persuading her that she is too good for him, or in some cases by reversing the order of things, and pretending that he is too good for her. Secondly, by making her believe (through her vanity) that she is endowed with more than the average share of the wisdom usually allotted to her sex; and thirdly, by a well feigned indifference to the potency of her charms, to arouse in her a determination to conquer or die in the attempt.

Why women should be so ready to accept so flattering an estimate of their character from men whom they have the best reasons to know are not connoisseurs on this subject, it would be difficult to say; neither can I tell why women who have never made goodness the chief aim and object of existence should be particularly elated at the idea that they have accidentally achieved it. The appreciation of their supposed cleverness may be better understood, for even Minerva herself would not be proof against such flattering unction; so how can ordinary mortals be expected to withstand it? I am, however, inclined to believe the most successful masculine wile of all is that disregard for her personal attractions, which naturally galls a woman beyond endurance, if she is fair as Venus, or plain as three Gorgons rolled into one.

These are, of course, only broad rules for the lords of creation to go upon, and temperament and nationality should also

be considered before a man and woman decide to run in double harness for the term of their natural lives.

"Oh, how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding-ring," wrote Colley Cibber, about the year 1746, a sentiment, which no doubt arose from the author trying to support a luxuriously-reared wife on an inadequate income of twenty shillings a-week. A sarcastic Dane tells us that a deaf husband and a blind wife are always a happy couple, but one cannot be expected to put out one's eyes, or stop one's ears when contemplating matrimony. "In buying a horse, and taking a wife, shut your eyes and commend your soul to God," says the Italian with pious resignation, and the Portuguese follows suit with, "Every man sings as he has the gift, and marries as he has the luck." The German declines to submit to fate without a protest, and urges, "in choosing a wife, two heads are not enough," and the Dutchman chimes in with "a brilliant daughter makes a brittle wife;" while the Spaniard settles the question to his own satisfaction when he says, "it goes ill in the house when the hen sings and the cock is silent," and the Russian adds his quota to the discussion on the management of wives, by advising his fellow-men to "beat a woman with a hammer."

Ovid, who was an authority on this subject, having cast off two and married a third by the time he was twenty-nine, tells us, "Strife is the dowry of a wife, but if thou wouldst marry wisely, marry thy equal;" and the henpecked Socrates in the bitterness of his heart, after some domestic brawl with Xantippe, seeing a Greek scold hanging lifeless on a tree, exclaimed, "Oh, that all olives bore such fruit!"

But besides these simple methods for subjugating a woman, there is one which, though effectual is so old-fashioned, I hardly dare to advocate it in the pages of an up-to-date periodical, for it involves so

much time, trouble, and self-sacrifice, that the game seems hardly worth the candle. It is to study her tastes and to try to gratify them, to promote her welfare and happiness in preference to his own, to offer her the fair exchange of a life of affectionate care and protection in return for loyalty, honour and loving devotion. To give such sympathy, appreciation and trust as he is capable of, and to let her share in his anxieties, responsibilities and successes. Faults will be discovered, for nature is but human, and we must often be disappointed in those we love, and see our idols shattered; but if happiness is to result from a union, excuses must be made for each other, and those little words, "Bear and forbear," play an important part in the domestic vocabulary.

The husband should always remain his wife's respectful friend, her tender lover, her equal partner and her superior protector. And this will stimulate her to be a faithful companion, a loving woman, and a sympathetic *confidante*. The majority of those who marry early are not trained to think seriously of those important matters—how to choose and how to live together. Hasty courtships and keen competition in the marriage market offer few opportunities for laying that firm foundation of friendship upon which can successfully be reared a happy wedded life.

Where are such wives to be found? I hear some crusty old bachelor enquiring. In every town and village throughout the land, nay, in every household, there are women possessing every attribute required in a good wife and mother, bright, fresh, young girls, dutiful daughters, affectionate sisters, and best of all, true, earnest and conscientious women. The home is the woman's kingdom, her state, her world; where she governs by kindness, and the power of gentleness; and there is nothing that so settles the turbulence of a man's nature as his marriage with a high-minded woman; for only then does he find rest, contentment and happiness. The

true wife is a staff to lean on in times of trial and difficulty, and she is never wanting in sympathy and solace when distress occurs and fortune frowns. And as good old Jeremy Taylor so quaintly puts it, "Celibacy like a worm in the heart of an apple dwells in sweetness, but it dwells alone. Marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and labours for the good of mankind."

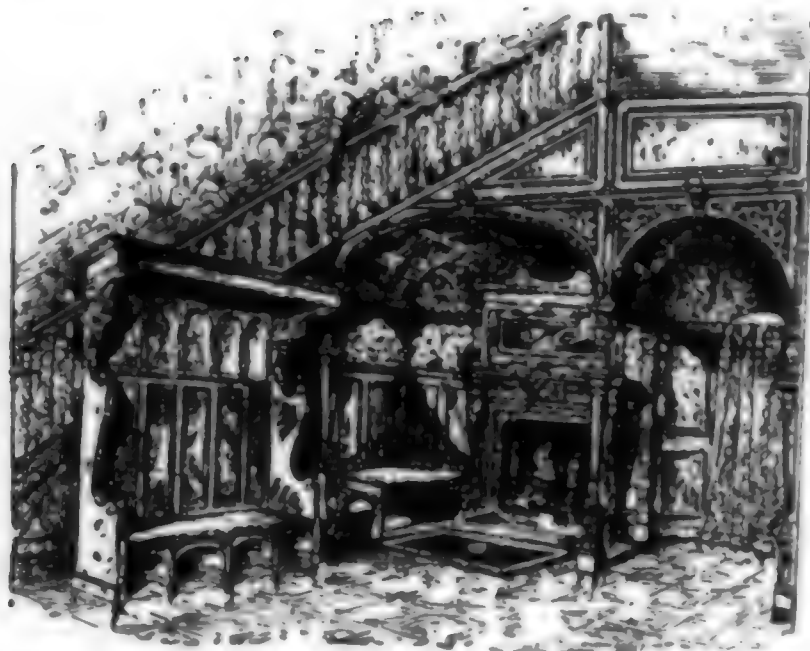


DESIGN FOR A STUDY.

DESIGN FOR A STUDY.

So many take the opportunity while they are away during the summer and early autumn, to have their houses redecorated and those alterations made in the home which every housewife finds necessary from time to time, that I think this is a fitting occasion to introduce three furniture sketches, which may afford suggestions to those who are engaged in one of the most fascinating occupations in the world to a woman—the selection of pretty and artistic surroundings.

For the very charming design for a small library I am indebted to Mr. Walter Banks, who has made a special study of Gothic architecture, many features of which he has introduced in this room, adapting some of the stiff lines and angles we associate with that particular style to the domestic character of our English dwellings. The chimney recess is occupied by a modified form of the *banc*, or seat sometimes called a *settle*, which in the castles of the Middle Ages was generally reserved for the head of the family. The Early English fireplace is another



A TUDOR HALL

quaint feature, with its open space, now lined with coloured glazed bricks. The book-cases are relieved by ornamental niches for pottery, and the entire woodwork is of dark oak, relieved by heavy draperies of crimson or green. Tapestry has been used for the walls, but equally appropriate would be one of the many leather effects now produced in endless variety; and a Turkey carpet contrasts well with the polished boards. The electric light, a convenience that our ancestors never dreamed of in their wildest flights of fancy, has been placed here, and I cannot too strongly advocate the use of this illuminating power when valuable books and pictures are at stake, not to mention the health and comfort of those who use the apartment. The two halls are very different to each other, but each possesses a homely air of comfort which makes them attractive. The drawings sufficiently explain themselves, and the tones of colouring of course depend upon the ideas of the owner, and to a certain extent upon the length of the purse at her command.

I also wish to bring before your notice two useful trifles for the home.

WRITING-BOARD FOR AN INVALID.

A writing-board is a priceless treasure to an invalid, and not to be despised by those who like to do their correspondence, as I do, in a lounging chair, with paper propped at a convenient angle upon my knee.

For this all that is required is a plain wooden board, twenty-three-

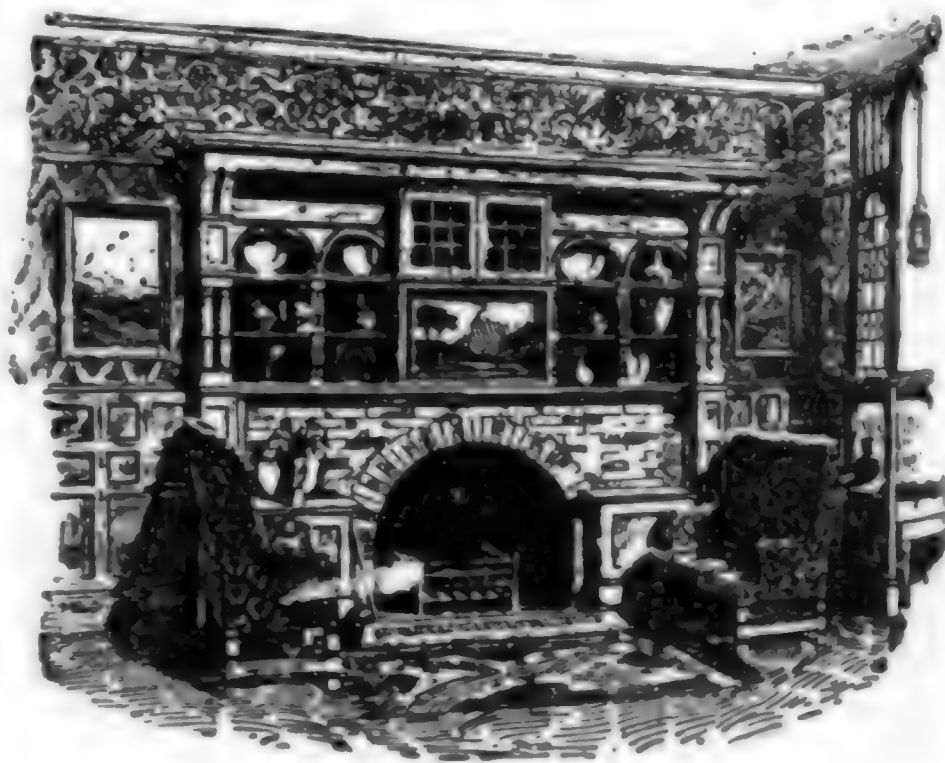
and-a-half inches by fifteen-and-a-half inches, covered with dark brown or blue cloth or serge, and conveniently provided with everything required for writing. It should also have a loose flap or cover, so as to keep the various articles free from dust, which can be neatly sewn across the top edge, and embroidered with the initials of the owner. In the centre is the blotting-pad, held in place with triangular pieces of leather. The various pockets intended to hold note paper, envelopes, etc., being fastened down with small brass nails. A straight band of cloth, divided, serves for paper-knife, penholder, pencil and penknife. Next the inkstand, held in place by a strap of leather or elastic, is a movable calendar, and on the opposite side a pen-wiper and block note.

A HANGING POCKET FOR PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS

can be easily made for the dressing-room, and is intended to keep them free from dust. It is composed of stout cretonne or other suitable material, and has three pockets, slightly gathered at the lower part, and neatly bound with ribbon or braid.

BRIDAL PRESENTS.

Following the royal example, marrying and giving in marriage appears to be the order of the day. On such an occasion friends naturally wish to commemorate the event with some pleasing souvenir, and I find that there is a growing feeling among brides and bridegrooms for useful rather than ornamental presents. A



DESIGN FOR A MODERN HALL.

very popular, but rather unusual gift at a recent wedding, was a set of plated dish covers; the thrifty mother of the bride presented her young daughter with a most conveniently-arranged cooking-table, replete with every modern appliance that could facilitate the process of cake and pastry-making, and a kindly maiden aunt had provided the happy pair with a complete suite of table glass. I was a privileged spectator when the latter was selected at Osler's, 100, Oxford Street, and was charmed with all I saw in this fairy palace of dazzling crystal. The corridors are well worth a visit of inspection, and contain a series of dinner-tables, daintily laid in the latest and most approved fashions, brilliant with electric light and the soft hues of summer flowers.



A SUMMER WALKING-DRESS.

There is also a fine display of china, ranging from quite a low price to some which would require a king's ransom to purchase; but what struck me most was the artistic form and elegant designs of the various articles on view. Visitors should also enquire for the pretty rooms entirely filled with glass furniture, which are extremely tasteful, and have already attracted the attention of dusky potentates from the East, desirous of carrying back with them novelties of British manufacture.

FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

The exceptionally brilliant season of 1893 is now a thing of the past—a pleasant memory, nothing more, to the vast majority, though to the various London tradesmen it has afforded a more tangible reminiscence in the form of a substantial balance at their bankers. For this, in a large measure, the Royal Wedding, and the many important functions which arose in connection with it, are mainly responsible. The influx of foreign royalties also

affected trade to an appreciable extent, and stimulated manufacturers to place upon the market their choicest wares; and the long spell of bright weather (though disastrous to those engaged in agricultural pursuits, who, with the natural perversity of human nature, crave for rain, when it is fine, and *vice versa*) has compelled all classes of the community to provide themselves with an ample supply of all descriptions of clothing appropriate to the unusual state of the atmosphere. The thermometer at over eighty in the shade for a protracted period makes one sigh for gossamer fabrics, and turn with repulsion from those which owe their existence to that highly respectable but uninteresting animal, the sheep; and one calls to mind various national costumes, which for comfort and beauty are infinitely superior to our own. Take, for example, the few yards of muslin with which the Indian tastefully drapes her dusky form, the loose and comfortable garments of

the Turkish lady, and the artistic folds which swathe the modern Greek. These favoured denizens of the sunny South can pursue their ordinary avocations guiltless of corsets and the various modern forms of torture, which, thanks to the God Conventionality, their unfortunate British sisters are compelled to endure.

Rational dress has given rise of late years to so many hideous absurdities that the very term is one of reproach; but



GOWN OF EAU DE NIL POPLIN.

I do think, nevertheless, that every woman who has come to years of discretion should be permitted to evolve for herself a suitable and becoming costume, appropriate to her position and adapted to her needs. Personally, I have not the slightest objection to a fully-developed woman, whose natural girth would be from twenty-six to

thirty inches, screwing her body into nineteen-inch corsets if she prefers a false ideal of beauty to nature and convenience. Neither do I waste my time in remonstrating with those who persist in buying boots and gloves two sizes too small for them, or headgear out of all proportion to their height and width. These, I consider, are past praying for. In selecting the fashion designs for this magazine, I have always made it my principal object to choose those which are copies of the best styles worn by women of taste, who have earned for themselves a reputation as good dressers, and to avoid those exaggerated monstrosities which are certainly calculated to attract, but not in an agreeable manner.

A SUMMER WALKING-DRESS.

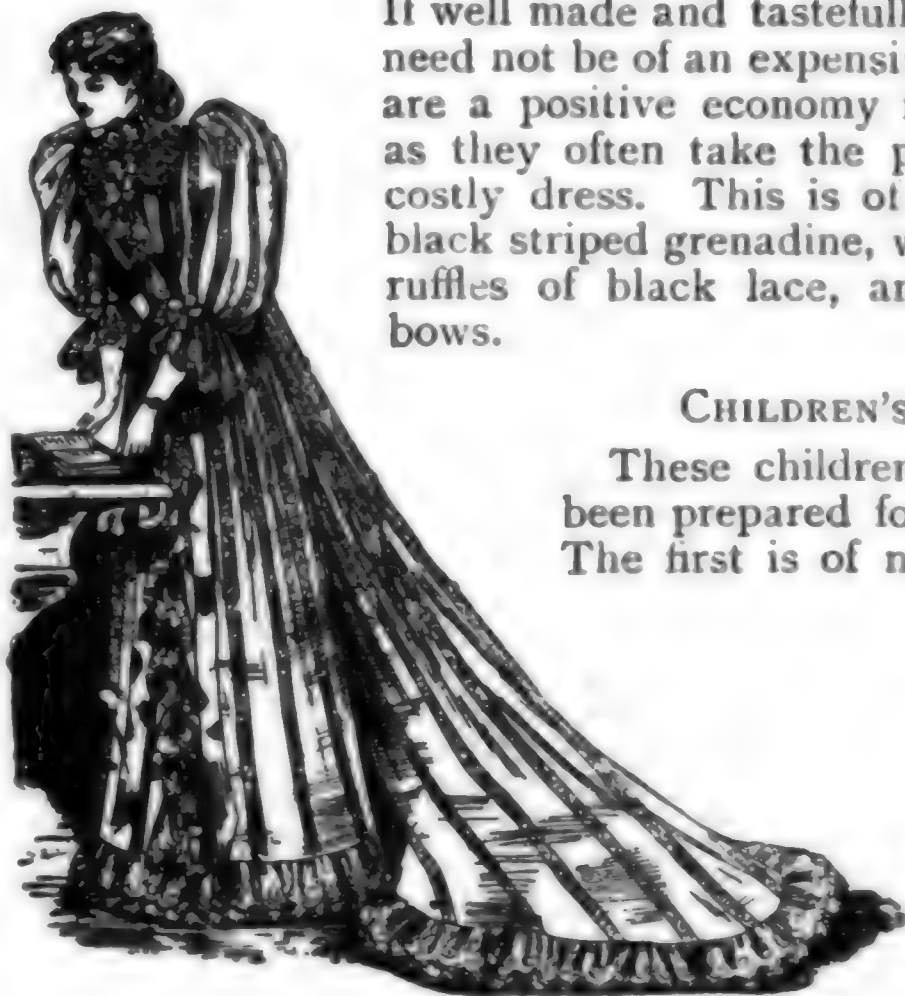
A simple example of a summer walking dress is given in the accompanying sketch. It is composed of dove-coloured French cambric, made over a silk foundation, and trimmed with narrow bands of black passementerie or satin ribbon. The full lace fichu is very becoming, and about half the weight of those which are bedizened with velvet yokes and cut jet ornaments, which require their wearers to be Amazons to support them. The fancy grey straw bonnet has a shaded ostrich tip and bows of ribbon, with bands and strings of black velvet.

GOWN OF EAU DE NIL POPLIN.

For a more dressy occasion the charming *eau de nil* poplin gown in the illustration on preceding page will probably find favour with my readers. The corselet, cuffs and collar are formed of silk passementerie of the same shade. A band of this heads the narrow lace flounce, and the bodice is trimmed to correspond.

A PRETTY TEA-GOWN.

I consider no woman's wardrobe is complete without two or three tea-gowns.



A PRETTY TEA GOWN.

If well made and tastefully trimmed, they need not be of an expensive material, and are a positive economy in the long run, as they often take the place of a more costly dress. This is of yellow silk and black striped grenadine, with flounce and ruffles of black lace, and tiny ribbon bows.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

These children's dresses have been prepared for sea-side wear. The first is of navy blue serge, with loose coat and full vest of cambric, and the kilted skirt has three rows of narrow white braid. The other is also a serge costume, cut in one, and

worn with a ribbon sash. The skirt has a deep hem of red cashmere, headed with braid, with vest, collars and cuffs to match.

For making these, as well as for children of a larger growth, I can confidently recommend the Cheviot serges made by John Noble, 78, Princess Street, Manchester, which are most moderate in price and well adapted to withstand hard wear. The colours most in demand are navy, brown, white and black, and the fabrics are so carefully woven and dyed that they do not spot or shrink, two invaluable



CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

qualities in any material. These serges are all fifty-two inches wide; and a full dress length of six yards will be sent to any address for 8s. 3d., including postage; or any length cut at 1s. 3d. per yard. The ready-made knockabout frocks for little girls are also miracles of cheapness, as are the serge costumes for ladies, which are well finished in all respects, and excellent investments for those who are going to the country or seaside.

FASHIONABLE SUNSHADES.

Sunshades have formed a very important feature of our toilette this summer, and have had considerable care lavished upon them. Many are trimmed with chiffon or soft silk gauze, with full ruches of the same; others are loaded with lace, and the evergreen *en tout cas* has blossomed forth with insertions of jet, lace and guipure.

A stylish hat of white felt, with white ostrich feathers and moiré silk, and velvet ribbon bows, was recently worn by a bridesmaid at a fashionable wedding. It formed a very becoming background to the youthful wearer, and might be easily copied in other colours, so I took a note of it for the benefit of the readers of THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, and sincerely trust that it will meet with their approval.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

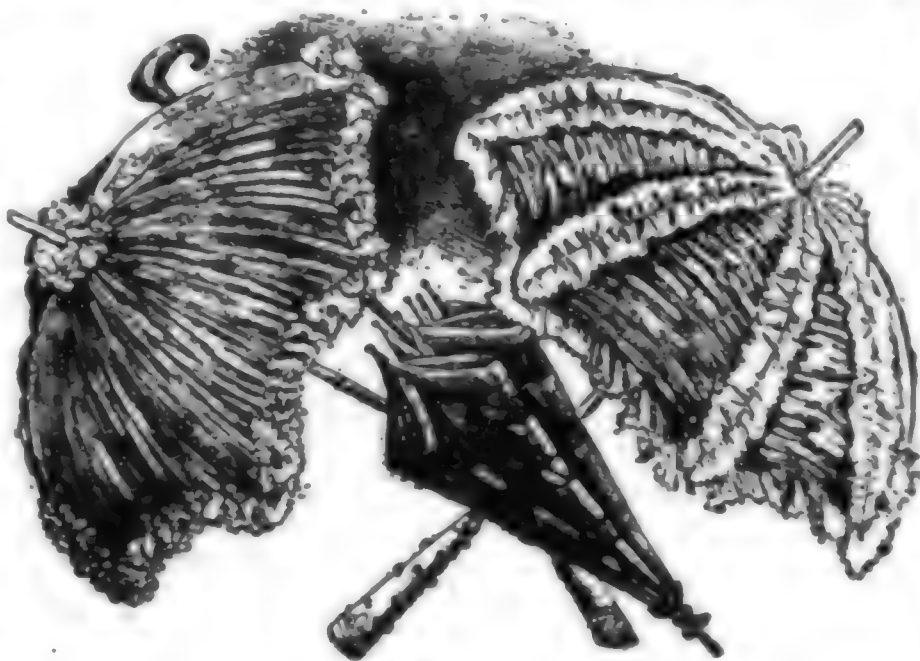
Silver threads among the gold
Make a youthful face look old;
And with many their grey locks
Are most serious stumbling-blocks;
Whether asking Cupid's favour,
Or when seeking honest labour,
Brown and black locks win the day,
Over those whose hair is grey.

To the feminine mind the first grey hair is an appalling shock, not easily recovered from; for it reveals in an unmistakable manner that we have reached the meridian of life, and that henceforth our path lies in the downward direction. To some, however, its appearance is premature; in which case judicious care will preserve the hair in all its pristine beauty.

If, during our childhood and early

youth, more attention were given to the natural covering with which beneficent Nature has adorned us, we should not, as the years roll on, be compelled to resort to scalpettes, fringes and twists, not to mention plaits, coils and wigs, manufactured from the spoils of prisons, lunatic asylums, workhouses and similar institutions. Carefully as they may be manipulated, they are easily discovered by the merest novice in the art of "make up." That suspicious thinness which makes its appearance after mental or physical sickness and in the spring and autumn, should be regarded as a sign that the hair follicles require nutriment to re-kindle their latent energy, if incipient baldness and greyness are to be avoided.

By healing herbs thou may'st thy hair restore,
And hide the bald scalp that was bare before,



FASHIONABLE SUNSHADES.

wrote Ovid centuries since. The only question is, which of the healing herbs is most efficacious?

My own particular weakness does not run in that direction, for I have the good fortune to inherit a head of hair which is ample and sufficient for the ordinary needs

of life. But I have had so many enquiries from anxious correspondents on this point, that I felt it was my bounden duty to make diligent enquiries on their behalf. This has resulted in my discovering a preparation, of which there is overwhelming evidence in its favour. It is called "Eau Horn," and is to be obtained from Mr. O. E. Horn, Briar Bank, Carisbrooke Road, Newport, Isle of Wight, a specialist in diseases of the hair, and one who has made its treatment a life-long study. I would also advise those who suffer in this way to send for Mr. Horn's interesting little book on the subject, which is full of useful information.

[For the two Hall Sketches I am indebted to Messrs. ALFRED ROBINSON & Co., 19, South Moulton Street, and to Mr. HERBERT HANKS, 39, Berners Street, London.]



The last month has been full of incidents, and, owing to want of space, I can but give a passing notice to many of them. First and foremost comes the Royal wedding, now passed into history. Everything connected with this auspicious event was a success. Glorious weather favoured them; orderly and loyally enthusiastic crowds thronged the chief thoroughfares; London gorgeously, if not in every case tastefully, decorated, beflagged and beflowered, was *en fête*, and everybody showered blessings on the happy pair. Let us sincerely hope that they may both be spared to a long life of happiness and usefulness, and when, in the due course of events, they come to reign over us, they may find in us as peaceful and contented a people as it has been her Majesty the Queen's privilege to reign over.



MISS ADA REHAN.



AUGUSTIN DALY.

In the theatrical world we find most of the theatres have already, or are about to, close their doors. Mr. Henry Irving and his talented company of artistes have packed up for America. Mr. Wyndham is on the seas recuperating. Mr. John Hare and company are on tour.

London being short of playhouses, and the ones that are with us having done such enormous business lately, naturally we have had another theatre erected in our midst. Daly's Theatre is the latest acquisition, and the opening ceremony of this handsome and palatial building was an interesting ceremony. The "Taming of the Shrew" was the piece chosen for the opening performance, and this gave us an opportunity once more of being introduced to that charming and talented American actress, Miss Ada Rehan.

No doubt my readers will remember that Mr. Augustin Daly, Miss Rehan and company have payed a flying visit to this country before; now they have come to stay with us more or less permanently. The performance commenced with the delivery of an ode, specially written for the occasion by that versatile young man, Mr. Clement Scott, who, fresh from his travels, beamed again from the stalls on his friends; after this we had "God Save the Queen" and the "Star-Spangled Banner." There was a great deal of cheering, and, as my facetious friend, the "Pelican," put it, "this was the most cheering part of the show."

* * *

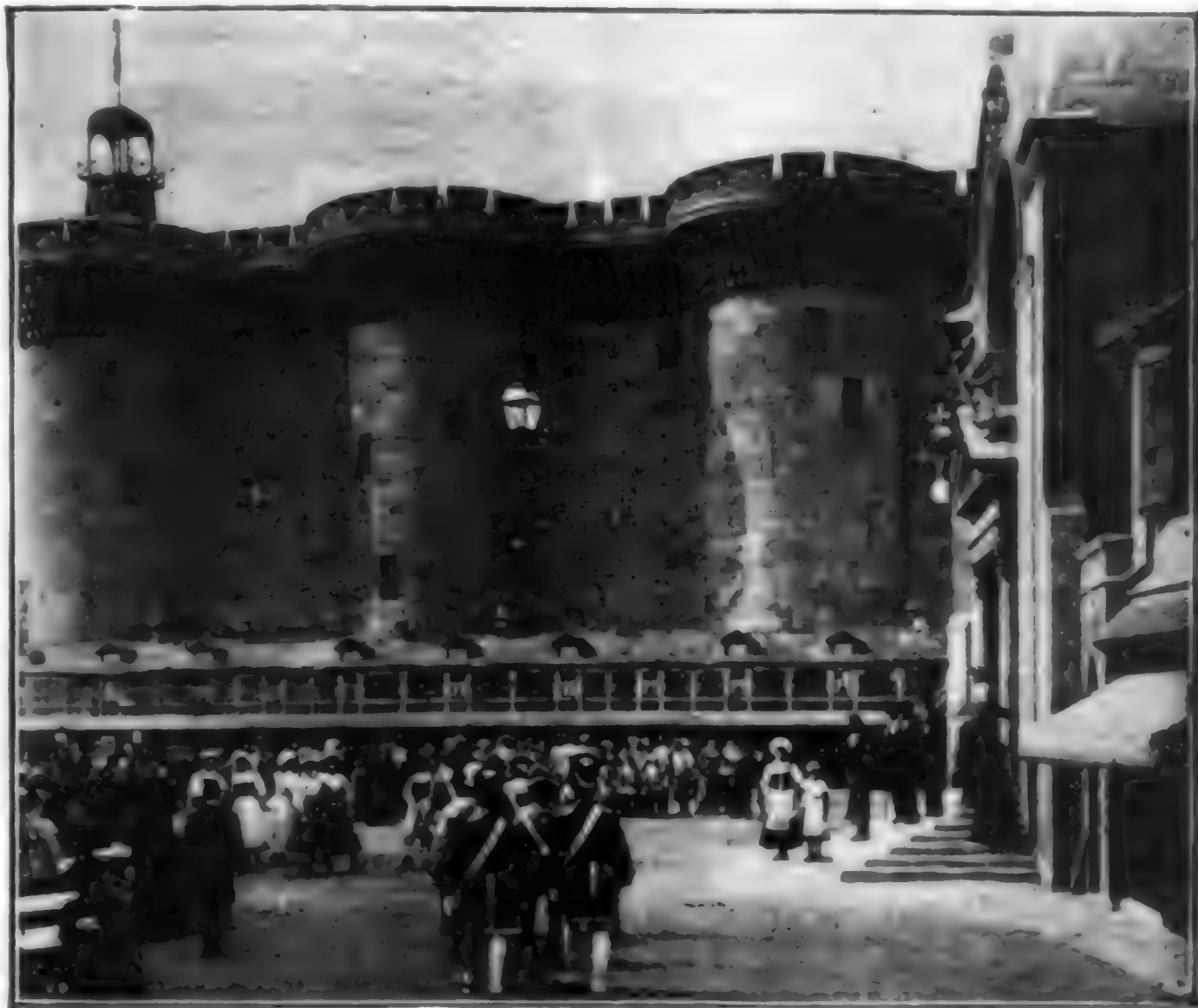
Truly, the weather has been too hot to sit in badly-ventilated theatres and listen, perhaps, to the second hand platitudes of Oscar O'Flaherty Wilde as given in "A Woman, etc.", or witness some blood-curdling drama; so in search of pleasure and notes for my friends of THE LUDGATE I hied myself to the Exhibition at Earl's Court. I may mention here (in parenthesis) "all roads lead to Earl's Court." [This is not an original remark. Ed.]. Now, to my mind, a better place cannot be found for the multitude this hot weather, than this same "Gardening and Forestry Exhibition." By-the-bye, I saw a lot of gardening, but where was the Forestry? But that is another story, as Rudyard Kipling would say. There are really three shows here assembled. There is the Exhibition proper, with the "Welcome Club;" the illuminated grounds and promenade; the bands and the lighthouse. Farther on we have Captain Boyton and his show; and close at hand we walk into France and find ourselves under the shadow of the Bastille, which

anon is stormed and captured by an infuriated mob.

One may spend some pleasant and profitable hours in this visit to "Old Paris and the Bastille." Here we have the old Parisian houses; the cafés chantants, the church; but the one overpowering thing is the Bastille, which causes one a strange sensation of disquietude and awe:

"A thousand phantasies
Begin to throng into our memory,
Of calling shapes and beck'ning shadows dire."

The history of the Bastille is familiar to everyone; although there were three Bas-



THE BASTILLE AT EARL'S COURT.

tilles in Paris: those of St. Denis, the Temple and St. Antoine; it was the latter which alone gained the wide-world, hateful distinction of becoming *the* Bastille.

One is at once struck with the accuracy and fidelity with which the architects, Messrs. E. Colibert and R. Emeric Tyler have succeeded in copying the original, and one cannot help noticing the look of stability and massiveness there is about the place. Possibly this is where the forestry part of the exhibition is to be found, the timbers used in its construction are sufficient for a small forest. Farther on we have a complete facsimile of the dungeons, those horrible dens some twenty feet below the ground, the bare

soil being the only flooring and blocks of stone the only furniture; where fresh air gained but slow admission, whilst darkness and damp reigned supreme. Voltaire was once a prisoner for some twelve months in the Bastille. On regaining his freedom, he thanked the Regent, saying: "I thank you, Monsieur, for having graciously deigned to provide me with maintenance and food, but I crave your Highness not to again trouble with regard to my lodging." But of all the prisoners confined at different periods within these gloomy walls, none have attracted such attention as the celebrated "Man with the Iron Mask." How the Bastille was stormed and captured would take too long to tell, but I may be permitted to quote Carlyle's vivid description of the last hour of the Bastille's existence as a prison:—

"For four hours now has the World-Bedlam roared: call it the World-Chimæra, blowing fire! The very Swiss at the portcullis look weary of firing—disheartened in the fire deluge. A porthole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. A Swiss holds a paper through the porthole; an officer snatches it and returns. Terms of surrender: Pardon; immunity to all! Are they accepted? 'On the word of an officer, they are!' Sinks the drawbridge, Maillard bolting it when down; rushes in the living deluge. The Bastille is fallen! *Victoire! La Bastille est prise!*"

Another interesting place in Old Paris is the torture chamber, where many of the original instruments of torture are on view. The interior of the Church of Ste. Marie is also worthy of notice; here are several extremely interesting historical tableaux, and when I say they have been painted and arranged by M. Ménessier, the artist of the celebrated Musée Grévin, of Paris, it is unnecessary for me to add any words of commendation. They speak for themselves.



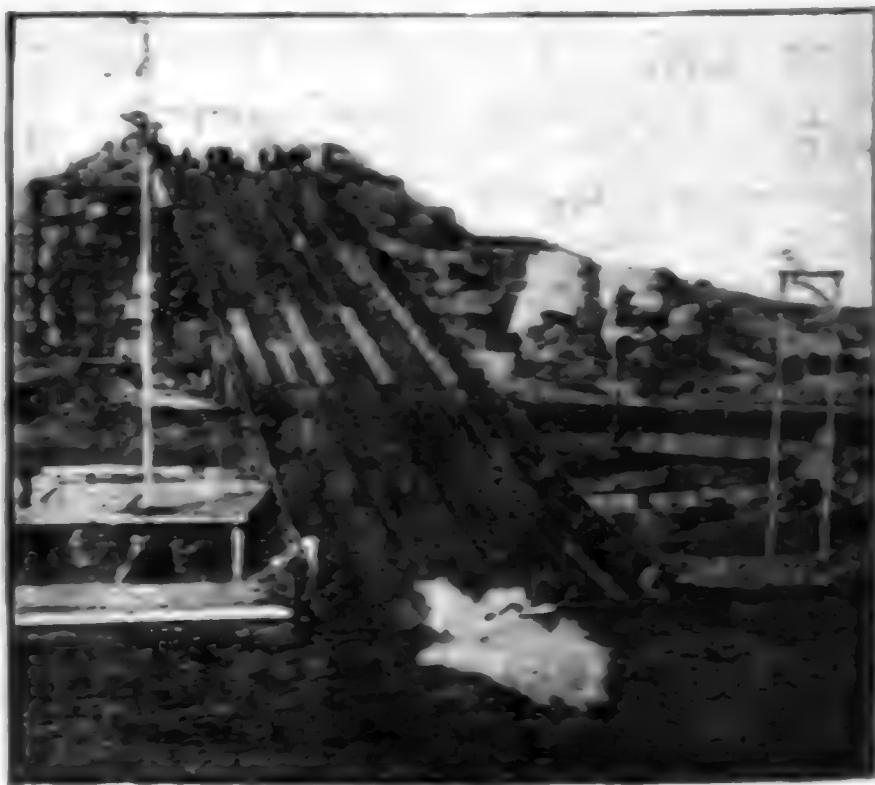
CAPTAIN BOYTON.

Another object of interest in the Forestry branch is one of the old beeches of Burnham; this is said to be over seven hundred years old.

Captain Boyton's water show is another attraction, amusing both to adults and children. Of course, the *pièce de résistance* is the water-chute. The sensation of the car rushing down the incline and on to the water is most delightful. A long and varied programme is gone through twice daily, and consists of log-rolling, water-hockey, swimming, etc. The diving from the high trapeze of Messrs. Andre and Golden is itself worthy of a visit. The day

I was present the Maharajah of Karpurthala and his Revenue Minister, Mean Aziz Baksch and Major Mehal Singh were interested spectators. Cabinet ministers condescend to put the cares of state on one side, too, for Sir William Harcourt seemed to appreciate the whole performance immensely; indeed, he expressed himself thus to Captain Boyton. Royalty have patronised the show and glided down the chute.

Henley regatta this year has been a great success; the weather the whole three days was beautifully fine, or, as our Yankee friends would say, "elegant."



THE WATER CHUTE AT EARL'S COURT.

The crowds assembled were greater than in years gone by, the ladies' costumes being "things of beauty" if not "joys for ever," and judging from the number of pet dogs in the different craft, I should say their respective daddies had spent a considerable sum in buying them bow-wows.

The French sent over some competitors, who were treated right royally by their English confrères. Dublin University also furnished a crew, but neither of these visitors succeeded in wresting any of the coveted trophies from the English. The house-boats were well to the fore, many of them being perfect gems of the decorators' and florists' skill. Of course, the fine weather has had a great deal to do with the success that has attended our aquatic festival, nothing being so depressing and so damping to one's ardour as a wet Henley.

Another place of resort of our country cousins is the Royal Aquarium. Here, also, one can promenade about and enjoy the different shows, and surely they are varied enough to suit all tastes. Among side shows, the mystic ones can visit "She," the bewildered ones, "The Crys-de-Gon;" lovers of "freaks of nature," or, to call it by its scientific appellation, "strange teratological eccentricities," can view the Orissa twins. These twins are free from the repulsiveness generally attendant on the

exhibition of monstrosities. The two little girls, Radica and Dodica, are nearly four years old, and are apparently perfect in every respect except that from the ensiform cartilage to the umbilicus they are united together. Both children are hungry at the same time, but this is probably from habit; it has several times happened that one was sea-sick independently of the other. These youngsters chat away in French, and are as happy as any pair of youngsters can be,

and this junction of their bodies does not seem to trouble them in the slightest degree. Ere this appears they will be *en route* for Chicago. Another feature at the Aquarium is the phrenological entertainment given by Professor Cross. The professor undertakes to tell you your character by a digital examination of the bumps of your cranium. Inherent modesty forbids my repeating what he disclosed to me relative to mine. I may say that many noted celebrities have submitted their heads to him for examination.



THE ORISSA TWINS.

* * * * *

In reply to many enquiries, the song, "The Candid Man," by Albert Chevalier, published in our last number, is copyright, and can be obtained from Messrs. Reynolds and Co., 13, Berners Street, London, W.

Cricketers in the Field.

SOME SURREY MEN.



WOOD AT THE WICKET.
"How's that?"



ABEL BOWLING.



WOOD, THE SURREY WICKET-KEEPER.



ABEL BATTING



HAYWARD BATTING.

[From Instantaneous Photographs taken by R. W. THOMAS, 41, Cheapside, London, E.C.]

A Smile



Strange they should meet
Where the rustic bridge spans
The murmuring stream
On its way to the sea

Both cannot cross

So they pause, and each plans

What is the end of that planning to be?

We dare not cross if first, that would be wrong

Oh! how she wished him distant a mile!

Slyly he looked,

and then hummed a low song

Slyly she glanced,

and then, oh, that smile —

Only a smile

and his heart was won

Only a look

and she lost

her own



❖ Puzzledom ❖



50. Four persons, A, B, C and D., go for a walk round a small park. A walks at the rate of five miles an hour, B at four miles, C at three miles, and D at two miles an hour. The path round the park is exactly one-third of a mile. They start at noon and agree to go home to lunch whenever all four meet for the third time at the park gate which is the starting point. When do they go to lunch?



51. Place the figures 1 to 9 in three rows, so that if added up or down, across or from corner to corner, they shall always make 15.



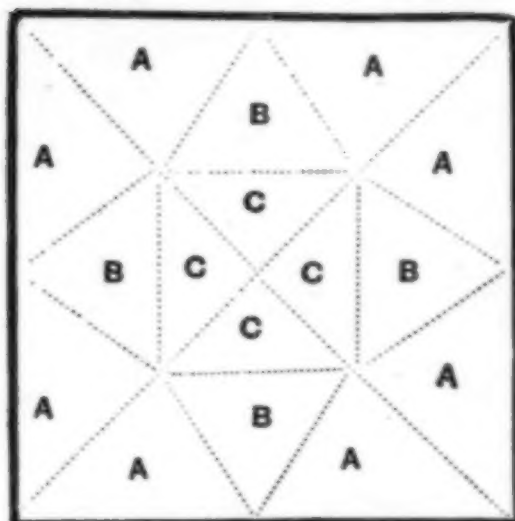
52. What is the keynote to good manners?
 53. What English word contains the letter "i" five times?
 54. When were walking-sticks first introduced?
 55. Why is a telegram like a river?
 56. When does a lady consider the rain is too familiar?



Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th August. Competitions should be addressed "August Puzzles," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY 53, Fleet Street, London. Postcards only, please.

ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLES.

43.



44. *Ink.*

45. *Because they try to catch soft water when it rains hard.*

46. *One is what I was, the other what I wear.*

47. *Because he is always dropping a line.*

48. *Because they try to get rid of their weeds.*

49. *5040 days.*

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our June Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—G. Francis, Stockcross Vicarage, Newbury; Mrs. Frodsham, 21, Queen's Terrace, St. John's Wood, N.W.; G. L. Davey, Mchese House, Ryde; C. Malone, The Presbytery, Ballynaveigh, Belfast; W. H. Perry, 26, Dorset Place, Weymouth.